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THE

Valley and the Shadow:

COMPRISING THE

EXPERIENCES OF A BLIND EX-EDITOR,

A

Literary Biography, Humorous Autobiographical Sketches,
A Chapter on Iowa Journalism,

AND

Sketches of the West and Western Men.

BY J. M. DIXON,

Late Associate Editor of the Iowa State Register.

New York:

RUSSELL BROS., PUBLISHERS,

NOS. 28, 30 & 32 CENTRE STREET.

1868

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By J. M. DIXON,

In the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

TO

My Brethren of the Press in Iowa,

WHOSE FRATERNAL SOLICITUDE

HAS FOLLOWED ME THROUGH BLINDNESS AND POVERTY,

GIVING ME SUBSTANTIAL AID IN VARIOUS WAYS,

BUT ESPECIALLY IN THE PUBLICATION OF THIS BOOK;

AND TO

My other Fellow-Citizens of Iowa,

WHO HAVE NOT FAILED,

IN THE DARKEST MOMENTS OF MY FALLEN FORTUNES,

TO GIVE ME THE INSPIRATION OF THEIR PRACTICAL SYMPATHY,

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY AND GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.

J. M. DIXON.

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PREFACE.

THIS book is the result of a necessity which was suddenly and unexpectedly precipitated on me by blindness.

I have seen much hard labor in my life, in the school-room and in the sanctum; but it was always my misfortune to be poor. I never knew a time when I was entirely free from some of the embarrassments of poverty; and when I became blind, and was suddenly thrown out of employment by the tremendous calamity which had overtaken me, my mind was in despair with reference to the condition of my helpless family. Friends, however, of whom mention is made in another place, came to our rescue, and saved us, for the time, from starvation. A year afterward they furnished me with means wherewith to secure the assistance of an oculist, in Cincinnati. Early in October last, three months ago, I became entirely and incurably blind, making it abundantly certain that I was cut off for ever from a return to my profession. During that month of October, while I lay in St. Luke's Hospital, without sight or the hope of sight, without money or the tangible hope

of money, with my penniless family away from me in the country, it suddenly occurred to me, in the midst of one of those long vigils in which pain of body and mind is predominant, that the most eligible course left to me was to prepare the manuscript of a book, and secure its publication at as early a date as possible.

Early in November, 1867—two months ago—I left the hospital, and retired to the country.

Through the aid of my wife, as an amanuensis, I immediately wrote an urgent appeal for help to print my book, and addressed it to my friends in Iowa, whose sympathies had followed me through all my misfortunes.

Having forwarded this appeal to its destination, myself and wife went to work on the manuscript, believing that, when finished, an opportunity would be presented to secure its prompt publication. We toiled on through manifold discouragements, sometimes flushed with hope, and frequently clouded with despondency. One or the other, and sometimes both of my children were sick, requiring close attention. My wife's health was several times interrupted so seriously as to threaten a permanent discontinuance of our work. To make the situation worse, there was a continual torment in my eyes, or in the sightless remnants of eyes, caused by an inflammation which the skill of the best oculists in the West has utterly failed to remove to this day; and it is apparent that if alleviation of this agony shall not soon come, life itself will speedily give way.

I have been thus circumstantial in my statements,

to show the difficulties which encompassed me in the preparation of this volume, and to secure in advance the benefit of that charity which the literary imperfections of the work demand.

The longest article, entitled "Autobiographical Sketches by a Western Editor," will, I trust, be found true to life, slightly colored, however, by a tinge of romance and caricature, which may make it more acceptable to the general reader. It will be remembered, in charity, that a work of broad humor, which is designed to make people drop their gravity and hold their sides in a gust of merriment, is seldom attempted by a blind man, whose days and nights are constantly associated with suffering. And yet, after all, as a contributor to the current literature of this generation, I am sensible it is not right to fall behind my blindness and suffering, and convert these ills into a breast-work of apologies for a literary failure. If my book be a failure, let the critic forget that its author, while dictating it, was poor, and sick, and blind; but if there be passages in it worthy of commendation, let the circumstances connected with their production be remembered to the blind man's credit. And let it be borne in mind, not only now, but when this pall of blindness shall have been followed by the pall of the grave, that the chief object of this work is to save my wife and children from the curse of utter destitution.

I take this opportunity to return my thanks to C. C. Dawson, Esq., who, as my agent in negotiating with a printing-house in New York, and in conferring many other substantial favors, has been of in-

valuable service. His friendship is not of that butterfly order which flourished when my eyes were open, but which ceased to exist when I was no longer able to praise anybody or denounce anybody in the *State Register*.

J. M. DIXON, Author.
MARY D. DIXON, Amanuensis.

Harrison, Ohio, Jan. 8th, 1868.

"Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the books of knowledge fair
Presented with an universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and raz'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

PARADISE LOST.

THE VALLEY AND THE SHADOW.

Contrasts of Personal Experience.

"He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost."

SHAKSPEARE.

WHAT person is there, having "the precious treasure of his eyesight," who does not shudder at the idea of a possible loss of it? The very thought fills him with alarm, and gives to him an active apprehension which will not be dismissed at his bidding. If, then, there is so much unhappiness associated with the simple thought of blindness when no disease threatens the life of vision, and when there is fair and unobstructed sight, what must be the mental condition of that man who, in consequence of an excessive inflammation of his eyes, wandered in pain and suspense for two weary years, and then, after all that competent physicians and medical imposters could do, passed the boundary between light and darkness, never to be greeted again by the sight of an object on earth?

Permit me to give another illustration. In a case where blindness is congenital, or from birth, the victim has no positive knowledge of what he has lost through the destruction of sight. He certainly feels the want of vision, and is often despondent because he cannot gaze on the face of loved ones, and on the multiform beauties of earth and

sky outspread before the decayed sense. It is a source of melancholy reflection to him to know that, from the cradle to the grave, all through the hum, and whirl, and rush of life, he has never seen, and never will see, a human face, or an earthly landscape, or the firmament above him, or the verdure which is despoiled by his tread, or aught else which belongs to the scene of probation to which he is confined by the authority of our common destiny.

If to be blind from birth gives rise to gloomy thoughts, what must be the reflections of that man who, after having undisturbed possession of sight for forty years, gazing at will on whatever is beautiful, and grand, and sublime in the scenic developments of Nature is compelled, at a time when it is believed by himself and his friends that a final victory is about to be achieved over the aggressive power of disease, to turn his eyes from all the lights on earth, and all the glories of the sky, and take up his abode, while life shall last, in the region and shadow of darkness? Again: if a heritage of woe belongs to that person who becomes blind in the high noon of life, but whose mind was never refreshed by a knowledge of books, and whose eyes never glanced on a page of the Volume of Inspiration with an expression of intelligence, how awful must blindness be to a man whose most familiar and most precious companions, before the ability to read was taken away, were newspapers, magazines and books?

For well nigh thirty years, and nearly every day of that protracted period, I communed with the spirit of literature through the visible forms of words, sentences and paragraphs. From boyhood I have loved books with a passion which amounted to abandonment or idolatry. It must, then, have been no ordinary woe which, in the midst of my years, interposed, like the shadow of a great wall, between my eyes and the books from which I had drawn

so much intellectual pleasure and improvement in the happier years of my life.

In the preceding paragraphs I spoke of several conditions of blindness. There are others which might be briefly mentioned. Among the patients in the Good Samaritan Hospital, corner of Sixth and Lock Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio, was a gentleman who had many years before been a steamboat captain on our Western rivers. At the time when I became acquainted with him in the hospital, he was nearly or quite fifty years of age, and had been totally blind since 1856. The disease which destroyed his sight was what writers on ophthalmia term amaurosis. This fatal disease assails the optic nerve and produces blindness, sometimes through a gradual decay of vision, but frequently it is the work of an instant. It is attended with no pain, and pursues its malignant course without any of those external signs of irritation or inflammation which exist in other forms of ophthalmia.

In addition to the deprivation of sight, this gentleman, Captain Green, was a chronic sufferer from other causes. He had been paralytic for several years, requiring help whenever he attempted, in his chair, to move from one part of his room to another. All power of locomotion had ceased; and, separated as he was from the busy world without, smitten with blindness and benumbed and prostrated with palsy, the picture of utter helplessness which he presented could not well be exaggerated. Yet, in the midst of his appalling disability, his living entombment, he had the benefit of compensations which assisted him materially to bear the burden of his complicated ills. The disease of his eyes was painless, and the circumstances by which he was surrounded in the hospital,—occupying a cheerful and well-furnished room, receiving the kindest attentions from Sister Anthony and her subordinate sisters

of charity, being also the constant recipient of endearing attentions from his wife and son, and invigorated by an unquestioning faith in the divinity and efficacy of religion—never permitted him to sink into despondency. He may not have been wealthy; but his pecuniary condition, if at all straitened or embarrassed, was sufficient to preserve him from any fever of uneasiness.

Day after day as I obtained intelligence concerning the condition of the Captain, I tried to draw consolation from comparisons or contrasts, which I was in the habit of instituting between him and myself. At that time my vision, though imperfect, was not gone; and I was able at pleasure to exercise my limbs by walks through the high and airy halls, and often, when the weather permitted it, I was refreshed by excursions into the heart of the city. When the state of my purse made it admissible, my wife was with me to inspire me with courage and hope in the midst of my affliction. So far this comparison is in my favor; but there is a supplement which remains as yet unrevealed. If, in the small amount of sight which still remained to me, I had the advantage of the Captain, I enjoyed—if that word be at all proper—this advantage at the expense of anything like adequate or refreshing sleep for days, and even for weeks. Ulcers had commenced their work of merciless devastation on the cornea of each eye; and a gnawing, hideous pain shot back and forth through my throbbing temples, and penetrated to the chambers of the brain, kindling in the great nervous centre a fire which threatened me with the final woe of insanity.

In those times of physical anguish I was infinitely willing—and my willingness took the form of impatient and eager desire—to abjure sight forever, renouncing all that is beautiful, or inspiring, or sublime within the province

of vision, if by this sacrifice I could purchase an immunity from pain; but I was not permitted, all through that dreary winter, to make this compromise with destiny; and instead of obtaining a respite from torture, I was haunted, through each day, whenever a ray of light pierced through the curtained windows, by that terrible sensation which the medical pedant is pleased to call "photophobia," but which the victim of ophthalmia comprehends full well as an intolerance or horror of light. While this feeling was dominant, I was compelled again and again, when fire-light or gas-light, or day-light pursued my sensitive eyes, to bury my face in the pillows, and having done this, I would implore some kind friend to substitute darkness for the light which was killing me.

For the want of requisite means to defray the heavy expenses which I had incurred in seeking proper medical treatment, I was compelled to leave one of my children—the younger—at Des Moines; and, notwithstanding the fact that she was under the careful and benignant supervision of two excellent ladies, the separation from her, which continued nearly a year, was deemed a cruel privation.

It was no common sorrow which I felt when the light began to recede from my eyes, and the reign of darkness, preceded by forebodings which made me constantly wretched, was awaiting its inauguration. But it was an aggravation of sorrow, to seek through the gloom of blindness, through those awful shadows that spring from the decay of vision, to recognize in one moment the face of my dear child, and in the next moment tear myself away from it, fearful that no reunion would be accomplished on this side of the grave.

I claim, in an eminent sense, to be a domestic being. When a child, although none of the delights and luxuries

of a permanent home were bestowed on me, I loved to be in the presence of my parents, and I regarded it as a favor to share with them in the general cheerlessness of our poor dwelling; and when a family of my own began to gather around my table and at my fireside, home, with its homely comforts, imparted to me all the happiness which can come from the associations of earth. Some idea, then, can be formed of the poignant grief which assailed me when I was compelled to separate from my child. Afterward, when, for the purposes of medical treatment, a temporary residence was established in Cincinnati, the state of my funds made it imperative to send my remaining child to a relative in the country.

It must be admitted that my philosophy wholly gave way, even as dams and dykes yield to the pressure of an invading element, when I gave my boy FRANKIE a parting embrace, and bade him be a good child during the period of his absence from his blind father.

But I did not know the depth of misery to which poverty, in the full sway of its merciless power, is able to reduce its victim, until I was forced to acknowledge the necessity of a separation from my wife, as well as from my children.

From the day in which I became comparatively helpless from loss of sight, she had been my nurse, my reader and my amanuensis. For my sake she had bidden farewell to her children, and had allied herself to my fallen fortunes with an exclusiveness of devotion which is never displayed except in the experience of a true-hearted wife. She knew that her children, though absent, were receiving the kindest and most considerate attention; and this knowledge, combinedwith a full knowledge of her husband's pitiable helplessness, determined her to go with me and remain with me as long as our circumstances would make it possible.

It was her presence and her continuous efforts to encourage me in bearing my great burden of agony, which kept me out of the grave during that hard and perilous winter in Cincinnati. Yet, before that winter was over, and while I was in the midst of a relapse which made me, for the time, entirely blind, the heavy demands which were made on my purse, forced me to send my wife into the country, where poverty was better able to pay its way than in the populous and selfish city.

Up to the date of events recorded in the last paragraph, I had believed that my condition—bad, at best, and still encumbered with a suspense which seemed to draw largely on eternity for the term of its duration—was, in numerous respects, better than that of Captain GREEN; but when I lay alone in a dismal room, thinking with an agony of feeling of the loved ones far away, brooding over the desolation of life and its prospects, and gazing out into the interminable darkness which was around me and about me like the walls of an everlasting dungeon, it was evident that with his incurable blindness, and with his palsy, and with his pain, (for he was an acute sufferer at times,) and with his hopelessness of all means of relief except in the oblivion of death, Captain GREEN'S situation was infinitely better than mine, because he was saved from that worst of all solitudes which comes to the sick, blind and despairing man when wife and children have been exiled from his presence.

Divine authority tells us that the "love of money is the root of all evil." It is a part of the duty of Christian ethics to wage an aggressive warfare against a spirit of worldly gain. Of course religion does not mean to teach that there is any thing intrinsically wrong in the mere accumulation of money or property. It does mean to teach, however, through the most practical and impressive of all

homilies, that the spirit of accumulation, when it interferes with the development of Christian graces, should be discouraged and destroyed. I am not dictating a sermon, by any means, but it is my desire to state here that the want of money, or rather the anticipation of that want, has helped to make the restoration of sight in my case an impossibility. There had seemed always, during my career as a journalist, so many avenues of expense to bear off the income year by year, that I could never perceive any means of acquiring more than I was compelled to use. To increased claims were added the high prices created by the war; and when the day of calamity came, in which the ability to work was taken away, I was reduced at once to a condition of humiliating dependence. Still, with so little that promised happier days when I began to explore the dark abysses which are evermore yawning before sightless eyes, I have been nobly treated from first to last by many friends whose sympathies have attended me through every vicissitude of personal experience, cheering me with words of hope, and remitting to me means by which a strong and persistent effort might be made to preserve me from the horrors of blindness. And, after all, in spite of the self-abnegation of friends, in spite of that grand benevolence which converted a blind pauper into an object of popular solicitude and philanthropy, the confession must be made that either the absolute want of money or the apprehension of such want, has for two long years haunted me with the terrors of a pursuing curse. The sudden disqualification for ordinary modes of business was itself a motive power to send me helpless and adrift afar into what was worse than an Egyptian night, and out on the bosom of an ocean whose billows had never been explored by the blind mariner who was now at their mercy. There was darkness, vast and awful, when the at-

mosphere above the City of Pompeii, and above and around the volcano whose wrath had been stirred into strong convulsions, was filled with ashes, shutting out the light of the firmament, entombing the habitations of men, and making in one hour, or in one day, a common grave for myriads of mankind. There was a darkness almost co-existent with *that*, but still more vast and awful, which radiated from the Cross of Calvary, and which diffused its palpable gloom among the nations when the illustrious Sufferer bowed his head in death. There was no such historic night settling down on the landscapes of earth, when a son of ADAM, little known among men, of obscure origin and history, and having but few ambitions to stimulate his energies, saw the beautiful light which came down from God out of heaven, receding day by day until it ceased to cheer his heart and bless his pathway with its holy radiance. But to him, that humble man, who is as much the offspring of creative and omniscient power as the monarch who will ultimately feed the worms with his regal body—to him whose name and deeds live only with his life, and will expire with his death—the shadows which blindness brings are as ominous and as terrible as though the whole race of ADAM were smitten with a woe like this, and as though the earth itself were buried in the gloom of a universal eclipse, never to hear the trump which shall animate the dead in the sublime drama of the resurrection.

But I have been digressing. My readers will admit without any sort of controversy that the curse of blindness is enough to bear without having it combined with any other form and variety of earthly affliction. It was not enough, however, that the solid structures of my eyes should be broken down by disease, and be thrown with violence from their sockets; it was not enough that the noblest sense which the munificence of God has conferred

on mortals, or which will be conferred down to the latest generation, was, in my case, plucked out by the roots and dashed aside among the remnants of mortality which have been accumulating in charnel houses, and all over the earth, and in its bosom, since the primal curse was pronounced in Eden; it was not enough that the windows of the soul, whose outlook was on the sublimities of earth and sky, should be darkened forever and hung with funereal crape, leaving the restless and ambitious spirit immured in its house of clay; this was not enough; but misfortune of the most cruel kind, exemplified in poverty, was superadded, threatening me all the way along, until the deed was accomplished, with a separation from my family. A thousand times have I walked in the gloom of my chamber, with fevered brain, and with a great torment in my eyes, turning over and over again the pages of burning thought, until there was a flame in my heart which would not be extinguished; turning over those pages, I say, with the hope that some gracious plan, the result of an inspiration born of Divine Intelligence, might be revealed, at once to preserve the unity of the family circle and to save us all from the terrors of absolute beggary! I did not blaspheme the name of the Almighty, nor wantonly commit any other crime against the mercy and majesty of Heaven, when I prostrated myself in the dust, and prayed God to release me, and those whom I loved more than life itself, from the sorrows of existence, if to me, in my dark estate, while blindness and solitude poured a tide of despair into my heart, no revelation should come to-day, or to-morrow, or in the near or remote future, of the means by which my family should be saved from want and separation.

I am sensible that those critics who have a sprinkling of bigotry, or rather the intolerance of a misused piety, will

see something wrong in the preceding paragraph. They will charge me with uttering words of reproach, and even of blasphemy, against the common government and special providence of God. They are wholly wrong. I trust it is not self-righteousness which prompts me to say that the beam is in their own eye, and not in mine.

"I argue not
Against heaven's hand or will."

The great exemplar of patience, JOB himself, became disaffected and mutinous toward the Almighty, because he deemed himself to be the victim of Divine oppression; and yet, so far as any of us know, the patriarch was never assailed by that worst of chronic afflictions—sore eyes. True, his woes were numerous and positive; but, in the midst of them all he was saved from a fatal lapse into revolt and final apostasy by the omnipotent grace of that Being who answered him out of the whirlwind. I am not JOB, nor am I JOB-like in my ways. But I wish to state here that, since the inauguration of the great sorrow of my life, I have tried to cultivate a simple child-like trust in the merciful providence of God; and, though I have not the ability at all times to comprehend the purposes of Divine administration in my case, it is sufficient for me to know that if God does not answer me out of the whirlwind, as JOB was answered centuries before the Cross of Calvary received its Victim, the Judge of all the earth is infinitely just and holy. In the flush of life and health, in the full realization of prosperity, when the sons of men are treading the pavement of time with that sort of confident step which seems to indicate a consciousness that life and health are immortal on the earth, it is natural for them, though inexcusable, to forget the humility of their origin, and the abasement of their present

condition. But take these sons of men, when their positive feebleness and insignificance are developed in some fearful calamity which desolates their fairest prospects, and compels a recognition of their mortality—how deeply fallen are they from the eminence to which their pride had climbed, and how profoundly solicitous have they become with reference to their destiny in that mysterious country which is bounded on the side next to us by a dark and awful river! Of all men whose aspirations climb the stairway to eternity, I would be most miserable, while chained to this perpetual darkness as PROMETHEUS was chained to the rock, if to me did not come a light, which flames through the moral universe, and which directs me with my burden of conscious guilt, in a pathway of thrilling hope, away from the thunders of Sinai, to the sacrificial blood of Calvary! Not for all this world, nor for all the treasures which belong to the infinite universe, would I permit this record of personal experiences to go out on its humble mission among my fellow-men, without bearing on its pages some impressive testimonial in favor of the grace, mercy and divinity of the Gospel of Christ! It is the hope, through grace, of reaching, after a little while, a blessed clime wherein vision is unclouded, and happiness is perfect and undisturbed forever;—it is this hope, transcending all ambitions belonging to this grovelling sphere, which supports me while I am lingering in this awful gloom, waiting for the darkness of to-day to be followed by the glory of to-morrow, when the lights, not of the material firmament, but of the Eternal City, shall blaze on my re-animated vision.

A Literary Biography.

During the summer of 1849, I was called to stand by the bed-side of my father, who was prostrated by an illness which terminated in his death a few weeks afterward. There is a sacred obligation resting on me to diversify these memoirs by a chapter which filial gratitude dedicates to the memory of a beloved parent. In truth, this volume would be incomplete if it were altogether silent with reference to a man whose mental capabilities would, under the influence of favorable circumstances, have given him a far more prominent position in the literary world than that which he occupied. His history is in many respects like that of those unfortunate beings—quick of capacity, possessing even the *animus* of genius—who pass from infancy to the grave without meeting with any of those recognitions of personal worth and mental excellence of which they are often most deserving.

Yet the obscurity to which he was doomed was not by any means a total eclipse; for there are but few of the older residents of Ohio who do not have some remembrances or reminiscences of Rev. Jacob Dixon, the eccentric poet and preacher. As a regular minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, engaged in the itinerancy, for ten years, within the bounds of the Ohio Conference, he was cotemporary with those pioneers of Methodism, Jacob and David Young, James B. Finley, James and Isaac Quinn, William H. Raper, and that quenchless flame of apostolic zeal and eloquence, Rev. Russel Bigelow. In those days which tried men's souls the circuits of Methodist preachers did not embrace a few appointments only, for

the instruction of audiences on the Sabbath day, but some of them were large enough to constitute the territory of a modern conference; and preaching was not merely a weekly luxury to the minister, but he was compelled, by virtue of his vocation as a pioneer instructor in the duties of Christianity, to travel and deliver a sermon nearly every day. The preachers had their "rounds," lasting four weeks; and it was their duty, during those four weeks, to travel hundreds of miles, in all sorts of weather, over every variety of surface, in highways and bridle-paths, through gloomy and seemingly interminable forests; often losing themselves in a labyrinth of trees and glens; daring the perils of bridgeless and swollen streams; frequently passing their nights on the chill earth, with a saddle for their pillow, and the stars for their domestic fire; sometimes traveling half a hundred miles in weariness and fasting, to preach to an audience of less than half-a-dozen persons; and night after night coquetting with sleep in crowded and solitary log cabins, afar in the wilderness, and in every possible form of disquietude.

When I stood by the side of my sick father, as stated a little while since, I promised him that if it were practicable at all, I would, at an early day, revise his little volume of poetry which was published in Columbus, Ohio, in 1833, and reproduce it with the appearance and advantages of a recent publication. More than eighteen years have passed away since that promise was given, and I have had neither time nor means to redeem it; and now, the only thing in my power to do, as a partial redemption of that promise, is to incorporate into this volume an obituary notice of my father, connected with an analysis of his literary capabilities, and with a presentation of some of his brief poems, which indicate, better than others, the style and scope of his genius.

With me this is a work both of affection and gratitude; for to the early instructions of my father am I chiefly indebted for whatever notoriety I may have achieved in association with the current literature of my age and country.

Rev. Jacob Dixon was born in Virginia, on the 20th day of May, 1793. His father was a native of Ireland, who became a Methodist minister after he had established a residence in the United States.

While my father was yet a boy, the family emigrated to Washington county, Ohio, after having made a temporary dwelling-place in the neighborhood of the Salt Works, on the river Kanawha, in Western Virginia. It was at the latter place that he became acquainted with Thomas Ewing, then the ragged son of a salt-boiling sot, but afterward one of the most solid, gifted and popular statesmen in the land. About the time my father was twelve years of age, and after the family had settled in Ohio, he took a couple of bushels of corn on horseback, twenty-one miles, to Marietta, and exchanged them for a copy of Murray's *Grammar*, which he studied of evenings, by the light of a chip fire, after the heavy work of the day, on a new farm in a wooded country where trees grew into luxuriance, had been executed. His familiarity with that book was proverbial, and in time, without the aid of an instructor—without any of the advantages of a collegiate or even a common school education—he was distinguished for his eminent attainments as an English scholar. It may appear incredible, and yet it is true in every respect, that he committed to memory nearly the whole of Dr. Samuel Johnson's *Dictionary of the English Language*. Many years afterward he could repeat whole columns of that Dictionary, without a blunder or hesitation of memory, as I am able to testify from positive knowledge.

Early in the present century the family moved to a farm on Willow Creek, Athens county, Ohio. While there my father became acquainted with several of the students who were attending the State University, at Athens, in the same county.

Although, from poverty, he was unable to attend college himself, he became involved in some personal quarrel with a number of the students, and took his revenge, not at the point of the bayonet nor in an ambidextrous use of his fists, but in the production of two or three satirical poems, which, according to the remembrances of cotemporaries, elicited a howl of discomfited passion from the victims. It is a source of great regret to me that these satires, neither of which was dignified and perpetuated by type, have wholly perished. The evidence, however, is conclusive, both from tradition and living witnesses, that the young students of Athens College were fairly overwhelmed and dispersed by a queer specimen of backwoods awkwardness, who had roasted the top of his head at a chip fire, as one of the processes of self-culture in primitive times. I certainly do not desire to overstate any assertion, hoping thereby to give my deceased parent a celebrity which he did not merit; but it is beyond all dispute, that in the employment of those sharp, pungent and scathing expressions which are born of the satirical faculty, he took high rank even at a very early age; and yet, of all his effusions of this character, not one has been preserved wherewith to convince my readers of the correctness of the declaration just made.

On the 12th day of March, 1817, my father was united in marriage to Miss Mary Smith Hall, daughter of Rev. Eskridge Hall, of Scotia county, Ohio, a native of Virginia, and a relative of the Eskridges and Lees of that State.

Some time before his marriage, he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and subsequently received license to preach. For seven years after his marriage he taught school in different places in South-eastern Ohio.

He then joined the Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church as a preacher, on trial, and was sent to Delaware Circuit in 1825, where he remained long enough to recognize the advent of a young DIXON, who resembled myself. I have not in my possession a record of Conference appointments in pioneer times, and therefore have no data except those which memory gives to guide me in this portion of the biography. If remembrance is right, he was then sent to Mount Vernon Circuit, and then to Richland, where he remained two years, living the first year at Mansfield, and the second year in the then insignificant village of Vermillion.

Though I was extremely young at the time, my memory is strong on several points, one of which refers to the miserable one-roomed log cabin in which we froze and starved; another refers to the death of a glorious little brother of mine, CURTIS GODDARD DIXON, who has been in the land of the blessed nearly forty years; and the last refers to sundry terrible thrashings I received in consequence of my indisposition to go to school. The next field of labor to which my father was sent was in Medina county, on the Western Reserve; and our dwelling was another rickety log cabin, somewhere in Granger township.

At this last place, or in the vicinity of it, an old-fashioned camp-meeting was held early in the autumn of 1830, at which, for the first and last time, I saw RUSSEL BIGELOW, one of the finest pulpit orators of modern times. To those persons who have heard MAFFITT, and DURBIN, and BASCOMB, and CHRISTIE, it will hardly seem proper to give

Bigelow the distinction which is ascribed to him in this paragraph. But from all the light which has been shed on this subject, the conclusion is that Bigelow, in masterly devotion to his calling, and in that eloquence which not only pleases the fancy but convinces the judgment and startles the conscience, was greater than all others herein named. At the time of which I write, I was too young, of course, to form any opinion of my own on this subject; but there were circumstances connected with that camp-meeting which flash across my recollection, and which indicate the presence and power of Bigelow in his pulpit ministrations.

I have been told by an elder brother, Rev. E. H. Dixon, now of the Ohio Conference, that the great orator's text, at the popular hour during the progress of the camp-meeting, was, "The scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto Him shall the gathering of the people be."

I was not five years old at the time; but I have a distinct remembrance of an excitement in the audience, such as I have never seen since. The impresssion left on my mind was like that which would be produced by a hurricane which overturns trees, sweeps human beings from their feet in utter helplessness, and even shakes the solid earth. As a child, I could not tell what it was, or how it was; but I knew that it came from that strange, scarred man, who stood up in the presence of the people, on that rough platform in the forest. So intense was the popular emotion, that at one time the entire audience seemed to rise to their feet, in a sort of waving, hesitating, vibratory way, and then, with one accord, in a tumult of emotion which was pictured on each countenance, they appeared to rush toward the speaker's stand, unable to control that nameless mesmerism which had enchained their very beings.

Bigelow has been dead for years, and his labors and inspiration belong to a dead generation; but I shall never forget that sublime mastery of men and their emotions, which was exemplified in that discourse nearly forty years ago.

The next circuit to which my father was appointed was in Wayne county, and our residence was in a sickly little cottage, in a sickly part of the world, and in a sickly little village, which was then called Dover, but which is now called Dalton, mid-way between Wooster and Massillon. Among my most vivid recollections of Dover, one has reference to the dangerous sickness of my mother, and to my awful forebodings in view of her expected dissolution; and another refers to my ambition and progress in a school which was taught by a Mrs. Brown, in the most barn-like, dreary and wretched apology for a school-house imaginable. Believing that he had reached a point too near the north pole, my father, who was always a sufferer from disease, applied for ministerial labor in a more southern latitude; and, accordingly, he was sent to the insignificant village of Royalton, in Fairfield county.

Next year my father was sent to Hillsborough circuit, Highland county; then to West Union circuit, with his residence in Decatur; and thence to Georgetown, where his itinerancy closed in unspeakable poverty and in sickness, and at a time, too, when a large and helpless family leaned on him for support. He had given his best days to the Church, and had received therefor many unmerited indignities from those who were high in authority in the church with which he was connected.

It is possible that I am subjecting myself to rebuke and criticism because of these remarks in derogation of the character of Methodist pioneers; but I know that, during

the past generation, very many men of modest worth in the ministry suffered a thousand annoyances and mortifications, as a result of that system of favoritism and oppression which was exercised by the spiritual rulers of Methodism. It was their fault, or rather their inexpiable crime, that my father, with his large family, was often sent to hard and impoverished circuits, while young men of much less ministerial excellence, having small families, or none at all, filled the fat places in the Conference. In many respects I love the Methodist Church, to which I have the honor to belong, and to which also I sustain an important official relation; but it will not soon be for gotten that the advantages which inflated and unscrupulous men took of the peculiarities in the polity of the Church, broke down the energies, and broke the heart also, of my father, and gave to his family the horrors of chronic destitution. Never was there a more affectionate father toward those whom the Providence of God had placed in his care; and it was not his mistake, and not his offence against the consecrated relations which he sustained toward his wife and children, that there were half-famished ones at home, while he was hundreds of miles away, engaged in his ministrations on a laborious and thankless circuit. There has been a remarkable change since those days, which is visible in the present smallness of the fields of labor, and in a general diminution of ministerial toil. The days which tried men's souls and bodies in the ministry have about passed away.

At intervals through several years, as opportunity offered, my father occupied his time in studying medicine, for which profession he seemed to have a strong inclination. In 1834, finding that the regular itinerancy was a sort of overland route to famine and death, he obtained a superannuated relation to the Conference, and commenced the

practice of medicine in the village of Marshall, Highland county, Ohio, eight miles south-east of Hillsborough. He was quite successful in his new vocation, having acquired a fine practice, which he abandoned for no reason at all, except that which may be found in the confirmed habit of moving every year, which he had learned while a traveling preacher.

His next place of residence was in Frankport, Ross county, where he was swindled out of much of the proceeds of his professional toil by a dishonest partner. A law-suit followed, which, according to usage in such cases, was adjourned from one term of court to another, in Chillicothe, until it died from pure exhaustion, after having involved my father in a world of vexation and ruinous expenditure. I remember that the attorneys talked very flippantly with reference to a "writ of mandamus," which I imperfectly understood at the time, but which I supposed was intended to *damn us* in some shape or other—and it *was*.

Bankrupt in property, my father moved to Bourneville, in the same county, and thence to Greenfield, Highland county, in obedience to his invincible habit of annual migration, after the manner of Methodist preachers and wild geese. Having, in his own professional experience, squared the circle, and solved the problem of perpetual motion, he finally returned to Marshall, in Highland county, where, with but slight interruption, he passed the remnant of his melancholy years.

In September, 1849, as is indicated by an unobtrusive head-stone in the cemetery near Marshall, he exchanged the sorrows of earth for the felicities of heaven.

He died in great peace, whispering in triumph the name of Jesus in his last moments, and having his rapt vision fixed in holy joy on the spires and turrets of that blessed

city, which to him was not afar off, and whose builder and maker is God.

While a young man, probably not more than seventeen years of age, he became the subject of chronic disease—dyspepsia—and continued to be a habitual sufferer, until death ultimately accomplished his deliverance.

He had frequent attacks of hypochondria; and on these occasions his despondency was almost fearful to witness, producing profound sadness in his family. Still he was often cheerful and full of hope, and at all times displayed indomitable solicitude and affection for his wife and children. In person he was nearly six feet high, but he had no redundancy of muscle. General weakness of the vital organs destroyed his erectness of carriage, and made him decidedly stoop-shouldered.

His complexion, owing to the perversity of his liver, had the sallowness of jaundice; and his frequent efforts to rectify his broken system by the use of blue mass and other preparations of calomel, may have given him temporary relief; but, like other compromises to avert a present danger, they certainly hastened the catastrophe of his death. He had a piercing black eye, of extraordinary expression, which could look through you clear to the other side. His forehead had no special prominence, and it was nearly always obscured, in part at least, by the slovenly manner in which he permitted his jet black hair to fall down and cover it. His love of fun and witty anecdote was magnificently Hibernian. In fact, his love of a rich joke was too intense to suit the lymphatic temperament of boss preachers, and they often took him to task for his unseasonable levity. But nothing short of reconstruction, comprehensive enough to include all habitudes and eccentricities, and austere enough to clothe him with monkish attributes, could have taken from him the rich, juicy mellowness of

his elastic nature. It is my belief that he had more hope, with less fruition or realization, than any of his cotemporaries; for, with all his sallies of wit, and with all his spontaneous gushes of humor, it must be admitted that his relapses into melancholy, producing, as they did and as they always do in such cases, expressions of ill-temper, made him enemies, and barred his way to popularity.

Naturally, it was very difficult for him to forgive any one who had injured him; and but for the influence of the Gospel on his heart, his resentments would have been implacable.

He was exceedingly sensitive with reference to any infraction of his own rights, or the rights of any of his friends. His feelings were of the most delicate character; and any wrong or outrage, whether slight or severe, committed against a friend, or even against a stranger, would excite in him a hurricane of vindictive feeling. He was a true man—passionate, I admit, but, nevertheless, a true man—fast and fervent in his friendships, full of genuine affection for his family, possessing a cordial attachment for his friends, infinitely above the meanness of any kind of deceit or hypocrisy, having no falsehood on his lips nor slander on his tongue—in brief, he was a quick, impetuous, noble-hearted man, who lived in suffering and poverty, unappreciated by the multitude who passed him by without comprehending, in the remotest manner, the wealth of intellect and feeling which his frail and forbidding body enshrined.

I will not apologize for the length to which this tribute to the memory of a deceased father has been extended. Late though it be, I cannot forego the discharge of a sacred duty, which would command me, if it were not a labor of love on my part, to bring up from partial oblivion, and call down to the judgment of this age, the memory of a

man who contributed so much in early times to the substantial literature of the West But here, right at the threshold of that department of my subject which refers to the literary character of my father, the confession must be made, that those productions of his pen which best illustrate his mental qualities, were written for an evanescent purpose, floated around in manuscript for years, and were never embodied in that permanent form which the printer is able to give. The manuscripts have, doubtless, perished; and if the productions to which I allude are extant in any shape, they live only in the memories of individuals who have survived their own generation. Many years ago he wrote a most pungent satire against one of those pretentious dignitaries in the Church, who, though ignorant themselves, had an irrepressible itching to worry all young ministers, at Conference examination, with a multitude of irrelevant and impertinent questions.

A few days before I became totally blind, and while attending a session of the Ohio Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Ironton, I saw a copy of this article in the hands of the Rev. E. H. Dixon; but, on sending for it, a few weeks ago, my brother wrote to me that the copy was mislaid and could nowhere be found. This was a great disappointment to me, and it must have been to my excellent brother also. It was the only satire proper which remained of all my father's productions; and I am now almost ready to weep over the misfortune which made it inaccessible when it was most needed.

My brother, however, sent me a poetical squib, which, in great good humor, was leveled by my father at Rev. James B. Gurley, of the Ohio Conference, who had recently migrated from Ireland, and who was not personally acquainted with the snake species. My father undertook,

in the following lines, to describe a tremendous battle which occurred between GURLEY and a serpent:—

"GURLEY'S BATTLE WITH A SNAKE.

"As Jemmy rode along one day,
Not sleeping nor awake,
Starting, before him he espied
A dreadful, unco' snake.

"Says Jemmy: 'Heigh! what do ye mane,
Ye wrath-provoking crature?
Whence have ye come till fright me so—
There's death in every fayture?

"'Weel, I'm resolv'd to make ye pay
For such a misdemeanor.'
At this his eyes began to flash,
Appearing ten-fold keener.

"'Now, if yer phiz I rightly ken,
Ye look exceeding surly;
And if ye wish to know my name,
My name is Jemmy Gurley.'

"The snake, unconscious of his doom,
Lay pleasantly a-sunning;
But had he known our hero's wrath,
For safety he'd been running.

"'What weapon shall I use,' he cried,
'To end your frightful being?
Of all the sights I ever saw,
The worst I now am seeing.'

"At this, dismounting from his horse—
One foot in air, one grounded—
His umbrella was the weapon used;
With this its head he pounded.

"But just as Victory's voice he heard,
And saw the serpent dying,
He found the umbrella's strength give way—
In fragments it was flying.

"'Weel,' says the hero of our tale,
'All conquerors have their trouble;
But such a victory, with small loss,
Rewards the hero double.'"

It is proper to add that Mr. GURLEY retorted on my father in a very able manner, in an article descriptive of a battle which took place between the latter and a dog, resulting in the triumph of the quadruped.

In view of the fact that fear and hatred of dogs are hereditary among the DIXONS, GURLEY had a splendid theme, and it was well executed. It is to be regretted that, for want of the copy, I am not able to present it to my readers.

In 1837, according to my personal remembrance, a wretched empiric, by the name of SELDERS, moved into Frankfort, Ohio, and astonished the natives by the peculiar manner of ascertaining the diagnosis of disease. To vindicate the regular profession from an alarming innovation by a quack who was without hope and without God, and without a decent pair of breeches in the world, my father again bestrode his satirical Pegasus; but the initial stanza alone of what he wrote is all that remains in my treacherous memory. Here it is:

"The de'il was asked to make a quack;
He summoned all his elders:
The counsel too, he spake the word,
And forth came drunken SELDERS!"

Although the phraseology of the larger portion of the article is lost forever, I remember that Satan, as the poet sang on that occasion, became tired of this new quacking creation, and, under the influence of strong disgust, he petitioned Jupiter, or some other competent divinity, to take SELDERS from his dominions before the quack could have

time to depopulate all Tophet by physicking every devil out of existence. I remember, however, that SELDERS, whether he was taken literally from the dominions of Pluto or not, decamped between two days from Frankfort, with bag and baggage, and plunged so quietly into the sea of obscurity, that no ripple was ever afterwards seen on the surface where he went down! Whether my father was responsible for this sudden departure from the village, I will not decide; but as there was but little difference between the time at which this squib was fired at SELDERS and the time of his mysterious flight, my readers may draw their own reasonable inferences.

It has been a source of regret to many persons that deference to popular taste did not incline my father to publish in a volume his humorous and sarcastic poems, instead of the collection which was published in 1833. It is a fact, however, that as he advanced in years, and became more and more impressed with the strength of his obligations as a minister of the New Testament, he began to display much sensitiveness with reference to the propriety of his humorous effusions; and to this feeling, which ultimately became very strong, I ascribe my almost total failure to find the manuscripts of these interdicted articles. The collection of 1833, a small one, containing about two hundred pages, has the following title-page: "The Poetical Works of JACOB DIXON, containing, Divination Overruled, and the True God Exalted: An Epic Poem in four parts; also Miscellaneous Pieces, Moral and Religious.

> "'Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
> Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er will be.'
>
> "POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM."

"Published by the Author. Columbus, Ohio. Glover, Maynard & Espy, Printers, 1833."

During the progress of that generation which began at the commencement of the present century, there was no public man more widely known or universally esteemed in the West than Hon. Thomas L. Hamer, of Georgetown, Brown county, Ohio, for many years a Member of Congress from that district. His start in life was exceedingly unpropitious. He was left an orphan at a very early age, and was oppressively treated in the family by which he was taken. He was not permitted even to attend school to learn the rudiments of an English education; but so indomitable was his desire for knowledge, and so limitless was his ambition to excel, that he became, in after years, an eminent example of self-culture, proficient in *Belles Lettres*, and favored with a better practical education than is generally obtained within the walls of college buildings. He was a brigadier-general in the war against Mexico, and died in that country, leaving an untarnished record as a statesman, a patriot and a hero. While my father was a resident of Georgetown, engaged in ministerial labor, an intimacy sprang up between him and Mr. Hamer, on the ground of literary congeniality.

Some time in 1834 a lengthy and well-digested criticism of my father's volume of poems appeared in the *Western Christian Advocate*, at Cincinnati, under the signature of "Homo." It transpired afterward that this warm critical commendation, which obtained the notoriety of a large circulation, in an important Church paper, was written by Mr. Hamer.

I cannot speak with certainty to the point; but I am satisfied myself, from the noble characteristics of Hamer, and from the modesty and natural unobtrusiveness of my father, that the article in question was produced without any solicitation, or even suggestion, from any extraneous source.

The principal poem in the collection, "Divination Overruled," has many beautiful and striking passages, despite the fact that it betrays marks of evident haste and carelessness in its composition.

The author was neither plodding nor methodical, and he never wrote except when excited by the fever of literary inspiration. An elaboration such as GRAY employed in his *Elegy*, and patient retouches, such as those which distinguished the manuscripts of POPE, were not comprehended by our western writers.

"Divination Overruled" discusses a Biblical subject, and dwells with some length on the impotent attempt made by BALAAM to curse the children of Israel.

Another portion of the poem gives, prophetically and consecutively, brief views of the more important events of coming time, as they were revealed to BALAAM in a trance. To show the writer's manner of treating his subject, and his familiarity also with the laws of versification, I will here reproduce that part of the poem which pronounces the doom of MOAB from the lips of prophetic denunciation :—

"Hearken, O King, the time will yet arrive,
When destiny's fierce chariot wheels shall drive
Through all this guilty realm, to death consign
The latest child of Moab's haughty line!
I see the regal conq'rer, but not nigh;
I see him plainly with prophetic eye,
Mantled in martial glory, kingly pride,
On war's triumphal chariot see him ride!
Before his car resistless terrors roll,
Which Moab's gods, alas! cannot control.
And when thy race accurs'd the storm shall see,
Some to the mountains shall for shelter flee;
Some to these altars, weeping, shall repair
To offer sacrifice and solemn prayer.

But nothing shall avert the wrath divine;
No sacrifice nor prayers that priests enjoin!
The sceptred monarch shall no pity show,
But crush of Israel's tribes a deadly foe!
His reeking sword their deathless souls shall free,
To wander naked through eternity!
The prince victorious shall thy race consume,
And RUIN write on Moab's mould'ring tomb!
These hills, and yonder plains, where flocks abound,
No more with voice of Moab shall resound!
These smoking altars shall in ruin lie,
And none for these fall'n altars breathe a sigh!"

As an illustration of the author's energy, and, indeed, sublimity of style, I give below his description of a thunder storm:—

"Before the sacrificial rites commence,
Dark grows the air, the flittering clouds condense;
The volumed thunder in the western sky,
Denotes a supernatural tempest nigh—
Now in appalling splendor lightnings play,
And add a tenfold horror to the day!
At every flash some ancient oak is riven,
Mingling its fragments with the winds of heaven!
The agonizing ether seems on fire,
Ready to light all Nature's fun'ral pyre!
Not Sinai's awful mount, which Israel saw,
When God descended to announce his law,
Seem'd half so terrible. A God-like form,
Sublimely grand, rides on the black'ning storm—
Grasping, at will, the lightnings in his hand,
And hurls them, blazing, on a guilty land!"

Of the miscellaneous productions in the volume, there are several which possess substantial poetical merit.

The stanzas which are dedicated to the Harp of CHARLES WESLEY, after the death of that inspired minstrel, have a wealth of melody in them. I quote the following:

"Harp of Wesley, who shall 'wake thee
From thy long and sweet repose?
Had I power, I would take thee
And thy music all disclose!

"God himself thy strains inspir'd,
With his finger touch'd each chord,
With celestial ardor fir'd
By his spirit and his word.

"But I start, by truth admonish'd,
And t'ward heaven cast my eye—
While I look I am astonish'd;
Faith beholds thee in the sky.

"In the moment angels waited
Wesley to convey above,
Thou to heaven wast translated,
There to sound redeeming love.

"Harp of Wesley, ever singing
In enraptur'd strains on high,
While all heav'n with praise is ringing,
Let one note break through the sky!

"While I listen may I hear it
In its moving powers sublime,
And through all the world I'll bear it,
Glad'ning every distant clime!"

The appended verses, being part of a "Hymn to the Deity," have much clearness of expression and euphony.

"God of the sun, God of the shade,
All Nature's works Thy power proclaim!
Thy hands the universe have made;
On all we see inscribed Thy name.

"The cause of being's endless chain,
The unbeginning cause art Thou:
The sapphire heav'ns, the earth and main,
To Thee in trembling homage bow.

"Each twinkling star,—the galaxy,—
Th' erratic comet's fiery train,—
Give evidence sublime of Thee,
Father of angels and of man.

"The thunder utters but Thy voice,
The swift wing'd lightnings bear Thy word:
Thy cloudy tabernacle's noise
Through heav'n's expanse, and earth, is heard.

"Etna disgorging all her fires,
Is but a preface to that day
When planets shall be fun'ral pyres,
And heav'n and earth shall flee away!

"Eternal GOD, where shall *I* hide,
When comets rush and suns retire,
When on the lightnings Thou shalt ride,
Convolving heav'n and earth in fire!

"May I in Jesus then be found,
Fly up and meet him in the air,
And tell to list'ning saints around
His goodness and redeeming care!"

The Poem, entitled "Reflections on a Spring Morning," written when the author was but twenty years of age, reveals a playful and exuberant imagination.

The following are specimen stanzas:—

"Bright in the east the glorious sun appears,
Before his presence fade the twinkling stars,
Nature, enliven'd with his beams,
Sweetly illuminated seems;
Mortals awak'd from midnight dreams,
Hail the sweet morn that dissipates their fears.

"How beauteous, how sublime th' unfolding scene!
How bright creation, smiling and serene!
So lately wrapt in sable gloom,
The emblem of the silent tomb,
Which, after death, must be the doom
Of every mortal on the vast terrene!

"Up from the ground, alarmed, the squirrel leaps
Upon yon beech, from which he slily peeps,
And pertly sits and chatters there,
As if the world his empire were,
And me he vainly tries to scare,
And not one moment silence keeps.

* * * * * * *

"When shall I burst the tyrant's power and rise,
And spring immortal open on my eyes?
When heav'n promulges the decree
From land to land—from sea to sea—
That time no longer here shall be,
Then shall I soar and shine above the skies!

"*Now* to behold creation deck'd in flowers,
Re-animates my sad desponding powers;
I will extol my Maker's name,
Who built the earth's stupendous frame;
His truth and goodness loud proclaim
Ye living creatures and ye sylvan bowers!"

One of the best articles ever written by our author has the "Drunkard" for its theme. I regret that I am able only to give a few of the concluding lines, as follows:—

"For years there seem'd no clouds that darkly roll'd
As harbingers of future storms of woe.
He now and then would taste th' enchanted cup,
But scorn'd the slave of Bacchus from his breast.
Increasingly familiar he became
With ardent spirits and with tippling men,
Until his nightly visits *from his home*
Were more and more protracted.

* * * * * * *

One night, returning from a Bacchanal
In 'evil plight,' he from his horse was thrown;
Senseless at first, but afterwards reviv'd—
But oh! as on the brink of death he lay,
How frightfully he moan'd! he sometimes swore—

His eyes roll'd ghastly—from his presence flew
His wife and children!—could not bear the scenes.
Demons around his dying pillow howl'd!
Angels from heav'n look'd down and wept to see
The endless ruin of a spirit design'd
To dwell in bliss eternally with God!
He gasp'd and died, and met his final doom!"

An elder brother of my father, WILLIAM DIXON, a self-educated and talented gentleman, with a characteristic love of polite literature, died of pulmonary consumption, in Philadelphia, in 1814, aged thirty-four years.

His large library, which indicated his classic taste, was bequeathed to my father, whose delight and gratitude were too profound for adequate expression.

From the elegy which our author wrote on the death of his brother, I will transcribe what follows:

"Thy literary knowledge was profound;
T' instruct the rising race was thy delight;
Thy judgment was, as a preceptor, sound,
Thy manners unassuming and polite.

"O gratitude! amaz'd! if thou canst speak,
Conscious of favors, undeserv'd, conferr'd,
Although thy accents may be faintly weak,
Speak but thy language, and thou shalt be heard.

"Arm'd with the armor of salvation bright,
Upon the verge of death thy foes gave way,
And lo! a swift-wing'd angel took his flight,
And bore thee, shouting, to the realms of day."

Rev. WILLIAM BEAUCHAMP, an eminent writer, a distinguished minister of the New Testament, and another glorious illustration of the handiwork of self-culture, published a religious magazine, in monthly numbers, in Chillicothe, Ohio, about the year 1815. To this excellent periodical, which breathed a spirit of devout Christianity, and which displayed the fascinations of correct literature, my

father contributed several poetical articles, which were afterward embodied in his printed volume, and for which, at the time of their publication in Doctor Beauchamp's *Monitor*, the editor complimented the young author in terms of glowing commendation. The following lines constitute the conclusion of the "Tribute to the Memory of Doctor B.," which was written by the grateful poet:

"Departed spirit! to my voice attend;
Thou wast my early patron and my friend.
Under thy auspices, my youthful muse
Pour'd forth her numbers awkwardly profuse;
Yet thou didst deign upon my verse to smile
Forgav'st my errors, didst improve my style.
Long as this heart of mine with life shall beat,
Thee, friend, I never, never will forget!

"Rest, weary spirit, from thy sorrows rest,
Forever number'd with the millions blest;
And when all Nature shall in pangs expire,
And falling comets light her fun'ral pyre,
Thy body from the sleep of death shall rise,
Look unappall'd upon dissolving skies;
And soul and body re-united, shine
Beyond the wreck of worlds, in light divine!"

In another place I have spoken of a younger brother, Curtis Goddard, who died when an infant, on the 16th day of November, 1828. From the lines which my father composed with reference to the great calamity, I quote the following:

"Fondly my memory lingers round thy grave,
Where grows the rose-bush, and where beeches wave
Their branches, and the Zephyrs seem to sigh,
And mournful tell where infant beauties lie:
In lines elegiac have I often tried
Thy death to tell, but sorrow's gushing tide
O'erwhelm'd my soul with anguish—thought ran wild,
And I exclaim'd, 'Alas! I've lost my child!'"

"The Author's Address to his Wife and Children," of which the appended stanzas are a sample, shows the extent of his devoted affection, if it does not prove the existence of that divine *afflatus* which is denominated poetical genius:

"Companions of my joys and woes,
In heaven let us meet,
Where purest pleasure sweetly flows,
And glory is complete.

And when this hand shall mould'ring lie
Beneath the silent clod,
May you be all prepar'd to die,
And see a smiling God!"

I will here present a portion of our author's poem of "The Hermit," believing that it will be received in a cordial manner by intelligent readers:

"Remote from the scenes of confusion and strife,
A hermit resided, for piety fam'd;
He had bidden adieu to the follies of life;
A cave in the desert was all that he claim'd.

"The place of his dwelling no mortal had known;
Vice never had touch'd the devotional spot;
With rapture he hail'd the retreat as his own,
Nor envied the rich or the noble their lot.

"Tall cedars encircled the hallowed place;
A stream from the mountain roll'd murmuring by;
His harp was attun'd to the wonders of grace,
So movingly sweet, angels heard from the sky.

"Delightfully pleasing, his music oft roll'd,
As touch'd by the finger of infinite love;
Of the manger and cross the blest story he told,
The gift of redemption, the light from above."

The most lengthy, and the most valuable also, of the miscellaneous poems of our writer, are dedicated to the "Seasons." They are written in a very natural and

sprightly manner, as the critic will admit after reading the initial lines on Spring as appended:

"Spring, hast thou return'd again?
Welcome, Spring, with all thy train.
With thy gay and sweet delights,
All creation thee invites.
Singing birds upon the trees,
Lowing cattle, buzzing bees,
Insects wing'd aloft in air,
Hail the lovely season fair.
Swelling buds and op'ning flowers,
Own with joy thy genial powers;
And from torpor Nature wakes;
Into joy the desert breaks;
Love, and joy, and mirth abound;
Smile the hills and valleys round;
Still I walk where Nature smiles,
And the passing hour beguiles;
Still I walk beside the stream,
Sparkling with the morning beam
Of the powerful orb of day,
Who has chased the night away.
While the murmuring waters glide,
Kiss the pebbles by their side,
They, as with a tongue, declare,
'We the joy of Nature share.'
See the red-bird as he flies!
'All the grove is mine,' he cries;
And with joy, from spray to spray,
Measures out the jocund day."

In proof of the author's luxuriant imagination, disporting with the subject in a sort of fantastic capriciousness, as a mischievous child sports with a toy, the following description of the appearance of clouds on a summer day is given:

"See the clouds, fantastic, fly,
Multiform, and deck the sky;—
Now a pyramid appears,

And anon a giant rears
Into view his hideous form,
Seems to grapple with the storm!
Armies fighting next appear,
And convulse the darken'd air;
See th' astonish'd savage wait,
Anxious for the birth of Fate.
He has seen the warrior's shroud
Woven in the flittering cloud;
He has read his country's doom
In some cloud of sable gloom!
Next appears a lofty dome,
Such as might have heighten'd Rome
When imperial pomp display'd
What the Roman hand had made."

I had intended to present many other illustrations of my father's proficiency in the art of versification; but want of space forbids. Enough has been said, however, to give a comprehensive idea of subjects herein treated. As a public speaker he took high rank, having a clear, powerful voice, combined with a copious supply of words, and that prompt readiness of perception which makes extemporaneous effort successful. It must be confessed that he would have succeeded greatly better, both as a poet and a minister, if there had been less fitfulness and more thorough application in his studies. He possessed genius; but, in character with many other geniuses, he lacked that plodding diligence which is so necessary to literary success in any order of intellect.

A few words with reference to his surviving family, and I shall close. My mother, who was a woman of remarkable serenity of disposition, died in 1857, in Adams county, Ohio, at the residence of her son, Rev. E. H. Dixon, in whose family she received all those endearing attentions which spring from the exercise of filial piety. She possessed a superior mind, having an enthusiastic love

of books. Her memory was so surprising, that after fifty years of age she could give, from her recollections of HUME'S *History of England*, which was read in early life, the names, duration of reign, and the chronological order of succession of kings and queens, from the Norman Conquest, and from an earlier date even than that, down to the end of the historical record which came under her review. I remember her as a mild, sweet-tempered, affectionate mother, whose life was shadowed by physical suffering and poverty.

There are four children—two sons and two daughters. The eldest is Mrs. ELIZA S. HEAD, wife of B. J. HEAD, Esq., a gentleman of very estimable character, whose residence is in the vicinity of Prairie City, Jasper county, Iowa. As an effect of spinal disease, my sister has not walked for sixteen years. She has, probably, been one of the greatest sufferers on whom bodily affliction has fallen; and yet she bears it all with that surprising patience and recuperation of mind which come from a devout and active trust in the good Providence of God. Several years ago she lost one of her eyes; and a few months since, when I saw her last, the vision of the other eye was threatened from an access of inflammation. I am glad to know that she is not bereft of sight. My other sister, MARY JANE, is the wife of WILLIAM SMITH, Esq., of Adel, Iowa, a respectable and kind-hearted gentleman. I have already had occasion to mention my ministerial brother, of the Ohio Conference. At the risk of being charged with family egotism, I must say that he is one of the best men on this planet—a true brother, a good husband and father—in a word, a true Christian, and a talented and successful minister of the Gospel.

Iowa Journalism.

It is stated that, when Alexander Pope committed himself to the task of translating Homer's *Iliad*, he became so alarmed at this assumption of responsibility that he wanted some one to hang him, and thereby deliver him from his difficulties. Since I undertook to devote a chapter of this work to Iowa Journalism, I have been haunted with a thousand misgivings with reference to the propriety of such a chapter, and to my ability to do the subject justice.

If I adopt a system of generalization, the subject will not be discussed with any degree of circumstantial thoroughness; and if I descend to individualities, giving my subject the benefit of statements in detail, I will be sure to perpetrate some incautious blunder, and injure feelings where no injury is designed. I hardly know what course to pursue, and shall make a dash at the subject in a sort of hap-hazard, unpremeditated style, having a dismal hope that this enterprise will be accomplished without any act of self-destruction on my part, and without exposing myself to any adverse criticism from my friends. It should be remembered, in my favor, that more than a year has elapsed since I sat on the tripod, in full editorial communication with my brethren; and, in a young State like ours, wherein changes are constantly occurring, a year has more to do with the progress of transition and development than a quarter of a century in older States.

It is not an original idea which teaches that the size and topographical appearance of a country have much to do in moulding the intellect and fashioning the bodies of its inhabitants. If there be truth in this proposition—and no intelligent person will dispute it—Iowa is eminently favored.

Here is a State occupying parallels of latitude which are common to the most enlightened nations of the globe. It is located midway on the continent, between the two oceans, and has, for its eastern and western boundaries, two of the principal rivers, not only of this hemisphere, but of the whole earth. It contains fifty-six thousand square miles, and its expanse of prairie, stretching away in scenic undulations, until it is lost in the blue mist, far away on the lower verge of the horizon, gives one an idea of vastness, of immensity, and almost of infinitude! A person who has never seen a western prairie may form a thousand pictures in his mind, which are designed to represent reality, but he knows nothing about it. There is grandeur and a picturesqueness in it which so distinctively belongs to itself—there is such an indefinable beauty in its dreamy, wavy, flowing outlines, that no verbal description, however minute and graphic, will impress its likeness on the mind of a person who has never seen it. I understand, then, that the dimensions and physical appearance of our State tend to enlarge the mind, give amplitude to thought, produce independence and energy of character, give originality to forms of expression, and exhibit noble specimens of masculine and feminine development. It is hardly probable that a State, whose soil is a fathom deep, and full of the principle of fertility, tends to poverty and sterility of mind in persons who turn its surface with their ploughs, and bring from its bosom a wealth of vigorous vegetation.

Twenty-two years ago, Iowa was admitted, as a State,

into the Federal Union. Since then, and, indeed, since the last decade of years began, it has been bankrupted by a monetary revulsion, and repressed in its young ambition by the adverse influence of civil war; but, despite these malevolent agencies, the State has continued to improve with surprising rapidity, and it now contains a population of nearly one million. Its sons, and its adopted sons, to the number of eighty thousand, as the records of our excellent Adjutant-General show, fought for the nation's life when it was assailed by armed treason. And I accept the proposition as a good one, that a people like those of Iowa, whose intelligent patriotism is sustained by a corresponding courage, occupy a very high position among the enlightened populations of the world.

A people such as ours, understanding the nature of personal freedom, waging a war of ideas, and, if need be, of the sword also, against the political heresies of the age, and intelligently defending every political right which the charter of our liberties gave in the morn of national existence, will do without newspapers no more than a Christian will do without his Bible. All national despotism, the mission of which is to enslave the masses, and place a sceptre of irresponsible sovereignty in the hands of an emperor or autocrat, hates a newspaper as a convict hates the warrant which authorizes his execution. In proportion, then, as free speech and a free press are tolerated and defended, except in times of extraordinary convulsions, when the hand of Treason is on the throat of Government—just in that proportion does a nation prosper, under a full comprehension of the rights of citizens. In other words, it is impossible to enslave a people who properly recognize the freedom of thought, and the authority of popular education.

Our own country contains a larger number of journals

of all descriptions, including dailies, weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies, than any other country—I had nearly said than all other countries aggregated; but, from blindness and other causes, the data which I need to sustain my declaration are just now inaccessible. That energy which never tires, never hesitates, is never disheartened, never dismayed, never demoralized through all the year, always awake, always alert, always vigilant, night and day, evermore prompt to seize and appropriate every instalment of intelligence for the benefit of the paper and its readers —that energy, I repeat, which collects, collates, condenses and amplifies, and which makes a news journal what it ought to be, a local and cosmopolitan history—is displayed in great perfection in the North-western States, and in none of them, I think, has it greater strength of root and fibre than in Iowa.

General Ed. Wright, Secretary of State, and his excellent deputy, Wm. H. Fleming, Esq., have been making up a valuable official record of journalism in Iowa, for 1867. From their record it appears that there are one hundred and forty-three newspapers and other periodical publications in the State. Of these, one is devoted to agriculture, two are temperance organs, one is a law journal, one is educational, and one hundred and thirty-eight are political, of which last twenty-seven are exponents of the Democratic faith, and one hundred and eleven are organs of Republicanism.

The *Temperance Platform*, published in Des Moines, whereof Rev. W. S. Peterson and his lady are conductors, has no superior in the United States, as an able and consistent champion of prohibitory enactment for suppressing the liquor traffic. Its editor-in-chief, Mr. Peterson, whom I am glad to call my friend and brother in social and temperance fellowship, became known to the State as a vigor-

ous writer several years ago, when he was associated with the *Post*, at Keokuk. Subsequently, he was editor of the *Dubuque Times*, and two years ago he moved to Des Moines, taking with him the *Platform*, which began its career in Dubuque. He is, beyond question, a profound thinker, and his pen has the incisiveness of a two-edged sword. In him there are no negative elements of character, no compromises with error, and no sympathy with the prevailing and fashionable iniquities of the times. As a critic and satirist, he is severe—almost pitiless; and in a correct knowledge of the mechanical structure of versification, and in his wealth of imagination, he is a poet.

Ten years ago, General WILLIAM DUANE WILSON, a gentleman of considerable prominence, and one of the founders of the *Chicago Tribune*, transferred his agricultural paper from Mount Pleasant and Fairfield to Des Moines.

Several years since, MARK MILLER, Esq., a gentleman who practically understands agriculture, horticulture, and kindred sciences, started the *Homestead* in Dubuque, and in 1861 he transferred it to Des Moines. It was completely successful under his management. Early in 1864, he sold the *Homestead* to H. W. PETIT, Esq., a gentleman of broad humor and infinite sagacity in discovering and reconstructing jokes, *bon mots*, and anecdotes a hundred years old. Mr. P. was an admirable local editor, and had been occupied in that capacity on the *Dubuque Times;* but in the conduct of an agricultural paper, he was quite out of place. After his death (1866), MARK MILLER, who had assisted Mr. P. in the management of the *Homestead*, resumed exclusive editorial control. I believe he has charge of the paper now.

The *School Journal*, of which F. M. MILLS, of Des Moines, has been one of the publishers from the beginning,

was originally edited by ANDREW J. STEVENS, late Consul to Leghorn, and now Consul to some point in British America. He was formerly a banker in Des Moines, and at one time, through one of those popular delusions which often lead the world's credulity by the nose, he was rashly supposed to be a millionaire. Like many other men in the West, he went down in the crash of 1857; and three years later he re-appeared on the surface of society in Des Moines as chief editor of the *Commonwealth*, a weekly sheet, which, according to its own profession, was started in the interest of the Young Men's Republican Party. It was a political fantasy which induced him to take hold of such a publication, and of course the enterprise was a failure. As a writer, he was tame and pointless, always pulling away at some dismal abstraction, or precipitating some Utopian scheme on his astonished fellow-citizens. The *Commonwealth*, after passing through the hands of Messrs. RUSSEL, W. S. SIMMONS, and J. B. BAUSMAN, was finally merged into a Democratic paper.

The earliest Democratic paper in Des Moines, called the *Star*, was enlightened by the editorial ability of C. BEN. DARWIN, BARLOW GRANGER, A. Y. HULL, D. O. FINCH, Judge BATES, and other persons whose names have escaped my remembrance. The *Star* flickered out in consequence of natural causes.

Another organ of the same party, entitled the *Statesman*, was controlled by WILL TOMLINSON, an individual of no refinement of character or expression, and largely endowed with the rhetoric of Billingsgate and the fish-market. He expected to run a career at the Capital of Iowa, similar to that which was run by SAM MEDARY, of Ohio; but lacking the intellectual momentum and vital force of his exemplar, his paper resulted in a failure. About the time the war for the Union commenced, he returned to his old

associations at Ripley, Ohio, where he published a campaign sheet, a Republican paper, in 1863, when Brough and Vallandigham were compititors for the first office in the State. During that year, while engaged on the street in an affray with a Secessionist, he was fatally stabbed by the latter, and died in a few hours.

In early times—I have no data in this sequestered retreat, and am depending on hearsay and personal remembrance for material with which to fill this chapter—a Whig paper, called the *Gazette*, with which my estimable fellow citizens, Peter Myers, Judge W. W. Williamson, and L. P. Sherman (brother of the renowned Tecumseh), were associated, sprang into lively existence, and then faded away with the grand old party for whose sake it had been launched on the political sea. In 1857, Will Porter, a clever and intelligent Democrat, a man of vigorous friendships and undying enmities, with a large supply of worm-wood and gall in his pen, started the *Iowa State Journal*, a Democratic sheet. In 1860, the paper passed into the hands of Stilson Hutchins, who had been publishing the *Osage Iowan*, a partizan organ, in Mitchell county. Mr. H. was subsequently associated with the *Dubuque Herald*, and my last intelligence with reference to him, placed him on the editorial staff of the *St. Louis Times*, an organ of Southern interest, Southern prejudices, and Southern habitudes of thought and action. He wielded a pen of extraordinary grace and power; he was quick and bold in conception, with great rapidity and strength in execution. He knew well how to employ the fascinations of healthy rhetoric when they were needed, and he knew just as well how to send a storm of scurrilous and pitiless abuse against political enemies. He was, probably, the strongest political writer of his party in the State.

About the time of the organization of the Republican

party in the State, THOMAS H. SYPHERD, a native of Virginia, and for years a resident of Southern Ohio, established a newspaper at Des Moines, called the *Citizen*. It was an exponent of the new party, which, in its upward progress, was just visible above the political horizon. Mr. SYPHERD was a keen, pungent and irascible writer, whose knowledge of stinging epithets, coarse and crushing, was simply inexhaustible. It was during his administration that I became connected with the *Citizen*. In February, 1857, ANDREW J. STEVENS, who was then supposed to be the Rothschild of Iowa, and who had a controlling interest in the paper, suddenly assumed the active management of it, and SYPHERD, being unexpectedly thrown out of his position, and having no means of recovering what capital—his all—he had invested in the enterprise, was compelled to leave Des Moines in a state of despair. At Mount Pleasant he joined his wife, who was rendered almost broken-hearted by the announcement that in one brief day she and her husband had been reduced from comfort to beggary. But her husband was too elastic in his nature to remain long inactive. He went to Kansas City, Missouri, where he prospered, and accumulated property. At the commencement of the war, he accepted a clerkship at Washington, and is now in one of the Federal departments in that City.

On his retirement from Des Moines, the chief editorial management of the *Citizen*, so far as the world had knowledge, fell into the hands of Dr. W. H. FARNER, with myself as assistant. It is hardly possible that any such nondescript as FARNER was ever visible on the earth, from the beginning down to the date of his birth; nor will any being like him be visible henceforth through all the ages of coming time. He was considerably below the average height of men, and was as destitute of muscle as a picture of Famine. His head was a curious piece of mechanism;

small, broken into ridges, a group of indefinable angles, altogether mis-shapen, as though it had once been compressed to the thinness of paste-board, and was trying, under difficulties, to expand into its original proportions. His forehead was low and retreating, and his blue eyes had in them an expression of impatient desire, such as becomes chronic in an old toper, without money, who is constantly speculating on his chances for the next glass of whisky. His mouth was very large, his cheeks sunken, his lips were thin and bloodless, and his garments were of the most slovenly and dirty character. When on the street, he was always seen with three or four hunting dogs at his heels, for which he provided more liberally than for his six children and his patient, broken-hearted wife, who were suffering in a dreary shanty for the necessaries of existence. He was a prodigious consumer of whisky. He drank early in the morning, and drank often; he drank after breakfast, and drank frequently; he drank before dinner, and drank untiringly; he drank after dinner, and drank persistently; he drank before tea, and drank inveterately; he drank after tea, and drank tremendously; continuing to drink on in that way when in congenial company, until every other man was under the table; and yet this little fellow, so fragile and bloodless in appearance, so destitute of muscular development, so wan, cadaverous and ghost-like, was never known to be unsteady in his gait, nor maudlin in his conversation.

He was a good writer, but he was always too indolent to indite a paragraph for his paper. He was a fine speaker, leading off without preparation in a bold, dashing, impromptu style, always supported by a native impudence, which was never known to be abashed in any presence, nor on any occasion. He was the most remarkably sober drunkard with whom I was ever acquainted. A sense of

personal obligation never startled his conscience. He was without sympathy, and without affection, and without any grace which has its abode in the human heart; and yet he was hypocrite enough to seem to have them all in profusion. In 1857 he was Chairman of the Republican State Central Commitee; and in 1861 he was surgeon of a rebel regiment in New Mexico!

Late in the summer of the same year, J. C. Savery, Esq., became proprietor of the *Citizen*. Farner retired from the paper in a demoralized condition, and I was installed as sole editor, with the direct stipulation that I should take entire supervision of the interests of the office, and keep the paper from suspension until its waning fortunes could be propped up by some plethoric purchaser. John Teesdale, Esq., formerly of the *Ohio State Journal*, more recently of the *Iowa City Republican*, public printer for the State, a gentleman of much editorial skill and celebrity, took possession of the *Citizen* in December, 1857, with myself as associate. In 1860, F. W. Palmer, of the *Dubuque Times*, was elected State printer, and early in the following year the *Citizen*, having changed its name to *State Register*, went into the hands of Mr. Palmer, and Mr. Teesdale went into the Des Moines Post-Office, to find some compensation for the surrender of a magnificent position. In November, 1866, J. W. and F. M. Mills purchased the good will and office fixtures of the *Register*, with the understanding that the editorial management would not be changed. It was a necessity to secure the editorial services of Mr Palmer; for no other man in the State, nor in the country, could, under the circumstances, have supplied his place at the head of the paper with whose interests he was so throughly familiar. Meantime, my eyes had gone out while working on the *Register*, and although the place was left vacant for me, through the

generosity of the new proprietors, my editorial labors were finished for all time to come. These sightless eyes will never again glance through the columns of a newspaper, or book, or magazine; my old round table is occupied by another person; my scissors have been thrown aside by me, never to be used again; the pencil wherewith I was wont to mark my proof in months gone by has left the familiar pocket from which it was taken so many times in the days of its usefulness, and in my blindness I cannot find it; and my pen, with which I wrote day after day, in the enthusiasm of my profession, until I came to regard it as a loved child, obedient to my will, ministering to my thoughts, waiting for the signal of inspiration to start it on its pilgrimage along the highway of manuscript, has been given to her to whom my faith was plighted at the altar, and I shall use it no more forever!

It is admitted, on all hands, I presume, that in the publishing department, simply, outside of any special connection with newspapers, Messrs. Mills & Co. occupy the most commanding position in the State. Colonel N. W. Mills, formerly of the firm, a practical printer and an exemplary gentleman, as well as a brave and efficient officer in the Union army, was fatally wounded in the last battle of Corinth, and died several days afterward. As he himself said, in view of his approaching dissolution, he preferred to die as a soldier of his country; and that patriotic and sublime preference was granted to him long before he reached the point of middle age. After his death, one of his surviving brothers, Frank M. Mills, a gentleman of fine business judgment and great energy, gave to the establishment his untiring supervision. He displayed rare excellence in book printing and binding, as Mr. Withrow's *Law Reports*, Captain Stewart's *History of Iowa Colonels and Regiments*, and several other works, are sufficient evi-

dence. In the latter part of 1866, J. W. Mills, of Lawrenceburg, Indiana, previously Superintendent of the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad, went to Des Moines, and associated himself with his brother in the purchase of the *Iowa State Register*. I take this occasion to say that he and his brother have placed me under many obligations for numerous personal favors, both in the *Register* and out of it.

In the several spheres of printer, publisher and political journalist, F. W. Palmer, Esq., late owner of the *Register*, and now editor of it, is a representative man. As a writer he is methodical, concise, and as clear and sharp as an atmosphere of frost in December. He has a cool, crystallized judgment, always taking time to think, and is never forced into an uncomfortable position by any impulsive folly. He uses no redundancy of expletives, but drives at once into the midst of his subject, taking the shortest routes, whether the trees be blazed, or the roads be macadamized or not, stopping briefly here and there, where he has business, and then moving forward with all expedition until the point of final destination is attained. He has very considerable imagination, and is never entangled by one of those literary difficulties which grow out of a misapplication or a misapprehension of figures of speech. Although he does not, himself, indulge to any large extent in the conceits of fun and humor, he abundantly appreciates those qualities in other persons. No feeling of literary envy, nor any other form of envy of which I have knowledge, ever had a place in his heart. He loves his profession devotedly, and his eminently clear judgment, his knowledge of human nature, his extensive experience, and his marked literary abilities, give him a distinguished place in the fraternity. In its local department, the *Register* is sustained by the wit,

vivacity and imagination of J. S. Clarkson, Esq. This gentleman is a son of Hon. C. F. Clarkson, of Grundy county, who became a veteran editor in Indiana, while presiding over the fortunes of the *Brookville American*. In father and son, or sons, rather, there is an extraordinary development of those faculties which are indispensable in editors and publishers. The father, withal, is a newspaper antiquarian, having in his possession some specimens of typography which have come down to him through the fluctuations and revolutions of many generations.

In 1852, William H. Merritt, a gentleman of florid complexion, and somewhat inclined to fulness of stomach and diaphragm, edited a democratic paper at Dubuque, called the *Miner's Express*. Years afterward, when the fever of a hot revolution was firing the "Southern heart," and when an army was summoned, by national authority, to defend the capital at Washington, Mr. Merritt was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the first Iowa Infantry. He displayed great coolness and courage in the battle of Wilson's Creek, in Missouri, while at the head of his regiment. In the same year he accepted the nomination for governor, at the hands of the democracy, and was defeated. In 1863 he assumed control of a daily and weekly newspaper at Des Moines, in the interest of the democratic party; but he failed to meet the expectations of his friends. He was too tranquil of nature and too indolent for the requirements of a partisan organ at the State capital. I have heard recently that he has retired from editorial life; but of the successor to his mantle, which was never worn by any of the Elijahs of this generation, I have vainly tried to obtain any definite information.

At one time—and such I believe is the case now—the *Dubuque Herald* displayed greater sagacity and energy than any other paper of like political faith in Iowa.

J. B. Dorr, who once had control of it, and who often made it operate as a sort of incendiary in its own party, was singularly strong in those elements which constitute a successful editor. He was eminently sagacious and prompt in seeing and seizing all items of information which could serve his purpose. He was a bold and powerful competitor, ready with his pen, untiring in his energy, and unscrupulous in his modes of journalistic warfare. During the war, after a series of adventures in rebel captivity, he was appointed colonel of one of our cavalry regiments, and subsequently died of disease in Tennessee.

The *Herald*, however, flourished as a power in the land, under the management, for a long time, of Hon. D. A. Mahony, whose life was made somewhat eventful during the progress of the war, by hostilities between himself and the officers of the Government. He stood at the head of a widely-known journal. He seems to have been conscientiously opposed to the acts of President Lincoln's administration. He denounced those acts as flagrant usurpations of power; but in doing so he did not employ the terms of vindictive and impetuous passion, but the terms, instead, of apparent moderation, which, with their cold and comprehensive scorn, their philosophic method, and their under-current of freezing hate, made them far more effective than any other form of revolutionary controversy. Mr. M. has a sharp intellect, a fine practical education, and a strong familiarity with the readiest and most efficacious forms of speech and written language, and whatever side he chooses to take in a popular discussion, he is always formidable. In Dorr, and Mahony, and Hutchins, the *Herald* was blessed with a triumvirate of editorial powers; but although these men had retired from its control when I had the privilege of looking at the *Herald*, a year and a quarter since, its me-

chanical appearance, with its clear, bold, and handsomely defined type, and the energy, judgment, and editorial ability under the administration of Messrs. Ham and Carver, which were displayed in its different departments, called out from me a strongly complimentary paragraph. Its publishers, editors, attachés and special friends have made me the recipient of a generous contribution. Admiration and gratitude elicit these remarks now, and they are made in all sincerity, though I have not a syllable of endorsement to give to any of those political heresies which the *Herald* defended from the commencement to the end of the war, and which it still defends with the zeal of other years.

I have already spoken of two representative journalists, who wielded the quill in the interest of the *Dubuque Times*—F. W. Palmer and W. S. Peterson. I have also mentioned H. W. Petit, whose localisms in connection with that paper gave him merited popularity. G. A. Stewart, Esq., formerly of the *Toledo Blade*, Ohio, and Jesse Clement, whose publications in prose and verse are familiar to a majority of Iowans, enriched, in turn, the editorial columns of the *Times*. Mr. Stewart was a clear and facile writer, employing a pure rhetoric, with more smoothness than sprightliness, and with more literary grace than force or pungency. Mr. Clement has but little versatility or imagination; but he is a prolific and graceful writer, and there is not a man in the West who has a finer knowledge than he of the mechanical rules which govern poesy. The present proprietors of the *Times* are Messrs. Barnes and Ryan. M. S. Barnes, its chief editor, is evidently at home in the field of political controversy. George H. Ballou is the spicy local. I wish to say, before closing my remarks concerning the Dubuque press, that J. L. McCreery, for many months connected

with the local department of the *Times*, and Mr. WILKIE, who was associated in the same capacity with the *Herald*, were the most gifted local editors in the State. Mr. McCREERY, who is somewhat awkward and ungainly in manner and figure, with none of the captivations of a winning presence, is as decidedly a genius as OLIVER GOLDSMITH, who was probably designed to be his literary and personal prototype; and like him, he has suffered the pains and perils of persecution and poverty.

McGregor, one of the most ambitious and prosperous little cities of Iowa, located in Clayton county, on the Mississippi River, has been furnished for many years with excellent weekly newspapers. It may have a daily now, for I am sure it would sustain one with commendable liberality. It is the home of Hon. SAMUEL MERRILL, the present excellent Governor of the State. The *North Iowa Times*, of which PATRICK RICHARDSON—a versatile Irishman, of rich and hearty humor, having an extensive experience in his profession—is the editor, fully meets the demands of the democracy in that portion of the State. In gathering home items, and in grouping them together in a cheerful, improvising style, and in all literary condensations, Mr. RICHARDSON is at the head of the fraternity; and in a merry, graphic style of anecdote or story-telling, he is fully equal to D. N. RICHARDSON, of the *Davenport Democrat*, whose reputation for this special talent, as well as for other talents which belong to a first-class Western journalist, has been well established for a dozen years. Major WILLIS DRUMMOND, during his connection with the *McGregor News*, a Republican organ, made a fine impression on his cotemporaries, by his unaffected sincerity, his consistent patriotism, and more than average ability in his profession. His name suggests that other DRUMMOND —founder of the *Vinton Eagle*—who gave his life to his

country in the war for the Union, and who died as a hero and patriot dies—of wounds received in the rush of battle. Colonel THOMAS DRUMMOND—we all knew him familiarly as TOM DRUMMOND—was a giant in his day, in his vocation as an editor, head and shoulders above a majority of his brethren. He was sometimes perverse, often capricious, frequently imperious and overbearing, and stubborn to the point of obstinacy whenever there was an attempt to coerce him; but, after all, he had a grand heart, full of manly impulses and susceptibilities, and he wielded a pen, not only in a graceful and scholarly manner, but in eloquent earnestness and power, which helped to secure the original triumph of Republicanism, and to vindicate the claims of Iowa as one of the noblest heritages for mankind on the face of the earth. Ten years ago, when his party was struggling for dominance in Benton county, I remember that the controversy which was kept up between him and Judge DOUGLASS, of the rival sheet in that county, excited much popular interest. The judge had exercised official authority for years in that period of our early history when county judges had more administrative power than the sovereigns of young empires; and when he saw the sceptre departing from Democratic Judah, and the County Judgeship passing away into the hands of another party, he became a magnificent hater of Republicanism, and went into the political battle against DRUMMOND with a determination to conquer or to die. He was overthrown and slain on the field of his glory; and the conqueror himself is no more. The patriot and martyr has gone to his eternal repose; but the name of DRUMMOND will not perish with this generation.

At intervals through many years, the Republican organ at McGregor has been controlled by R. TOMPKINS, who

was an anti-slavery pioneer, and a self-sacrificing laborer in the interests of universal freedom, when it was unpopular and perilous to vindicate the glowing truths of the Declaration of Independence. Whatever course he takes and whatever language he employs, in discussing the moral and social questions of the age, he always recognizes the authority of conscience, and is thoroughly in earnest. He never dodges an editorial responsibility; and so profoundly is he moved in sentiment and reason, and in passion and emotion, while defending the truth as he understands it, that often, as you read his earnest editorials, there is a tingling in your nerves, like that which is produced by the blast of a trumpet when armies rush to battle!

I have already alluded in a sufficient manner to the genial qualities, as a local paragraphist, of Mr. Richardson, of the *Davenport Democrat.* That city, which is rapidly growing into grand proportions, has another daily paper, which has been, since the days of Henry Clay, and is now, a power in the State. I refer, of course, to the *Gazette.* For a long time that paper was made greatly satisfactory through the experience and ability of two brothers, Messrs. Sanders, who owned it, and gave it the benefit of their enterprise. The elder Sanders, now dead, had charge of the political department, and much of the business pertaining to the office; and the younger one, Addison H. Sanders, an irrepressible worker, rapid and attractive as a paragraphist, gave to the local department much prominence and popularity. This latter gentleman was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Sixteenth Iowa Infantry, and subsequently suffered a thousand indignities, such as passion and brutality alone can inflict, when a prisoner in Southern dungeons. After his exchange, it was reported that the vessel which was to transport him from the coast-line of Dixie to the harbor of New

York, had been wrecked, and that all on board had perished. I have a pretty distinct recollection that I wrote an article with reference to the casualty which was supposed to have resulted in the death of Colonel SANDERS. I treated his memory with several handsome expressions of elegiac compliment and eulogy; and I was somewhat shocked at the April-fool nature of my sensibilities when it was announced, on better authority than the "Reliable Contraband," that the colonel had not been choked in Atlantic brine, but was still in the midst of a lively probation on this side of a watery grave!

The coincidence of names induces me to retire for a little while from the *Gazette*, and take a brief excursion to Boonsboro, where, in the summer of 1857, another SANDERS—how provoking that I cannot just now recall the name in full!—established one of the most spicy, piquant and picturesque Republican papers in the State. Mr. SANDERS had an immense hesitation in his speech, produced by the most intractable organs of articulation in the world; but he had no hesitation in his pen. He was an easy, fluent writer; serious when it was desirable so to be, grave when his subject demanded it, melancholy when the mood was on him, and irresistibly facetious when he wanted his readers to participate with him in a little innocent merriment. He particularly enjoyed a story designed to illustrate any humorous phase of his own peculiar misfortune.

The Democratic editor in the same place, JOHN A. HULL, who is one of the most genial and agreeable fellows in Central Iowa, whatever may be said of him when he comes to edit a newspaper, had for the burden of the only prayer of his life, a petition to the Lord to take SANDERS to his long home, "because the stuttering cuss was about to break down the best Democratic paper

in the Western country!" Yet, I am satisfied that Mr. HULL, with his naturally good heart, was moved to genuine sorrow when his rival, Mr. SANDERS, faded day by day under the influence of pulmonary consumption, and finally perished, long before he reached the midway station in his pilgrimage of life. My lamented friend had a brother, now a book compositor in the *Register* office at Des Moines, who was also a partner in the business at Boonsboro, and who is one of the most generous and steadfast friends from whom I have received a favor since I was smitten with the woe of blindness.

Many moons ago, the attention of the people of the State was directed more strongly than usual to the merits of the *Davenport Gazette*, by a series of letters from several of the counties, written in an off-hand, dashing style, by ROBERT LITTLER, Esq., who for a time had dispensed city news for the *Gazette*. Years afterward, Mr. LITTLER became a captain in the Federal army, and lost an arm at Shiloh. After his retirement from the service, he acted for some months as Provost-Marshal in one of the New England States. On his return to Iowa, he held a military situation at Davenport until the close of the war.

W. H. FLEMING, late of the Adjutant-General's office, and now Deputy Secretary of State, was also on the city department of the *Gazette*, before the war, and proved himself then, as he did two years ago, when he took my place for several weeks on the *State Register*, to be a pains-taking and judicious dispenser of city intelligence. He is one of the rising men of Iowa; faithful in his vocation, firm in his friendships, and solicitous for that fame only which comes from the performance of good deeds. I have forgotten the date at which ED. RUSSELL bought a proprietary interest in the *Gazette*, and took the reins of editorial government in his hands; but I am ready to

aver that, during the years wherein the paper has felt the inspiration of his management, the *Gazette* has been growing into wider and wider repute, and securing to itself the highest endorsement in its jurisdiction from all good men. It is hardly thought possible, in these degenerate times, that a partisan editor can realize, to any degree, the consolations of religion; but it is evident to my mind that Mr. Russell is a Christian editor—conscientious in his declarations, forming no compromise with heresy, preferring to be right rather than popular; free from the baseness and sycophancy of a debauched press, and evermore zealous for the enthronement of righteousness, and the overthrow of all forms of personal vice and political corruption. I am glad to know that men who will not trim their sails to each passing breeze, and who will not bow their knees in the meanness of sycophancy to the captain of every craft on the sea, whether he be a slaver from the coast of Guinea, or a free-booter like the scoundrel who trod the quarter-deck of the *Alabama*,—I am glad to know, I repeat, that men and mariners, such as I have described, are sure to have a more prosperous voyage on the sea of patronage in Iowa, than any other class of navigators.

I remember, when I first became acquainted with the out-look of professional life in the West, that I saw the name of John Mahin in connection with the editorial page of the *Muscatine Journal*. Although I was unable to discover any actual superiority in that paper, I soon began to feel an admiration for the patient industry, and general judiciousness of clippings and editorials which were always visible on investigation. Mr. Mahin never took kindly nor easily to the drudgery of composition. He was never troubled with that literary malady—*cacoethes scribendi*—which has assailed so many thousand of my fellow-beings. If St. Paul, under the burden of a haunting conviction.

was constrained to say—"Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," there is another conviction just as strong, whether you call it a spiritual illumination, as in the case of PAUL, a simple monomania, or a terrible insanity, which takes hold of its victim, throws him into a series of convulsive fidgets, as though he had been seized by St. Vitus's Dance, and compels him to cry out—"Woe is me if I do not scribble for the papers."

In the infancy of the Republican party, a person by the name of STANFIELD, of limited education, was proprietor of the *Knoxville Journal*, Marion county. At that time, L. D. INGERSOLL, Esq., formerly of Crawfordsville, Indiana, and a resident for a time of Oskaloosa, Iowa, was also a citizen of Knoxville, which village, by the way, is the home of ex-Governor STONE, and of that remarkable specimen of Radical Democracy, MARTIN VAN BUREN BENNETT, once editor of the *Marion County Democrat*, and certainly one of the sharpest partisan stumpers in the State. Mr. INGERSOLL was engaged in the practice of his profession as an attorney-at-law, but out of pure love for the young Party of Freedom which was just beginning to inaugurate a war of aggression against the slave power of the continent, he gave a portion of his time every week, without any pecuniary reward whatever, to the editorial management of the *Journal*. It was some time in 1861 when he accepted a clerkship in one of the departments at Washington, and became, with his family, a resident of that city. During his sojourn at the Capital, and to some extent before that period, he achieved an enviable reputation as a correspondent of the *State Register*, and of other newspapers in the West. He was the "Linkinsale" of the Iowa Press, rich, racy, piquant, and original, with a dash of literary dogmatism and pugnacity in his disposition. As a newspaper correspondent, he established a fame in

advance of his cotemporaries, and as a political writer he proved himself competent in all respects to give vim, snap, and pluck to the pages of a partisan organ. In my humble judgment, the most sparkling and versatile writer of Iowa, gifted in an extraordinary manner with the mastery of language, and of the most brilliant modes of expression, is General Fitz Henry Warren, of Burlington; but while this is true, it is also true that Mr. Ingersoll, as a correspondent, as a writer on miscellaneous topics, and as an author who comprehends and uses the graces and perfections of a pure idiom, takes a very high position in the world of literature. Just at the time when my eyes began to fail, and I was compelled to forego the luxury of reading books, Mr. Ingersoll's history of *Iowa and the War* was issued from the press. I have, therefore, never been able to examine this work beyond the preface; but I am satisfied, not only from my own knowledge of the author's entire competency, but from concurrent testimony within the sphere of historical criticism, that *Iowa and the War* is a fine history, and a splendid tribute to the patriotism and gallantry of our soldiers, as well as an imperishable contribution to the literature of our State. I own that my sensitiveness was cut pretty deeply when I noticed, in our author's preface, and in that paragraph which refers minutely to his obligations to Iowa editors in the preparation of his work, that my name was omitted, while mention was made of several other journalists who never labored as I labored for five years in connection with a daily paper, to present to the world a comprehensive record of Iowa patriotism and Iowa valor on the field of battle. But let this go. It was the merest inadvertency, I presume; for I know that Mr. Ingersoll is my friend and brother. For two years just closing, his pen has enriched the columns of the *Muscatine Journal*. Several

years since, Mr. Davis—I have forgotten his initials—who was twice secretary of the Iowa Senate, a gentleman of fine ability, was engaged for a time in conducting the same paper. He is now dead. The journal has had several spicy local editors.

The only democratic editor of Muscatine who has left any impression on my mind was Judge E. H. Thayer, of the *Daily Courier*. His hatred of Republicanism was stupendous, and he gave expression to it with great facility and fury. I think he was more familiar with Shakspeare than any other of my cotemporaries; and whenever he made ready to throw one of his literary bomb-shells into the enemy's camp, he startled the great dramatist from his dusty bed, and compelled him to assist in his belligerent demonstrations. I have learned, lately, that Messrs. Barnhart Brothers, gentlemen of enterprise and liberality, who have done much hard work in behalf of the material interests of their adopted State, are now proprietors of the *Muscatine Courier*, *Independence Conservative*, *Marengo Citizen* and *Marshall County Advance*. It is a subject of much regret to me that my information is too limited to give the names, even, of the present editorial conductors of these papers.

In other days, the most successful manager of an Iowa newspaper was Clark Dunham, of the *Burlington Hawk Eye*. His short, curt, stinging paragraphs, and his invincible enterprise, gave him a wide range of patronage; but, during the first year of the war, through some sort of mysterious mismanagement, so many of the editorials of the *Springfield Republican*, of Massachusetts, were reproduced in the *Hawk Eye* as ponderous leaders—original and undefiled—that the patrons of both papers began to entertain harsh opinions of one or the other of them, knowing full well that there was either a surprising coin-

cidence of thought and language, or a very bold piece of literary thieving on the part of somebody. I do not believe that Mr. DUNHAM was cognizant of this plagiarism; but the theft belonged either to his paper or to the *Springfield Republican*. In 1865, G. W. EDWARDS, of the *Mount Pleasant Journal*, and Dr. CHARLES BEARDSLEY, formerly of the *Oskaloosa Herald*, purchased the *Hawk Eye*, and assumed its control, which they retain at the present time. Mr. EDWARDS is able to get up brief paragraphs in a commendable manner; but it is my belief that he has no prominent ambition to shine as an author of leaders for a journal. He has a fine business capacity. Dr. BEARDSLEY was a member of the Iowa Press eleven years since, at which time Lieutenant-Governor NEEDHAM, one of the founders of the Republican party of Iowa, was proprietor of the *Oskaloosa Herald*. The Doctor was recognized at once as a leader in his new profession, born to inhabit the dominion of letters and politics; but he never found his place until he became associated with the *Hawk Eye*. He is a smooth, brilliant writer, glowing with enthusiastic love of his party, and rejecting all dishonorable means wherewith to promote its influence. He is too thoroughly a gentleman to indulge in political trickery, and too decidedly a Christian to hurl the invectives of Billingsgate in the faces of his Democratic antagonists.

J. B. HOWEL, of the *Gate City*, Keokuk, one of the veterans of the Press, coming down to us from a past generation, has had much experience, and has enjoyed much prosperity, both as a newspaper conductor and as Federal post-master. I presume that SAMUEL CLARK, Esq., a local and general paragraphist of much excellence, and a young man of genial and generous qualities, is still connected with the *Gate City*.

Judge CLAGGETT, of the *Keokuk Constitution*, is a repre-

sentative journalist on the Democratic side. He is an accomplished and forcible writer, quickly observant of passing events, especially of weak points in the enemy's line of battle. He is passionate, but magnanimous; often imperious and intractable, yet placable and forgiving. His generosity has no limit, and his friendships have the glow and fire of fraternal affection. He is sometimes impracticable, even with his own party; but his positiveness of character, and the native force of his intellect, which exercises a kind of mesmeric supremacy over his retainers and friends, gives him control, to a great extent, of the Democracy of his State. He is liberal, hospitable, and chivalrous.

Many of my readers have noticed, for several years, a sheet of elegant appearance, called the *Intelligencer*, which is published in Charles City, Floyd county. Hon. A. B. F. Hildreth, its owner and conductor, was a member, several years since, of the State Board of Education, for which position his scholarly habits and tastes clearly adapted him. Subsequently, he was a member of the Legislature, giving ample evidence that he was as proficient in legislating for the general interests of Iowa, as for the special interests of popular education. His enterprise and his admirable economy, as well as his talent in editorial management, give him the ability to publish one of the finest looking weekly papers in all the Israel of Iowa. He is a gentleman of quick perception, of careful but not hesitating judgment, passionate in his love of literature, and very strong in his general attachments and prepossessions. It is a miracle of success, that he never was compelled, through all the vicissitudes of the past eight years, to reduce the size of his very large paper, or to make any radical changes in it which looked to diminution of weekly expenditure.

In speaking of the journalists at the Capital, I have already mentioned, in an incidental manner, the name of J. B. Bausman, a gentleman of very considerable proficiency as a writer, who, like many of his cotemporaries, has seen whatever there is of drudgery, and none of the beatitudes, of the profession. He has a warm, generous nature, and has, through the faithlessness of other men, looked so long on that side of human life on which the word TRIBULATION is inscribed in ominous capitals, that his usual serenity of feeling is wonderful. If he had been in the fiery furnace with the Hebrew Children, he would doubtless have taken it as a practical joke, with much less indignity and torture in it than may be found in some of the modern professions. I am glad to recognize him as a faithful and affectionate friend.

I have a lively and satisfactory remembrance of the *Washington Press*, under the administration of Mr. Wickersham and Major Stanton, as well as under the management of its present conductor, H. A. Burrell. It would please me to speak more at length of that paper; also of Messrs. Daniels and Clark, of the *Tipton Advertiser*, and of my well-known friend, J. W. Logan, of the *Waterloo Courier*. My memory also recalls with satisfaction the *Sabula Gazette*, the *Maquoketa Excelsior*, the *Blairstown Gazette*, the *Iuka Union*, *Toledo Blade*, *Cerro Gordo Republican*, *Clarksville Gazette* and the *Franklin Reporter*.

Of the German press of the State, which has its representatives in Dubuque, Davenport, Burlington and Pella, I know but little, in consequence of my incapacity to speak or read the language. Years ago, however, I became acquainted with Theodore Guelich, of the *Iowa Tribune*, at Burlington, whose body carries a dozen scars which he received in European battles. He is a brave and talented man, faithful and true everywhere.

Hon. H. C. Henderson, of Marshalltown, a distinguished lawyer, a fine extemporaneous speaker, and a clear and impressive writer, followed E. N. Chapin, Esq., and William H. Gallup, Esq. (afterwards proprietor of a paper in Montana, Boone county), in the ownership and control of the *Marshall County Times*. Mr. Henderson immediately enlarged the paper, gave it the benefit of new typographical habiliments, and went to work in earnest to issue one of the most useful and splendid family newspapers in the country. He was governed by a laudable emulation; and to make his paper all that his patrons could desire, he placed at the head of the local department his younger brother, who is bountifully supplied, as well as he is himself, with wit, humor, language and imagination. I have forgotten how long this excellent management continued; but, according to my remembrance, the *Times*, about a year and a half ago, began to feel the impress of the administrative ability of Charles Aldrich, Esq., who had been Adjutant of the Thirty-second Iowa Infantry, and who had been favored twice or three times with the Chief Clerkship of the House of Representatives for our State. At an early day he came from Cattaraugus county, New York, and settled in Webster City, Hamilton county, Iowa, where he established the *Freeman*, a weekly newspaper, which became in time the official organ of several new counties in that portion of the State.

Mr. Aldrich has first-class capabilities as a western editor. He has had extensive experience in the profession, it is true; but aside from this advantage, he seems to know intuitively what to say at the right time, and the precise manner of saying it also, in order to accomplish a specific purpose. In this kind of journalistic sagacity, so admirable in itself, and so necessary to professional success, he is blessed beyond a vast majority, if not all, of his cotemporaries.

The Perkins Brothers were founders, eight years ago, of the *Cedar Falls Gazette*, Black Hawk county. Their tact and energy soon gave it a merited celebrity. It was greatly through their instrumentality, in connection with the paper, that Cedar Falls began to improve with almost unprecedented rapidity, attracting a very large share of favorable attention in eastern communities.

Hon. Zimri Streeter, the quaint, queer, renowned and inimitable "Black Hawk" of past Sessions of the General Assembly, and Hon. Peter Melendy, late United States Marshal, and one of the best men in the West, are residents of Cedar Falls. The *Gazette* is now enjoying great prosperity as an exponent of Republicanism, and as an organ of local interest, under the administration of Messrs. Holt and Snyder, who have adopted a high standard of journalism, and are living up to it.

The *Sioux City Register* has, from the beginning, been the most able and enterprising Democratic sheet on the Missouri Slope, not excepting the *Council Bluffs Bugle*, which for years was blown with great melody and power by Lysander W. Babbitt. The bugle notes of Babbitt, however, degenerated into an emasculated whine, when, in its fallen fortunes, the paper became the property of Brother Giles.

The *Sioux City Journal* was founded by my esteemed and talented brother, Ed. B. Stillman, formerly of Des Moines, and now of Chicago. The paper is now owned and conducted by Mahlon D. Gore, a gentleman of much personal worth, and an honor to his exalted profession. He is, beyond question, a Christian editor, with whom the Bible is the rule of life.

The *Council Bluffs Nonpareil*, a pioneer organ of Republicanism, on the Slope, was established in 1857, by W. W. Maynard, of whose capacity to prick his antago-

nists with an editorial pen, there can be no reasonable doubt. On his retirement into a post-office, W. S. Burke took the paper, and controlled its columns until a year since, when the *Nonpareil* was sold to parties of whom I have no personal knowledge. Mr. Burke is certainly one of the most noble-hearted of men, as his substantial benefactions to a blind brother are ample exemplifications. As I dictate these words of acknowledgment, and remember his unsolicited kindness to me and my family, tears of gratitude trickle down my cheeks from sightless eyes. I know not where he is now, but my prayers and my gratitude will follow him down to life's latest hour.

My excellent friend, E. Booth, of the *Anamosa Eureka*, has been a sufferer from deafness all his life; yet, in spite of this irreparable misfortune, he acquired an accomplished education, turned his attention to newspapers, and labored with such devotion in his profession, that there is now a general recognition from his cotemporaries, of his usefulness, consistency, and eminent ability. He is my brother, indeed, in sympathy as well as misfortunes; and the attachment which I feel for him, although I never saw him, is like that which David felt for Jonathan.

John Teesdale, Esq., an accomplished editor, from Ohio, of whom I have already made mention, became proprietor of the *Iowa City Republican* in 1856. He sold to G. H. Jerome. The paper is now under the careful proprietorship and supervision of N. H. Brainerd, late Military Secretary to Governor Kirkwood. He is a gentleman of mature judgment and irreproachable character, an earnest seeker after truth, and an able champion of equal rights, without affectation, and without hypocrisy. In other years the most popular newspaper conductor on the Democratic side, in that city, was R. H. Sylvester, who understood the refinements of correct literature, and wrote in a

pleasing, effective, and often in an eloquent style. Mr. Irish, the present Democratic editor, is still quite young. He has talent and ambition, and is destined to take high rank among editors of his own political faith. Before leaving Iowa City, it is personally gratifying to me to state that Hon. T. S. Parvin, of that place, has accomplished far more than any of his cotemporaries in collecting and embodying a record of early historical incidents belonging to the Territory and State of Iowa. He is an industrious and judicious antiquarian in history, to whom the future Humes, Gibbons, and Bancrofts of the North-west will be indebted for their most valuable and interesting materials in the preparation of a history of our State.

In another place I have said something in reference to the early career of the *Vinton Eagle.* I ought to have stated in the same paragraph that the *Eagle* is still a live, able, and popular newspaper, showing no signs of degeneracy in its pages. Under the respective administrations of Messrs. Frost and Hanford, its prosperity and usefulness have never diminished.

The Republican paper at Bedford, Taylor county, was for many years conducted by J. H. Turner, whom, in 1857, I sent to that place as a plenipotentiary, to do the work of a political apostle; and he did it well, for he had a captivating pen, and was gifted with a poetical temperament.

After the retirement of Mr. Edwards from the *Home Journal* of Mount Pleasant, that paper became the property of Messrs. Hatton and Brady, the former of whom had published a paper in Cadiz, Ohio. With these gentlemen at the political helm, and with the glorious vivacity of Frank Hatton, Jr., displayed in the local department, the journal attracted to itself a large share of popular interest. Recently, I heard that my esteemed friend, the

junior, had purchased the *Free Press*, which had been conducted in an admirable manner by Messrs. White and Stewart. Frank will not permit his new purchase to deteriorate in his hands, but will give it the benefit of his pleasing style. His exuberant animation will now have the fullest license of expression for the instruction and amusement of his readers.

Right here I wish to express my sense of obligation to citizens of Mount Pleasant, who have displayed so much substantial solicitude for me since the day wherein my evil fortunes commenced. For several months, while in Cincinnati, I was honored, almost every day, with the encouraging presence of Colonel Lauren Dewey, formerly Warden of the Ohio Penitentiary, and subsequently, after he had taken up his residence in Mount Pleasant, a prominent member of the General Assembly of Iowa. He was a fellow-sufferer with me in Cincinnati. The cheerfulness which he always manifested, and the philosophy of fortitude which sustained him, even at those times in which his vision was threatened with total extinction, helped me to bear my own burden of woe with comparative composure and courage. In all this wide world, with its infinite diversity of character and disposition among men, there is no kinder heart, and there are no nobler sensibilities, and there is no broader and purer philanthrophy than are embodied in the person and general qualities of Colonel Lauren Dewey. Better than a thousand others who seem to know them, but do not, I am able, from personal intimacy, to describe the noble traits of character belonging to him, and to J. M. Kibbon, and scores of other men in Iowa, who have been grossly misunderstood in consequence of political differences.

One of the pillars in Iowa journalism is Lieutenant-Governor B. F. Gue, of the *Fort Dodge North-West*. For

a dozen years he has been a faithful servant of the people in various responsible offices. There are no negations in his character. Whatever he says or does, is said and done affirmatively and positively. He is an honest and earnest man, well balanced in his organization, intelligent, experienced, and popular. As a writer he is perspicuous and forcible, never dealing in any ambidextrous trope or metaphor.

The *Ottumwa Courier* has always been a lively and influential newspaper. At this time it is under the proprietorship and control, I believe, of General Hedrick, who made a fine military record during the war, and who is now making a corresponding record in literature and politics, in editorial associations with the *Courier*. Under the old *régime* there was my friend Norris, who has a soul as large as an Iowa prairie, and a first-class capacity to conduct a newspaper in the West. It cannot be disguised that Ottumwa is one of the first interior cities in Iowa, having a future of incalculable prosperity. The *Courier* is worthy of it, and so is my mythological friend the *Mercury*, which, under the guardianship of Messrs. Burton and Evans, evinces a great deal of wisdom in its efforts to develop the resources of its city and county.

Many of my readers may think that I am greatly overstating a declaration, when I assert, with the confidence of conviction, that there are but few men in all this land, who have a more accurate and graphic power of description with their pen, or have a greater readiness and purity of expression in discussing on paper the popular topics of the age, than Mr. Raguet, late of the *Afton Reveille*. If, instead of having attached himself to weekly journals in rural districts, he had allied himself, a dozen years ago, to one of the prominent city dailies of this country, the truth of my declaration would now be manifest.

My mind recurs with great satisfaction to the personal friendship and professional congeniality which has subsisted for a number of years between JACOB RICH, Esq., late of the *Independence Guardian*, and myself. Mr. RICH is a thorough printer, an estimable citizen, and an accomplished editor. He uses his pen with perspicuity and elegance; and a newspaper which recognizes his control will always have vitality, pluck, and greatly more than average ability and influence. Two years since, he was Chief Clerk of the Iowa House of Representatives. He occupied, for a time, a position in one of the departments at the Federal Capital. Not long after his retirement from the *Guardian*, at Independence, two rival Republican papers began to distract and disorganize the party in Buchanan county. Finally, however, these papers were consolidated, and the editorial management devolved on J. L. LOOMIS, who had been a gallant officer in the Federal Army during the war for the Union. He is a compact, intelligent and nervous writer, imbued with strong convictions, and abundantly able to give them proper expression.

I am glad to know that the *Albia Union*, under the careful protection of VAL. MENDEL, Esq., is meeting with a general recognition of its merits in Monroe county, while the *Chariton Patriot*—good and true through all these years of national agony—is still encouraging the hopes and stimulating the faith of patriots in Lucas county. FRANK MIX, Esq., lately a young fellow-laborer with me in the *Register* Office, is now at the head of the *Cresco Times*, a piquant and interesting weekly in Howard county. The *Glenwood Opinion*, whereof JOHN Y. STONE is the presiding genius, is still flourishing in its western home, having the most picturesque little city in Iowa for the place of its publication. And the *Marion County Republican* is still pursuing the even tenor of its way, honestly and earnestly laboring

for the well-being of its readers. S. H. Shoemaker, a gentleman who thoroughly understands the use of words, and the nature of a witty repartee, as well as the structure of sound editorials on current topics, is still looking from his observatory in De Witt, and making pertinent observations for the benefit of his *Observer*. I presume that the *Clinton Herald* and *Lyons Mirror*, both of Clinton county, and both of them very important representatives of western journalism, are still alive and alert; and I desire to make the same remark with reference to one or more of the publications of Linn county, and of Jasper and Warren counties.

I am glad to notice, however, that M. H. Money and his estimable lady are yet presiding over the destinies of the *New Jefferson Era*, in Greene county. W. R. Roberts, late of the *Indianola Visitor*,—a good and true man—has succeeded Mr. Raguet in the ownership of the *Afton Reveille*. L. M. Holt, a fine local paragraphist, is now at the head of the *Montana Standard*, having retired from the paper in Adel. J. G. Armstrong, a talented Democratic editor, has retired from the *Lansing Journal*, and associated himself with the *Dubuque Herald*. C. S. Wilson, late of Winterset and Pella, is a witty, pithy and enterprising editor. Major M. M. Walden, of the *Appanoose Citizen*, is naturally adapted to newspaper life. He writes with admirable correctness and elegance, fluently, easily, gracefully, without affectation, and without any circumlocution. That Grand Mogul of Iowa wits and humorists, Andy Felt, is now on the *Nashua Post*, in Chickasaw county, making his readers comprehend the fact that vivacity is as necessary to a newspaper as vital godliness to a Christian. And the *Montezuma Republican*, of which Messrs. Grove and Pike are conductors, is now, as it always has been under its present management, an honor to one of the best

counties in the State. Just before my eyes became unfit for service, I remember that the bright mechanical appearance of the *Republican*, and the sparkling and delightful way in which all local events were described in it, gave me a high opinion of the capabilities of the editor.

A moral and educational paper, of much interest and usefulness, called the *Visitor*, was recently published in Fairfield, Jefferson county. It was a relief to me to look over its pages a year and a half ago, and notice its healthy freedom from those exciting topics which were discussed with so much of the rivalry of hate in partisan organs. Its editors, Messrs. A. Axline and R. Fulton, inaugurated a fine enterprise in its publication. It was lately merged into the *Fairfield Ledger*, which has been under the able and judicious care of W. W. Junkin for many years.

I regret that want of space constrains me, altogether against my inclination and design, to bring this chapter to an abrupt conclusion. It was my purpose to speak, with all necessary fulness of detail, of the excellent papers at Eldora and Iowa Falls; of my friend Mayne, of the *Keosauqua Republican;* of the Baileys and Haisletts, of Winneshiek county; of Medary and others, of Allamakee county; of that lively paragraphist of Teutonic origin, Judge Eibeck, of the *Clayton County Journal;* of Brother Atherton and his spicy paper at Mitchell; of Judge Toman, of the *Osage Iowan*, whose judicious, well-timed, and well-written articles on the great topics of the day, have given him a very high position among political editors in the West; of the *Vidette* and *Ledger*, of Guthrie county, to the former of which I was greatly indebted for aid in the compilation of items for Central Iowa in the *Register;* of those wholesouled sheets, the *Nevada Ægis*, *Hamilton Freeman*, *Page County Herald*, *Cass County Messenger*, *Winterset Madisonian*, *Eddyville Star*, and *Oskaloosa Herald*. Of all these,

and others, it was my purpose to speak in detail; but my publisher admonishes me that I am occupying too much room, and I must pause. I am sensible that my memory has greatly decayed, and that a hundred inadvertencies, caused by this circumstance, will be visible in this book when it shall be too late to correct them.

Before the summons shall come, requiring me to cross the billowy tide of death, many days and nights may pass away in the midst of this encompassing darkness which is beneath me, above me, and around me, and will be until light from the Celestial City, flashing for a moment against the horizon of Time, will fall on the vision of the soul with quenchless radiance. Months may come and go with their burden of imperishable interests, and years may complete their march amid the grand and dramatic glory of revolutions on the earth and events in the skies; but while life shall last, or while memory in this world of dust and decay—or that better memory which shall retrospect the scenes of earth from the plains of Everlasting Life—shall endure, the gratitude of my heart shall go out, fervently and profoundly, toward those noble members of a glorious profession, who have displayed, and are still displaying, on behalf of myself and family, so many evidences of unselfish and fraternal affection. The soil whereon this goodness dwells in such profusion of sympathy and benevolence, is not far away from those gates which open on the glories of that City whose Builder and Maker is God. If patriotism be one of the grandest virtues among men, and if benevolence be one of the sublimest elements of Deity, then is Iowa, in its love of country and its imitation of God's transcendent benevolence, blest with what is most perfect below the skies and what is most sublime in Heaven!

Des Moines and its Representatives.

Sir Walter Scott said an impressively good thing concerning those dead souls whose affection for their native land has no positive existence; yet I apprehend the possibility of instances wherein the love of an adopted country is stronger than that which is felt for the land of nativity. And in this discrimination which patriotism sees fit to make, no crime is involved.

I certainly love Ohio as my native State, and honor its institutions of freedom and progressive intelligence; but I am not ashamed to confess that there is a land still nearer the Occident—Iowa by name—which is, more fully than any other, enshrined in my affections. And while I am convinced that there are multiplied thousands of my fellow-countrymen in the Middle, Eastern and Southern States, who are inclined to leave their present associations, and take up their abode amid the prairies of a better heritage in the West; and, while I am convinced, also, that the thousands of foreigners who are coming to the Western world are anxious for enlightenment with reference to the most eligible location for homes, the space which will be occupied in this volume in stating some of the distinctive claims, and in describing some of the substantial merits of my adopted State, will not, I trust, be displeasing to the general reader. At any rate, I shall make no apologies for taking just that course in the composition of these chapters which may be suggested by a sense of personal

gratitude toward Iowans, and which my judgment shall approve.

The development of the North-western States of this Union has been accomplished with wonderful rapidity. The story of Aladin and his lamp, with his supernatural castle of solid gold, which sprang up as the creation of a night in the plenitude of magic energy, is forcibly suggested as one traverses the streets of any young city in Iowa, and notes the quickness and abruptness of that transition which, almost in a day, has converted a wilderness of prairie into an ambitious mart of commerce.

There is no such scenery in Iowa as is found among the continuous hills of Western Virginia, or among the bolder and sublimer acclivities of Switzerland. There is nothing like the grand ruggedness of Ohio. On the other hand, there is little, if any, of that miserable monotony of flatness which is seen in portions of Illinois and other States. There is just enough of undulation to give a subdued and scenic beauty to each landscape; and when the high noon of summer gives the glory of wild flowers of all hues and varieties to each prairie, as it stretches away in wavy outline, beneath the lights of the firmament, there is displayed a scene of surpassing loveliness and fascination.

Here is a latitude which is best adapted to mental and physical development; here is a dry and invigorating atmosphere, which gives health to the lungs, and prevents the visitation of consumption; here, in the vicinity of Dubuque, is mineral in great profusion; here, all over the State, with almost undeviating uniformity, is a soil of extraordinary depth, a pure and vigorous alluvion, which is able to produce a hundred bushels of corn to the acre, and then exhibit no special signs of exhaustion; in the neighborhood of Fort Dodge, on the river Des Moines, are beds of gypsum, a material which, in its exposed and indurated

condition, is used in building superb and massive edifices; in the vicinity of Mount Pleasant, Winterset, Swede Point, and Red Rock, are heavy quarries of building stone, adding materially to the native resources of many of the counties; here is a multiplicity of streams which irrigate the soil, and which range in size from the unobtrusive rivulet all the way up to those regal tributaries of the Mississippi, the Iowa, the Cedar, the Des Moines, and the Missouri; here are great beds of coal, which crop out profusely in various parts of the Commonwealth, as one of the generous compensations of a prairie State; and here and there, along the margins of manifold streams, and on eminences away from each stream, are groves of refreshing beauty and fragrance, forests of dense growth, freighted with heavy and brilliant foliage. Now take the summary, which includes landscapes of rare beauty, flowers of every diversity of hue and brilliancy, mineral in profusion, soil of unexampled depth and fertility, building-stone of almost every variety, bituminous coal in inexhaustible quantities, groves and forests of generous extent and value, and a latitude which develops the greatest activities of mind and body; take, I repeat, this summary of excellencies, and where else is there a land more delightfully fitted for the abode of intelligent beings, than the State of our adoption, west of the Father of Waters?

It is fair to presume that Iowa, young and powerful, comprehending so much physical vastness of territory, should have a Capital in harmony with its present greatness and its prospective glory. Far out near the geographical centre, more than one hundred and fifty miles west of the river Mississippi, on the east side of the river Des Moines, and one mile from the bridges which span that splendid tributary, is located the Capitol Building, on the summit of Capitol Hill, a magnificent eminence,

which, from the east overlooks the entire city, stretching through the valley on both sides of the river, and partially entrenching itself in a grand amphitheatre of wooded heights, away to the north and to the west. For beauty of location, picturesqueness of appearance, and for its complete adaptation to the wants and conveniences of a teeming population, it has acquired a just and honorable celebrity.

The valley on both sides of the river embraces the business portion of the city, while the hills, of which mention has just been made, sweeping in a graceful semicircle against the horizon, are partially covered with forest trees, and ornamented with numerous private residences, most of which are of a costly and elegant character. In speaking so glowingly of the natural beauty of the site on which Des Moines is built, it may be said that my strong affection for the city has induced me to indulge in some fantastic exaggerations; but I beg to say that my description corresponds with the views which are entertained by every disinterested visitor whom business or pleasure calls to the Capital.

Most liberal expenditures have been and are being made for its improvement. Four years ago the city began to be illuminated by gas; six years ago the first instalment of news by telegraph was received by the *Register;* on the 29th day of August, 1866, the Des Moines Valley Railroad was completed to the Capital; in September, 1867, I rode all the way from Des Moines to Chicago on the Rock Island Road, then but recently extended to our city; in a short time the city will be connected, by rail, with the Chicago and North-western Road, at Ames Station, in Story county, while a southern and western connection, also, will soon be accomplished; and in due time the Capital will enjoy all the felicity, and all the commercial importance, which result from railroad centralization. It

has made rapid progress in every interest which pertains to the capital of a young and powerful State, notwithstanding the fact that legislation has generally been adverse to its interests; giving the *Asylum for the Insane* to Mount Pleasant; the *Asylum for the Blind* to Vinton; the *Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb* to Council Bluffs; the *State University* to Iowa City; the *State Medical College* to Keokuk; and the *Penitentiary* to Fort Madison. True, the *State Arsenal* has been secured to Des Moines, and an appropriation of nearly one hundred thousand dollars obtained from Congress, through the personal efforts of Hon. JOHN A. KASSON, has been secured to our city for the erection of Federal buildings.

As a matter of course, whatever character a city possesses, whether it be for good or ill, is given to it by its leading citizens. The enterprise of Des Moines is proverbial among western communities. Its pioneers were men of great practical sagacity, having the judgment to discern its natural advantages, and the wisdom to prepare the way for the large and flourishing city, whose magical growth I have described. Among its earlier inhabitants were many men of means and culture, many men of liberal public spirit, of sterling worth, and excellent business character; while its more recent population is fully qualified to sustain the best reputation of its early days, and to carry forward that process of development which is giving to Des Moines an enviable fame throughout the West. In its citizens, of every profession and branch of business, among all classes, parties and creeds, I recognize generous and noble friends, who have not hesitated to extend to me the hand of sympathy in my misfortunes, and whose names it would be a pleasing task here to record, if space permitted. I regret that I can mention but a few of them, and these I must notice only briefly and imperfectly.

How proud were we all of General M. M. Crocker, whose fame, as a lawyer, was co-extensive with his State, and whose higher fame, as a patriot and as a military officer, was co-extensive with his country. His name is identified with the early legal history of Central Iowa, and none of us, who saw him and knew him in the flush and vigor of his professional career, will ever forget him. There was a sort of embalmment in his individuality, which will preserve the memory of his personal appearance and eccentricities longer than that of any other man with whom I was acquainted. As I dictate these lines, his presence is with me in imagination, just as I saw him on his final return from his military department in New Mexico. He was sitting near the side of my table in the *Register* office, and was engaged in describing to me the melancholy death, in that far-off country, of that most excellent young man, Captain Robert Lusby, who had been a member of his staff. At one time, during the description, the General's voice displayed much emotion in its subdued and plaintive tones, and the tear of sympathy, unbidden, and unwonted in the impetuous man of war, trickled down his cheeks. Although generous, noble and sympathetic, he was not given to the melting mood; and this was the first and last time I ever saw him agitated to that extent by the presence of melancholy thoughts. His system was then in a shattered condition, disease having become seated beyond the possibility of removal by mortal skill; and while talking of his departed friend, it is probable that a premonition of his own early death impressed him with greater strength than usual. A few weeks afterward, this gifted and extraordinary man, of whom all Iowa was proud, and to whose memory we are all indebted for his effective zeal in behalf of the Republic, died in Washington city, whither he had gone on an invitation of the

Secretary of War, who had proffered him the command of a new military department in the South. He was a representative man of Des Moines and Iowa.

In the article on "Iowa Journalism," I purposely omitted any mention of General J. A. Williamson, designing to speak of him in his different spheres of action in this part of my volume. He was an early resident of Des Moines, and did all in his power to sustain the claims and promote the welfare of the prospective Capital. In 1858, he assisted in the editorial management of a Democratic paper in East Des Moines. In 1861, early in the war, he accepted the adjutancy of the Fourth Iowa Infantry; and so nobly did he execute the spirit and letter of that office, that he was called to succeed Colonel Dodge (who was promoted) in the command of the regiment. From that day to the end of the war, through the vicissitudes of hard marches, and through the manifold perils of more than thirty battles and skirmishes, fighting his way at the head of as gallant a body of men as ever shouldered a musket in defense of a consecrated cause, from Pea Ridge, in Northern Arkansas, to Vicksburg, and from Vicksburg to Atlanta, and from Atlanta to the sea; through all these military experiences, from the beginning to the end, he proved himself to be a cool, gallant, and self-possessed officer, who contributed, in no small degree, to the final triumph of the Union against rebellion. He is still comparatively young, and, in a political sense, he is one of the rising men of the State, of whom his fellow-citizens are justly proud.

Of the four Supreme Judges of Iowa, two are residents of Des Moines—Chief Justice G. G. Wright, and Justice C. C. Cole. The latter came to Des Moines from Kentucky in 1857, and soon acquired an extensive reputation as an attorney-at-law. It was an inauspicious day for

him when he began to seek the perquisites and celebrities of office in Iowa, through the medium of the Democratic party. But he persevered, until perseverance ceased to be a virtue, and then he quit—quit so easily, so gracefully, and so imperceptibly, that neither the day nor the hour in which he crossed the Rubicon into the Republican party will ever be known by any created intelligence. I know that public sentiment was anticipating this change for a whole year and a half; but when it was accomplished, or how many tortuous spasms of conscience convulsed his moral system, or at what point of the Rubicon he made a final plunge for the other shore, will always be regarded as one of the extraordinary mysteries of this life. He has been a fortunate Republican—first, in his appointment to the Supreme Bench by Gov. Stone, and then in his election to the same office by the sovereign people. He was fortunate, also, in his presidency of the Orphan's Home Association; and he certainly displayed great energy, and many excellent qualities of head and heart, while presiding over one of the most sacred movements of modern benevolence.

Hon. George G. Wright, brother of the late Hon. Jos. Wright, of Indiana, does not depend on any kind of fraternal relationship for the professional distinction which he has achieved. His honorable fame has been earned by his habits of thought and study, by laborious practice at the bar, and by an assiduous cultivation of those graces which adorn the lives of all good men.

He was born in Bloomington, Indiana, in 1820. In his fifth year he became a cripple, which prevented his attending school, except a day or two occasionally, until he was twelve years old. His father being dead and his mother very poor, he entered the Indiana University (in the same town), in 1834, as a charity scholar, under the law of that

State, which allows each county to send two scholars gratuitously. He graduated in 1839, and commenced the study of the law the same year with his brother at Rushville, Indiana, and was admitted in 1840. He removed at once to Iowa, and settled in Van Buren county, where he began, in poverty and obscurity, a career which has led him to the enjoyment of the highest honors of the State. In 1846 he was elected County Prosecutor of Van Buren county, on the Whig ticket, in face of a large Democratic majority, over Augustus Hall, afterwards a member of Congress from the old first district. Two years later he was elected on the same ticket to the State Senate, where he served two terms. During the last term the Code of 1851 was framed. The Legislature was largely Democratic, and he was the only Whig, and the only lawyer, selected on the committee to whom all amendments and provisions, in relation to the proposed Code, were referred. The labor of the session devolved upon this committee, and especially upon him. He was Commissioner of the Des Moines River Improvement in 1852. In 1850 he was the Whig candidate for Congress against the Hon. Bernhart Henn, and although defeated, greatly reduced the opposition majority. In 1854 he was elected Chief Justice of the State, by the Legislature. In 1859, the office having been made elective by the people, Judge Wright declined a nomination, and Judge Stockton was elected. On the death of the latter, in 1860, Judge Wright was tendered the office unsolicited, and accepted it; and in the following October was elected by the largest majority ever given to any man in the State. In 1865 he was re-elected for six years. He has occupied the bench thirteen years, during which period twenty-two volumes of reports have been published, settling an unprecedented number of questions under the Code of 1851, and Revision of 1860. Of

the first ten volumes, more than one half of the opinions were prepared by him, and at least a third of the remaining ones. It is my belief that he never sought political favors, or struggled for a nomination. He has shown an exemplary devotion to principle, and has always been active in the cause of the country; but during his occupancy of the bench he has avoided all seeming or real connection with politics, which might be deemed improper in one occupying that position. As President of the State Agricultural Society, and as Director and President, for many years, of his School District, he has accomplished much for the material and educational interests of the State. Before his election to the judgeship, I have been informed that his practice extended throughout the Des Moines Valley, his extensive circuit being traversed originally on horseback, when the country was new and there were many hardships to be borne. During the intervals of service, and since upon the bench, he has found leisure to prepare and deliver various lectures, before different societies and organizations. He was also instrumental in organizing the Iowa Law School, an institution which is fast rising into prominence at Des Moines, and the first of the kind in the State. He has been a hard-working and industrious man, fulfilling all his duties conscientiously, esteeming integrity above fame, and desiring to be known as an upright Judge rather than an able one, though his ability is equal to his industry. He has not accumulated any property, and seems to prefer giving to hoarding. He is of slender frame and rather under the average height; but he is strong of purpose and great of heart—a just judge, and a faithful, conscientious citizen.

The acquisition of wealth is usually supposed to have a hardening effect on the mind, congealing the tear of pity, shutting up the avenues of sympathy, and closing the doors

of benevolence. This is true in ordinary cases; but the wealthiest man in Iowa, B. F. Allen, of Des Moines, the owner of three-quarters of a million of money and other property, constitutes a noble exception to the rule. He was born at Salem, Indiana, April 27, 1829. He was an orphan at three years of age, with an inheritance of poverty. At eighteen years of age, and on the 1st day of September, 1847, he established his residence in Des Moines. After having been engaged, in a small way, for three years, in the sale of merchandise, he opened a banking and exchange office in 1853; and without possessing a single element of sordid selfishness, or merciless avarice, such as made Shylock the terror of his debtors, his accumulations were rapid and permanent. During those three years of commercial debility and despondency, reaching from 1857 to 1860, he furnished Des Moines, and the surrounding country, with a circulating medium, which, in a time of general repudiation and bankruptcy, was always good, and which did much to maintain trade and preserve the credit of the community. He has always been a benefactor to Des Moines, enterprising and liberal; and no man with whom I am acquainted has a better right than he to the enjoyment of the elegancies and luxuries of a family mansion, such as that which constitutes the chief adornment of the western part of the city. Those other elegant and costly residences in the same part of the city, owned respectively by T. E. Brown and J. C. Savery, are occupied by men who have contributed largely to the growth and prosperity of Des Moines.

The erection of the Arsenal building and Adjutant-General's office, at Des Moines, has induced General Nathaniel B. Baker to transfer his family from Clinton to the Capital. This is a valuable accession to our city; for General Baker, in original vigor of mind, in his intel-

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lectual acquisitions, in the liberality of his disposition, in his administrative energy, and in his eminent services to the State and to the country, is a man of rare distinction. He was born in New Hampshire, September 29, 1818, and received his education at Phillips Exeter Academy, in that State, and at Harvard University, where he was graduated in 1839. He studied law with President Pierce, Judge Fowler and General Peaslee, and was admitted to the Bar in 1842. He had, however, prior to that date, purchased half of the *New Hampshire Patriot and State Gazette*, and published the same under the firm of CARROLL & BAKER. They were elected State printers of New Hampshire four successive terms. In 1845 he sold out his interest in the *Patriot*, and accepted the office of Clerk of the Supreme Court for the Hillsborough and Merrimack district, and served in that capacity until 1852. In 1846 he was appointed Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for Merrimack county, and served in that office until 1852, when he resigned both clerkships. He was for many years a legislative reporter. In 1850 he was elected a Representative from Concord, to the Legislature of New Hampshire, and was elected Speaker of the House; was re-elected a member of the same branch in 1851, and again elected Speaker. In 1852 he was an elector of President and Vice-President, and voted for PIERCE and KING; was elected Governor of New Hampshire in 1854; went out of office in 1855; moved to Iowa in 1856; was appointed Attorney of the Chicago and Nebraska Railroad and of the Iowa Land Company—two corporations whose place of business was in the new town of Clinton; was elected a member of the House of Representatives from Clinton county in 1859; served at the session of 1860 and the extra session of 1861; was appointed Adjutant-General of the State by Governor KIRKWOOD, July 25, 1861; re-appointed by

Governor KIRKWOOD in 1862; re-appointed by Governor STONE in 1864; again re-appointed by Governor STONE in 1866; and again re-appointed by Governor MERRILL in 1868. General BAKER has a fine personal presence, being tall, erect and commanding. Socially, he is one of the most pleasant men in the world, detailing an anecdote or a story with inimitable humor and expression. He has a noble heart, free from all aristocratic taint, and very far removed from the low cunning and secretiveness of the professional politician.

Governor SAMUEL MERRILL, present Chief-Magistrate of Iowa, and now a resident of the Capital, was born on the 7th day of August, 1822, in Oxford county, Maine. He has been the architect of his own fortune, having had the benefit of no adventitious helps. He came to McGregor, Iowa, and engaged in mercantile operations. It is well to remark, however, that he had been a member of the Legislature of New Hampshire for two terms. He was a member of the Iowa Legislature from Clayton county, in 1860. He was commissioned Colonel of the 21st Iowa Infantry, on the 1st day of August, 1862. He and his command distinguished themselves at the battle of Hartsville, Mo., where a splendid victory was achieved over a large force of the enemy, under General MARMADUKE. He participated, with his regiment, in the Vicksburg campaign, and did excellent service in the battles of Port Gibson and Black River Bridge, in the former of which his command led the advance, and received the first fire of the enemy. In writing officially of this engagement, Gen. CARR, who was in command, stated that Colonel MERRILL and his regiment were "first in the battle, and last to leave the field." In the battle of Black River Bridge, in which Colonel KINSMAN, ALFRED M. LYON, and many other glorious patriots were killed and wounded, Colonel

MERRILL received a severe wound, and fell on the field of victory. After remaining in a disabled condition for nearly nine months, unfit for service on account of his wound, a petition, twenty feet long, from his subordinate officers and men, constrained him to resume command of his regiment in Texas, after he had expressed his determination to resign. But a few weeks thereafter, his disability compelled him to vacate his command, and return to his home in McGregor. In 1867 he was nominated for Governor by the Republican State Convention, was elected by a stupendous majority, and in January, 1868, he was formally inaugurated. In person he is tall, with considerable tendency to muscular fullness. In war, he was popular and efficient; in peace, he is an irreproachable citizen, with much business capacity; as the Governor of a great State, he will worthily fill the place of GRIMES, LOWE, and KIRKWOOD.

I presume that Lieutenant-Governor JOHN SCOTT, who has just entered on his official term as President of the State Senate, will hardly leave his fine residence in the vicinity of Nevada for a home anywhere else; but whether he shall become a denizen of the Capital or not, I shall devote this paragraph to him. He will fill with great acceptability, the position which was occupied with eminent ability by ORAN FAVILLE, of Mitchell, J. R. NEEDHAM, of Oskaloosa, ENOCH EASTMAN, of Eldora, and B. F. GUE, of Fort Dodge. If I know one thing of which I am not personally cognizant better than another, I know that HORACE GREELEY had a conflict with truth in his *Great Conflict*, when he intimated that the Third Iowa Infantry was a non-effective military institution in the battle of Blue Mills, Mo. The facts of history teach that the enemy, although in vastly superior numbers in that engagement, were routed, horse, foot, and dragoons, by the little army

under command of Lieutenant-Colonel JOHN SCOTT. As second in the order of office, but first in real command, and as Colonel of the Thirty-Second Regiment, of which my generous friend of the *Marshall County Times* was Adjutant, Colonel SCOTT executed the duties of a patriot in an admirable manner. In civil or military life, whether in the Senate or on the tented field, he will always be found at his post, ably and fearlessly doing his duty.

In analyzing the dispositions and mental aptitudes of the leading men of my State, I have thought, and still think, that in readiness of comprehension, in promptness of perception, in those faculties which give triumph in verbal controversy, and in that range and grasp of thought which is called versatility, for want of a better name, Hon. JOHN A. KASSON is in advance of very many of his Iowa contemporaries. There are some points in his disposition which I do not admire, especially his political secretiveness, which repulses all intimacies and confidences, and which prevents the tread of his moccasin from being heard or traced in all the land. Yet when one comes to speak of representative men in the West, the name of Mr. KASSON will as certainly suggest itself as that of Senator GRIMES or General WARREN. He came to Des Moines in 1857. In 1860, he helped to draft the National Republican Platform, on which ABRAHAM LINCOLN was nominated for President. In 1861, he was appointed First Assistant Post-Master General. In 1862, he was elected to Congress from the Fifth District of Iowa, and two years later he was re-elected by a largely increased majority. During the previous year he was appointed by the President as Special Commissioner to various European Governments, to negotiate postal treaties. In 1867, under a similar appointment, he negotiated treaties with Great Britain, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. In the

same year he was elected to the popular branch of the General Assembly of Iowa, with that cautious and excellent legislator, Judge J. H. Hatch, for his colleague, from the Capital county.

In 1857, T. F. Withrow, Esq., made his professional *début* in Des Moines. Years before, he had been engaged in the newspaper business, both in Mount Vernon, Ohio, and Janesville, Wisconsin. If he had remained in that business, he would have enjoyed the first honors of the editorial profession; but he chose to abandon it for the sphere of a lawyer. In this latter profession, he has made himself deservedly eminent. For years, he was reporter for the Supreme Court of Iowa, succeeding in that position Hon. William Penn Clark, of Iowa City, a talented and celebrated jurist. Mr. Withrow's *Law Reports*, of which there are several volumes, have the reputation of being clear, judicious, and methodical. He is one of the most correct and impressive public speakers in the Republican party, and is certainly as exemplary in private life as any man can hope to be in this age of the world. I know him well, and know whereof I speak.

Hon. C. C. Nourse established his home in Des Moines in 1858. He has a comprehensive knowledge of his profession, an abounding influence with the masses as a public speaker, and is a gentleman of great personal worth in every relation of life. In 1860, he was selected by Convention and popular vote to succeed Hon. Samuel A. Rice, of Oskaloosa, as Attorney-General of Iowa. Several years afterward, that man of blameless life and studious industry, Judge J. H. Gray, indicated on his death-bed a desire that Mr. Nourse should fill out the residue of his term as District Judge. In accordance with this request, the appointment was made.

The representative champions of Temperance in Des

Moines are W. S. Peterson, Isaac Brandt, and M. D. McHenry. They are profoundly earnest and enthusiastic, accomplishing a vast amount of good in connection with prohibitory associations. There are five hundred Good Templars belonging to the two lodges in the city.

Ten years ago, Elijah Sells, so widely and honorably known as a faithful and able public man, occupied the same office in the Capitol, with his deputy, John M. Davis, which was afterward occupied in a highly acceptable manner by Secretary James Wright and his brother, both from Delaware county. The same office now recognizes the genial presence of Col. Ed. Wright, of Cedar county, late Speaker of the House of Representatives. He and his deputy, W. H. Fleming, maintain the usefulness and dignity of the secretaryship in a way which commends them to the confidence of the people.

As Auditor of State, John Pattee, of a former age, Theodore S. Parvin, and the correct and honest Jonathan W. Cattell, are followed by that admirable man and officer, John A. Elliott. Major Rankin, of Washington county, who made the record of a hero in the war, follows W. H. Holmes and John W. Jones in the Treasurer's Office, with Isaac Brandt as deputy. Lewis Kinsey, a man with a great and generous soul, for many years the faithful and efficient Clerk of the Supreme Court, has given his official mantle to Major Charles Linderman, of Page county, who wears it easily and gracefully. As State Superintendent of Instruction, Maturin L. Fisher, Oran Faville, and Thomas H. Benton, are followed by Mr. Wells, a practical educator, from Chicago.

When Rev. Pearl P. Ingalls, now pastor of the Fifth street M. E. Church in Des Moines, knelt by the side of dying soldiers of the Union, and heard them commend their helpless children to the mercy of God, the grand

thought seized him, as an inspiration from Heaven, that an asylum or home for the penniless orphans of soldiers should be, and could be, created, through the instrumentalities of personal energy and general philanthropy. It was a thought such as would have suggested itself to the benevolent mind of HOWARD. Mr. INGALLS reflected on the idea from day to day, until its original crudities began to give place to the comeliness of form and reality. He inaugurated his practical labors in behalf of a Home for Orphans, in May, 1864, and was continuously engaged in that enterprise for two years. He visited twenty-three Iowa regiments and batteries in the field, and received from them, in aid of his noble cause, $46,619.38. In his journeyings through the South, obtaining help for his consecrated enterprise, he traversed a hostile region from Memphis to the interior of Florida. The whole amount which he obtained from all sources, both North and South, was $86,000, a sum sufficient in itself to lay the foundation of one of the most patriotic and sacred institutions in the country, or in the world. From first to last, in doing the initiative work of collection in Iowa, as well as among the regiments in the field, he made three hundred public addresses, some of which were more than two hours in length, and many of which were delivered in the open air, under circumstances of inconvenience and embarrassment. While the masses of the people seemed to believe in the efficacy of the projected institution, and while many persons displayed their sympathy by substantial co-operation, there was a class of malevolent foes, who imputed the most infamous purposes to its active friends, and opposed it with every possible discouragement and defamation. Having committed himself to this great work as an apostle and missionary, Mr. INGALLS would have accepted death in preference to failure; and the privations he endured,

and the labor he expended in reaching the popular heart through every avenue of honorable approach, over-taxed his system to such an extent as to permanently impair it. I have just been informed that the "Home" at Davenport, and its branches at Cedar Falls and Glenwood, contain at this time eight hundred children, who are realizing a thousand comforts and blessings, which have been secured to them through the beneficence of good men and good women, acting under the sanction of Providence.

The "Home" has been transferred to the control of the State; but, so long as it shall exist, and so long, also, as the children who are fed by it, and clothed by it, and educated by it, shall live; and so long, too, as a record of great public benefactions shall find a place in history and in the gratitude of mankind, the name of Rev. Pearl P. Ingalls will never fade from public remembrance. He has made for himself a monument which will never crumble into dust, and which will bear the inscription of his benevolent deeds, when he, and myself, and you who read this paragraph, will stand in the presence of the Judgment Seat!

Iowa and its Representatives.

In times gone by, when the Democratic party waved the sceptre of Government over Iowa, the leading men who represented public sentiment were Governor Hempstead, of Dubuque, George W. Jones, D. A. Mahony, and the naturally noble-hearted Ben. M. Samuels, who was a candidate for Governor against Judge Lowe in 1857. General A. C. Dodge, of Burlington, United States Senator for many years, and Minister to Spain, should be added to this list. To this class, also, belong J. C. Hall, of Burlington, Augustus Hall, of Keosauqua, L. W. Babbitt, of Knoxville, and Governor Lucas, of Iowa City. These were distinguished men during the dominance of their party, reflecting the common political sentiment of the people. Three of them are dead, and the others have lived to see the rod of empire depart from their nerveless grasp. Another party is in the ascendant; and another class of men, representing another class of principles, are to-day the lords of thought, exponents of living ideas and opinions.

Before the passage of the Nebraska Bill in Congress, under the mesmeric touches of Judge Douglass, James W. Grimes, of Burlington, who learned to love Whiggery in New Hampshire, was no fairer representative of political opinion in Iowa, than ex-Senator Dodge is at the present time. But, to-day, public opinion, which has triumphed at the ballot-box for thirteen years in Iowa, stands

on its elevated platform, in the midst of a vast multitude of auditors, and declares in an authoritative voice that our Senator in Washington, who stands at the head of the Naval Committee, is a clear-headed patriot and philosophic statesman. I do not dissent now from this declaration; but in 1857, when there seemed to be a tardiness on the part of Governor GRIMES in obeying those provisions of Law and Constitution, which located the Capital at Des Moines, I was led to censure the Governor in an illiberal editorial in the *Citizen*. I hastened down from this eminence of hostility when Hon. STEWART GOODRELL a good personal friend of mine, asserted in my face that I was a fool. Mr. GOODRELL had a right to talk thus to a young man who had indulged in the meanness of undeserved reproach, for he was a gentleman of mature mind, having been a member of the First Constitutional Convention in the State. He is, indeed, a veteran legislator, and is a representative man of two political generations, without showing any signs of physical decay or mental degeneracy. It was he who called me a fool; and brother TEESDALE, then of the *Iowa City Republican*, said the same thing in defending Governor GRIMES, and in supporting the claims of the House of Judah, from which the sceptre of political dominion was about to depart on wheels for Des Moines. I have never been able to escape from the conviction that the statements of Messrs. GOODRELL and TEESDALE were true.

Hon. JAMES HARLAN, late Secretary of the Interior, and now in his second Senatorial Term at Washington, is called a Christian statesman. He is certainly a gentleman of massive intellect, and is endowed with rare acquisitions of knowledge. He is gifted in a high degree with ability as a public speaker, moving his audience by the force of argument rather than by the vehemence of declamation.

He is guilty of none of those degrading vices which, though infamous elsewhere, are almost fashionable among members of Congress. I admit that I am at a loss now, and always have been at a loss, in attempting to comprehend, or to analyze in the most superficial way, the traits of character belonging to Mr. HARLAN. Sometimes I have been inclined to consider him weak of judgment and feeble of moral sensibility, descending to those arts of intrigue which are never used by men who are not corruptly ambitious; and, then, again, I have been induced to believe that he is a gentleman of extraordinary clearness of mind, soundness of judgment, and purity of heart and life. To be a Christian statesman is to occupy the highest possible seat in the temple of human government, above all bribery, above all corruption, and above the tempest and turbulence of earthly vice and passion. The Sidneys and Wilberforces of England, and the Washingtons and Adamses of America, were Christian statesmen; and I do not say that the Senator from Iowa should not be classified in the same honorable list. I mean simply to say that there are mysteries in this life, of which there will be no satisfactory revelation until the rush and whirl of the world's drama shall have introduced the last act with its tremendous scenes of trial and judgment.

Hon. HIRAM PRICE, of Davenport, member of Congress from the Second District of Iowa, is one of the best men of the West. From his youth upward, he has been a violent hater of strong drink, actively hostile, at all times, to the corruptions and demoralizations of either good or bad whisky. He and Judge MCHENRY, of Des Moines, are the natural guardians and protectors of that gracious Order known as the Sons of Temperance. Irreproachable in private life, blameless and pure in the midst of abounding

vice at the Federal Capital, strong in his convictions of public as well as private duty, standing firmly on what he conceives to be the platform of political truth, always able and ready to give a reason for his faith, and never compromising with any of the forms of error, Hon. HIRAM PRICE, instead of being a package of fascinating negations, is a strong, good man, and a model American Statesman.

Hon. SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD, of Iowa City, whose fame is as unlimited as his country, is one of the positively great men of Iowa. In what I shall say of him, I shall not meet the approbation of those men who, forgetting to be magnanimous and just, still cherish feelings of personal resentment against him in consequence of the character of his appointments during the war. I know him to be a man of surprisingly vigorous intellect, sharp and true as a blade of Damascus, with great executive force, having his individuality as clearly defined as that of JACKSON or JOHN RANDOLPH. As a political campaigner on the stump, he has fluency and power, overcoming all competitors in controversy who may be sent against him. He was Governor at a time when the fever of a hot revolution was in the veins of the people and in the very atmosphere which was breathed. At such times the reputations of Governors, as well as their lives, are in imminent peril. Without taking these facts into consideration, the transcendent ability which Governor KIRKWOOD displayed in his administration, will never be fitly understood. He was born in Maryland, in 1813. Studied law in Mansfield, Ohio, with Hon. THOMAS W. BARTLEY, and was admitted to the Bar in 1843. He was prosecuting attorney of Richland county for four years, and a member of the Constitutional Convention of Ohio in 1850–1. His removal to Iowa took place in the Spring of 1855, and the next year he was elected State Senator, in which office he served two terms.

He was elected Governor of the State in 1859, and re-elected in 1861, serving until January, 1864. In 1863 he was nominated by President LINCOLN Minister to Denmark, and confirmed by the Senate, but declined the honor. In 1866 he was elected by the General Assembly as United States Senator, which office he held until the 4th of March, 1867. He now resides at Iowa City.

Ten years since, when Des Moines was fluttering with innocent pride in view of its recent reception of Capital privileges, JAMES F. WILSON, of Fairfield, was a leading member of the House of Representatives. He had just commenced a career of political prosperity which has never yet been chilled by an adverse tempest. Social, talented, familiar, even in young manhood, with the science of legislation, his claim to official honors received prompt and early recognition. He was born at Newark, Ohio, in 1828. After receiving an ordinary common school education, he learned the harness-makers' trade, which he followed for some six years, during which time he was enabled to pursue and complete his education, reciting to some friends several evenings each week. He studied law, and was admitted to the Bar, and in 1852 commenced the practice of his profession in the place of his birth. He removed to Iowa in the Spring of 1853, making his residence at Fairfield, and engaging in the practice of his profession. He was elected a member of the Convention to revise the Constitution of Iowa, in 1856; elected to the House of Representatives of the State in 1857; elected to the State Senate in 1859, of which he was elected President *pro. tem.*, presiding as such during the extra session of 1861. In October, 1861, he was elected to succeed that grand old Iowan, General SAMUEL R. CURTIS, in the House of Representatives of the United States, thirty-seventh Congress, when the State had but two congressional dis-

tricts in it, and he has been re-elected to each succeeding Congress. He was made Chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary at the commencement of the thirty-eighth Congress, and has held that position to the present time. He was the first to bring forward an amendment of the Constitution of the United States to abolish slavery, and he has carried through the House a large number of very important measures, among which are the bill extending the right of suffrage to colored men in the District of Columbia, the Civil Rights Bill, amendment of the Constitution abolishing slavery, and a bill re-organizing the Judicial Circuits, which established one west of the Mississippi River, to which Judge MILLER, of our State, was appointed. Mr. WILSON has been a faithful public servant, true to his country through all the years of national humiliation, meeting Treason face to face in the Federal Capital, and rebuking it with the energy of eloquent denunciation.

However much I desire it, I am forbidden, by the brevity of this volume, to speak circumstantially of the thousands of brave Iowans, officers and soldiers, who imperiled their lives in the shock of battle for the salvation of their country. Not only would it be personally gratifying to speak at length of the common soldiery, but it would be gratifying also to write in detail of the GRIFFITHS and others of Polk county, of the REDFIELDS of Dallas, of CLARK and HENDERSON of Warren, of BELKNAP and a hundred others of Lee, of CORSE, WARREN, MATTHIES, and other officers of Burlington; and, indeed, of that entire host of patriots who gave Iowa an imperishably glorious record during the war for the Union.

I began in this article to speak of representative men in Congress, and it is my purpose now to give a brief sketch of Major-General GRENVILLE M. DODGE, member of Congress from the Fifth District, and successor of Mr. KASSON.

He proved himself to be one of the brightest military men of our State; and in legislation also he will develop those qualities of judgment and energy which are sure to achieve any possible success. He was born in Danvers, Massachusetts, on the 12th day of April, 1832. He was rather an obscure civil engineer at Council Bluffs, unconscious of his reserved capabilities, when Governor KIRKWOOD called him to the command of the Fourth Infantry, after the breaking out of the rebellion. He exhibited extraordinary bravery and efficiency in the battle of Pea Ridge. Before that time, however, while at the head of a brigade, he had defeated the enemy in half a dozen skirmishes and general engagements in Missouri. At Pea Ridge he was wounded and temporarily disabled, it being the second time he had realized the glory as well as the vexation of a wound in the service of his country. Early in 1862 he was made a brigadier-general, and from that time until the close of the war, with the exception of a brief respite which was caused by a severe wound in his head, received at Atlanta, he remained actively employed in the field—the admiration of his fellow-countrymen at home, and his fellow-officers and soldiers in the army. My accomplished friend, Colonel GEORGE C. TICHENOR, of Des Moines, was on the staff of Major-General DODGE, rendering signal service to his superior in office, and ably devoting his best energies to the re-establishment of Federal authority.

In 1856, when FREMONT was defeated, I became acquainted with Hon. WILLIAM LOUGHRIDGE, of Oskaloosa, a lawyer of prominence, worthy to practise at the same bar with that good and gifted man, Hon. S. A. RICE. I remember that there was a political meeting in the village of Munroe, in Jasper county, the speaker being Mr. LOUGHRIDGE. He discussed the issues between parties with much clearness and strength. Years afterward, he

was called to exercise his legal ability on the bench as District Judge. He is our present representative in Congress from the Fourth District. He is not one of that class of men who flash into notoriety as meteors flash before the visions of spectators, and then are extinguished in the next moment. He is built on no such sky-rocket foundation. He rose to eminence at the Bar, and to the distinction of responsible offices in the gift of the people, through the agency of personal toil in the cultivation of his mind. He is a good and true man, cordial and permanent in his friendships, thoroughly understanding the condition of his country, fearlessly standing in his place when so many temporizing men are bowing to Baal, and showing to his constituents that, even in these times of bribery and of positive degeneracy, it is possible for office-holders in Washington to possess the graces of honest independence and patriotism.

The Third Congressional District is favored, in Hon. W. B. Allison, with a safe and exemplary representative, who is accomplishing all in his power to rebuild the fallen altars of his country, and re-establish his Government in the grandeur of its original purity and power.

Judge Hubbard, of the Sixth District, has secured an expression of attachment, almost amounting to affection, from many of his constituents. He certainly possesses fine traits of character, somewhat chilled and repressed by a hesitating disposition, which made it difficult, before his last nomination, to tell whether he designed to be a candidate a second time for the suffrages of a Republican Convention. I hardly know what name to apply to this appearance of uncertainty; but it is evident that this disposition, combined with his broken health, and his long absence from the State, while suffering from sickness in Indiana, succeeded almost in defeating him at the polls,

and in giving his District into the hands of a party which is very largely in the minority. After all, however, it must be conceded to his credit, that as long as he was able to fill his place in Congress, his constituents had an assurance that he would do nothing which could possibly militate against the interests of his country.

Iowa has two Federal Judges, one of whom is Judge Love, of the District Court, whose residence is at Ottumwa, and the other is Samuel F. Miller, of Keokuk, one of the Supreme Justices of the United States. These are men of much distinction, learned in the law, and administering justice with intelligent fidelity.

One of the earliest and most prominent residents of Iowa is Hon. Caleb Baldwin, formerly of Fairfield, and now of Council Bluffs. Intellectually, he is a strong man, able to grapple with, and master, any topic which challenges his investigation. Physically, he is, probably, the largest man in the North-west. He is a full-grown illustration of Western development, having a bodily grandeur which corresponds with the immensity of those prairies whereof he has been a resident since boyhood. He has filled very important offices, among which may be mentioned a District Attorneyship for the Federal Government, and a Supreme Judgeship in his own State. His name has been frequently suggested in connection with the Chief Magistracy of Iowa; but he has not yet been prevailed on to become a candidate before a State Convention. He is a favorite in the West; and, if his ambitions were equal to his ability, and to the good-will of the people toward him, there is no office too high for his possible attainment.

In 1857, a few months after the present Constitution of the State was adopted, and at the time, too, when Ralph P. Lowe and Ben. M. Samuels were competing candidates

for Governor, it was my good fortune to hear an animated discussion at Newton between the standard-bearer of the Democracy and the gallant HENRY O'CONNER, of Muscatine, who was subsequently a soldier of the Republic in the First Iowa Infantry, and who is now Attorney-General of the Commonwealth. It will be remembered by many of my readers that Mr. SAMUELS was a splendid specimen of physical humanity, and withal was one of the finest extemporaneous orators of his party. Mr. O'CONNER is small, slender, and delicate in his physical organization. He is a native, however, of that country which gave birth to EMMET, PHILLIPS, CURRAN, and O'CONNELL, and is gifted in an extraordinary degree with readiness of thought, quickness of perception, and a rapidity, yet distinctness, of utterance. He is an Irish orator, who does equal honor to the land of his birth and to the country of his adoption. He was a student of law in the office of that good man and able jurist, Hon. BELLAMY STORER, of Cincinnati. In the discussion at Newton, Mr. SAMUELS went grandly through the opening speech. His voice had much compass and power, and his style of sonorous eloquence—which is so effective in well-lunged speakers of portly presence—had a sensible effect on his audience. I felt some little trepidation when Mr. O'CONNER rose to answer. He had none of the bodily magnificence of his competitor, and I knew nothing then of his capabilities on the hustings, in wit, repartee, and crushing argument. In less than five minutes my nervous anxiety ceased, and from that time it was acknowledged by friends and foes that the plethoric elocutionist from Dubuque was defeated on this field of controversial battle. There was no ill-blood in the speakers, and no employment of coarse and contemptuous epithets, such as are often used in controversies of a similar character in the West. Poor SAMUELS! He was a noble

and gifted Virginian, whose native impulses were right, whatever may be said of the obliquity of his sentiments and actions. The last time I saw him was at Des Moines, early in the war, whither he had come to assist, as delegate to a State convention, in drafting a series of resolutions which were designed to commit the State in favor of the sublime, but impossible, policy of non-resistance. He died not long after.

The metropolitan city of Dubuque owes much of its present importance and prosperity to such men as Hon. J. K. Graves, whose enterprise and personal popularity, both local and general, have ample recognition among his fellow-citizens. If I were called on to-day to designate those chief magistrates of cities in Iowa who are executing their official duties with that pre-eminent effectiveness which springs from pure love of their municipal homes, my mind would at once revert to Des Moines and Dubuque, and my organs of speech would be very apt to articulate the names of G. W. Cleveland and J. K. Graves. It has been a long time, I know, since I first heard of Mr. G., and from that early period until now, he has maintained a State reputation as one of the builders of our young empire of Iowa. In primitive times—and here I speak with historic comparativeness—Dubuque, and the region of country of which it is the nucleus, acquired much notoriety from the development of vast mines of lead. Multitudes of mineral hunters settled there, and a kind of ancient dominion was extemporised in a magically brief space of time. Since then, the city and county of Dubuque, supported by their affluent resources in the earth and on its bosom, and assisted in their progress of development by the enterprise of representative men—among whom is Mr. Graves—have become populous and wealthy beyond all ordinary rapidity of improvement.

It was in keeping with my design to speak at length of our Justices of the Supreme Court, past and present, aside from the two already mentioned. My long acquaintance with Judge Lowe, of Keokuk, and his distinguished services to the State, both as Chief-Magistrate and Supreme Judge, placed me under a distinct obligation to give him a prominent place in this volume; but I have failed, through an inadvertency, to reserve sufficient space. I design, if life be spared, and health be given, and if there shall seem to be a popular call for it, to issue in a few months another and larger work from the press, to be entitled "Five Years on a Western Daily." I shall then be able to supply such omissions as occur in this unpretending book. I shall then endeavor to speak in befitting terms of such representative Iowans as Justices Ralph P. Lowe, John F. Dillon, and James M. Beck. And I shall take care, in the preparation of that work, to be at Des Moines, or at some other point in Iowa, at which all necessary data are accessible. It will not do to depend on memory, as I have been compelled to depend on it almost wholly in dictating this volume.

A Temperance Address.

The highest position which can be occupied in this state of probation is that serene eminence on which a true Christian stands. Next to that eminence, and in the immediate vicinity of it, is that other exalted position which is occupied by the temperance organizations of the land. In primitive times, the Washingtonians swept the country with the fires of reformation. Their platform was moral suasion, and nothing was said in vindication of penal enactments for the suppression of the liquor traffic. Subsequently, the Maine law excitement, and the organization of secret associations, more secret in name than in reality, such as the Sons of Temperance and the Independent Order of Good Templars, began to attract popular attention in consequence of the vigorous stand which they took in favor of prohibitory legislation.

So far as the law is concerned, the general admission was never made until recently, and then only in a modified and temporizing sense, that the sale of ardent spirits is a crime, and that the drunkard and his ruined family are the victims of a murderer worse than Cain. I regret to say that in this fair Commonwealth of ours, there is so much feebleness of moral constitution, that there is no positive penal statute in the State, against rum-selling, which is not enfeebled, vitiated and twisted out of all reasonable shape, by certain exceptions and exemptions which open the door for the admission of the worst possible forms of

the whisky traffic. Still the temperance men and women of our noble State are achieving sublime victories over the common foe.

The Good Templars, of whom there were five hundred in Des Moines a year ago, now number twice ten thousand in the State; and at this time, when the almost universal demoralization produced by the war is rapidly disappearing, the aggressive movements of temperance reformation are visible in every organized county.

On the 22d day of May, 1866, I delivered, by invitation, the following lecture at a grand temperance pic-nic, in a grove in the vicinity of Rising Sun, Polk county, Iowa. It was really a convention of delegates or representatives, from a dozen flourishing Temples in the county. The address was a true exponent of the sentiments which I then entertained, and which have suffered no modification through all the vicissitudes of subsequent life.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Nearly six months ago, it was on the 30th night of November, 1865—I remember it well, for I celebrate it every month—I went through the forms of initiation in Union Lodge, No. 263, Good Templars. I had counted the cost fully. I had examined, with better eyes than I have now, physically, the route which I proposed to take. Two paths were directly before me, one of which led through a glorious country of pure breezes and sparkling waters, and the other led through a country of desolation, of sorrow, of shame, of degradation, of infinite poverty and humiliation, of remorse, of repentance too late, of burning despair—down to hell. I chose the right way. The covenant was taken in good faith. A solemn vow was registered in books of which angels and the Creator of angels have everlasting cognizance; and to-day I stand

before you and deliver directly from the fount of honest convictions and genuine emotions the words of truth and soberness.

"Christian, in BUNYAN'S glorious allegory, placed his fingers in his ears to shut out the babbling and bewildering sounds of earth, and fled, with the speed of terror, from the City of Destruction! And, as he ran from the gilded edifices of crime, and from the avenues, and marts, and auction-blocks of folly, and dissipation, and madness, he cried out at every bounding step, 'Life! Life! Eternal Life!' Such are the acts and language of every man who, upon the strength of a resolution which spurns temptation, and rejects the devil and all his works, leaps forth from the enthralment of his senses, and from the valley and shadow of drunkenness, and rushes into the sunlight, climbs the eminence of Hope, drinks from the fountain of Temperance, communes with cascades and cataracts of pure water, brings heaven around him on earth, and assures Paradise to his spirit when the skies shall bend above his grave! Let us bless God this day, that the star which JOHN B. GOUGH saw in the day of his abandonment and despair, and to which he climbed, and through whose guidance he was saved, has not yet set in darkness. It has inspired the grandeur of an immortal resolution in millions of hearts, and it glows above us now with a radiance which reflects the sheen of the spires, and turrets, and battlements of the Eternal City!

"Brother and sister, come with me, and learn the lesson which history gives. It is the same old story reproduced and repeated for well nigh six thousand years. A young man, with all the activities of an honorable ambition, starts well in life. He has relations and friends who love him. He has a business which prospers. He moves in the most respectable society. His name is a synonym for honor

and uprightness. He plights his faith at the altar, and promises, in a most solemn covenant, to discharge his consecrated trusts in all the relations of life. Time passes! The summit of felicity has been reached, and there is a downward plunge. The cup of the inebriate has been tasted, and the accursed appetite has already been formed. There is woe in the family! Business has been neglected, and the squalor of poverty has crossed the threshold! The nobler ambitions and aspirations have been overborne in the perilous passages of existence, and have disappeared from the conflict. Resolution has gone to its grave. Self-respect is buried. The finer feelings, the proprieties and decencies of life, the more exalted and beneficent sentiments and emotions are obliterated, and the wreck of a being, who was once a man, stands out among the solitudes of the world as an awful warning to our race! Good name has departed. The friendships and associations of other and better years have fallen away, and the self-made exile from society carries within himself all that is known on earth of remorse and despair.

"There is woe in that family. The covenant of the altar has been broken, and there is a patient, but hopeless sufferer, who waits in the night, who waits at midnight, who waits until the hours of the morning, for the return of her husband from the haunts of dissipation. God pity her! The lines of sorrow are on those ashen features. The glow of health, and hope, and domestic contentment, has given way to the paleness of monumental marble. She is but the spectre of herself. That unkindness which is born of the cup, that brutality which is born of the debasements of intoxication, have murdered her happiness, and are destroying her life. The reeling step has become familiar to her eye and ear. The bloated face, from which the expression of a noble manhood has retreated, haunts her with

its images of terror, and the lack-lustre eye, which once displayed the divinity of intellect and the warmth of pure affection, tells of the grave in which ten thousand murdered hopes are buried.

"There is woe in that family. Those little ones are suffering for bread. They plead for help, and wonder why it is that there is so much sunlight and joy in other homes, while there is so much sorrow and suffering with them. Theirs is a heritage of wretchedness. An inheritance of want, of rags, of ignorance, and reflected infamy has descended to them. There is no music in their little hearts. The fountain of that genial and sparkling inspiration which springs from a pure and happy domestic circle has been dried up, and, in the place thereof, there are rivulets of tears and bitterness! Look at the group, and ponder it well. An intemperate father, who has made shipwreck of fame, of hope, of health and happiness; a broken-hearted wife, whose hope, if she has any, has no resting-place amid the associations of time, but points to that region which lies beyond the darkness of death and the sepulchre; children, whose bodies have been chilled and wasted, and whose souls have been blasted by mistreatment and misfortune. Look at the group, and if there is an impulse of righteousness in your heart, or a sense of justice in your mind, or a sentiment of philanthropy, or a strong perception of the horrors of drunkenness, you will call out, day and night, in city or in country, in the highways or in the valleys, wherever you may be, for the exercise of the offices of kindness and the interposition of the strong arm of the law, to save society from the curse of the drunkard's cup.

"Have you any idea that I am indulging in exaggerations? Is this a fanciful sketch, an over-wrought combination of fictions, a description of unfounded horrors, or is it a dark and repulsive truth? Appeal to the experiences

of the world from the time of the earliest revelries in honor of Bacchus until now, and the evidence comes through a myriad channels of communication, that drunkenness has had no rival in the amount of suffering, crime and social ruin which it has inflicted on our race. In the shadowy past, when the just judgments of the Almighty were pronounced from the lips of prophets, priests and kings, SOLOMON said:

"'Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise! * * * Who hath wo? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red; when it giveth its color in the cup; when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder!'

"Such are the words of inspiration. Is it possible that an evil can be exaggerated whose destructiveness is greater than that of famine, or of battle, or of pestilence? London was aghast when a few thousands of its inhabitants were cut down by the plague. Lisbon toppled to its fall when the earth opened beneath its massive structures and entombed half of its population. Pompeii and Herculaneum were obliterated from the list of cities by the ashes and molten rocks which were projected from the crater of Vesuvius. Myriads of human beings perished in the city of DAVID, when the Eagles of Rome were carried by TITUS into Palestine. The conquerors of other ages and the civil wars of modern times reared their hecatombs of the slain, and rolled their rivers of blood through the valleys of both hemispheres; but the plague, and the earthquake, and the volcano, and the famine, and sieges, and wars, with their historic magnitude and their tracks of desolation, have no

such record of torture, despair and death, as the countless victims of strong drink have made through all past generations. SHAKSPEARE understood the subject thoroughly, when he made one of his characters say:

> "'It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness,
> To give place to the devil, wrath,
> Every inordinate cup is unblessed,
> And the ingredient is a devil!
> Oh! thou invisible spirit of wine,
> If thou hast no name to be known by,
> Let us call thee devil!'

"Intemperance makes disease and aggravates disease. It lets down the energies of the system, until vigor and vitality are gone, and the grave receives another victim. It constitutes an absolute disqualification for business. It makes rogues of the honest, infidels of the constant, incompetents of business men, brawlers of the peaceable, fools of the intelligent, and murderers of the benevolent and kind-hearted. It stimulates every bad passion, and suppresses every noble impulse. It inflames whatever is coarse and sensual, and tramples under foot whatever is pure and lovely and of good report. It takes hold of the intellect, dethrones it, and laughs, with demoniac glee, at the ruin of its hands. It fills hospitals, prisons and madhouses. Insanity walks with it through the avenues of society and through the wards of the asylums, and is ever rolling the stone against the door of the sepulchre wherein the ambitions of a clear intellect lie in their shroud and in their coffin.

"Intemperance is the great social curse of the world. It makes a bad citizen, a bad husband and a bad father. It is cruel and pitiless. It kills friendships and murders love. It makes men faithless, inconstant and corrupt in all their ways. It is the father of the vices. Immoralities

of whatever name or order, or hue of crime, flow from it as corrupt streams flow from impure fountains. There is no redeeming virtue, nor grace, nor excellence in it. It makes estrangements and jealousies, and fires the imagination with lies and horrible slanders. It is a gossip and defamer, and revels in the pool of its unutterable infamies. It dances to the music of the senses and appetites; shouts in response to the shriek of madness, and gathers in its malevolent features the expression which was worn by Satan, when, scarred by the thunderbolts of wrath, he began to plot in Hell against the innocence of Earth and the integrity of the Skies.

"'On the bones of the dead and the sorrowful-hearted,
The throne of the fiend is reared up;
His crown is the skull of a victim departed,
His sceptre, the fiery cup.

"'At the foot of the monarch, thus horribly crowned,
The ruin of beauty appears,
And withered affections lie there, and around
Rolls boundless an ocean of tears.'

"Do you ask me what grave is that which you see? That is the grave of a drunkard. At forty years of age he had outlived hope, usefulness and a good name, and died. That other grave near by incloses the body of his wife. She died of a broken heart. Orphans, with the legacy of a drunkard transmitted to them, are left, without natural guardians and protectors, to the frigid charities of the world. It is a brief history, as I relate it to you; but how full of melancholy and awful significance. If the skeleton of that drunkard could rise from its bed of decay, and extend its fleshless arms in terrible warning, what would it say, if it had a voice to speak, to that man who is now learning to love the habits of dissipation? Let the apostrophe of MONTGOMERY's grave answer:

"'Lashed by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance would'st thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope not, fool, to find
A friend in me.

By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell,
By the dread secret of my doom,
By death and hell—

I charge thee live, repent and pray,
In dust thine infamy deplore;
There yet is mercy—go thy way
And sin no more!'

"Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no panacea to heal the gaping wounds made by intemperance? Is the world lost without a remedy? No, brethren, there is light behind the clouds. The silvery lining may be seen. The star which directed the wise men to the spot where the Infant Redeemer lay, was not lost to the firmament afterward amid the darkness and horrors of the Crucifixion. The light which gleamed along the pathway of the first man who was liberated from the thraldom of intemperance, has never gone out. Its blaze is pure, steady and everlasting. The salvation of one man proves that ten thousand more may be regenerated and saved. If there is hope for one, there is abounding hope for the millions.

"Intemperance strikes directly at the kindly offices and principles of Christianity, and it is a part of the genius and spirit of Christianity to strike back. I mean this: Religion ought to be no less aggressive in its style of warfare than intemperance. A truly religious man is a hater of the cup; and he feels that he is not executing the spirit of his mission, as a follower of the Nazarene, so long as he keeps aloof from active labor in behalf of temperance. It is Christ-like to wage war against the principalities and

powers of darkness. It is Christ-like to carry the banner of temperance reform, as a great general carries his conquering standard into the heart of the enemy's country.

"Intemperance levies war against law and its most efficient administrators. There is not a groggery in all the State, whose proprietor and chief clerk do not utter all manner of wicked accusations against the Prohibitory Liquor Law. They claim that they have a right, under some sumptuary provision of Nature, to sell poison and liquid madness in the intoxicating cup; but the temperance men of Iowa deny the right and condemn the practice. Our laws prohibit the sale of all intoxicating drinks, except those villainous beverages which you call lager beer and native wine. These laws are good enough, so far as they go; but they are useless unless public sentiment can be made to give them a hearty indorsement. They are enforced to the letter in many of our communities, to the great discomfiture of the rum-sellers. Our own excellent judge, Hon. C. C. Nourse, who has a conscience with which he is unwilling to trifle, and a clear perception of the duties of his office, has made the liquor dealers mourn in some of his recent judicial proceedings. They have been fined heavily, and a number of them, governed by "circumstances over which they had no control," have proclaimed, through the columns of the *State Register*, their determination to abandon their villainous traffic, and lead orderly lives. I have little faith in a reformed murderer who still continues to sell lager beer; but it is to be hoped that, in this instance, the spirit of the proclamation will be rigidly observed.

"A liquor-seller is a man of strategy, much more so than the hero of the war for the Union, who perished somewhere between Yorktown and Harrison's Landing. He is a man of consummate guile. He is expert in all the arts of

the dodger. He has roughed it through many a campaign of villainy, and he is a veteran officer in the ranks of evil-doers. He has learned the ways of deceit and treachery at the feet of the Fiend, and he is able to smile, even to the verge of handsomeness, when there is poison in his hand and murder in his heart.

> "'With smooth dissimulation, skilled to grace
> A devil's purpose with an angel's face.'

"Ordained as a manufacturer of orphans and widows, he lives in accordance with the spirit of his vocation. He is expert in the adulteration of whisky; expert in the preparation of strychnine, coculus indicus, and sulphurous fire; expert in getting his victims, instead of himself, into jail; expert in organizing his forces against the temperance sentiment of our communities; expert in swearing that whisky is lager beer, and brandy and gin-slings are native wine; expert, too often, in obtaining the friendship, sympathy and active co-operation of police officers; expert in avoiding the grave issues which an outraged law brings home to his frightened apprehension; expert in digging graves in which youth, strength, intellect, morality and all the graces and glories of life are entombed. He calls himself a man. He bears the semblance of humanity. He walks erect, throws back his head, and gazes out on the world with insufferable insolence. He is not a man. He is a shuffling, dissembling monster, reeking with crime, and red with the blood of the fatherless and the widow. He has gone to the lowest possible depth of debasement. He has no conception of the nobility of a true and glorious manhood. He will sneak into his grave unlamented, and the rush of the chariot wheels of judgment will bring with it the blood which testifies against him, and cries for vengeance on the betrayer and the assassin.

"Let the law be enforced. It is pleasant to know that the District Courts of this State are about as nearly right as you can make them. Our Judges generally are not arraid to perform their duty. Judge NOURSE is earnestly enforcing the law, and we thank him for it. Judge CHASE, of the Story District, has taken from the enemy several thousand dollars in penalties, and donated the greenbacks to the school fund. That's a good thing, albeit the rum-sellers will hardly coincide in this opinion. Judge LOUGHRIDGE, of the Mahaska District, has secured a donation of five or six thousand dollars to the educational fund from the benevolent traffickers in strong drink. Such has been the case in nearly every portion of the State. The people have generally supported the administrators of law, and there has been no trifling in the arraignment and punishment of offenders. A majority of the citizens of Iowa have come to understand the fact that the man who makes your neighbor drunk is not less guilty than the man who steals your neighbor's horse, or sets his house on fire. A cut-throat is either hung or sent to the Penitentiary; and the cut-throat who stands behind a counter and deals out the essence of cholera, plague and delirium tremens by the glass and the jug, has as rightful a claim to striped breeches and a place in the Penitentiary, or seventeen feet of hempen cord, as any other assassin.

"This is a temperance pic-nic. The idea was originated by the Good Templars. They are cold water folks. Their object is to co-operate with the officers of law, and the Christian denominations, in the effort to suppress the liquor-traffic. The healing instrumentalities for the wounds which intemperance is making, are Law, Gospel, and Temperance organizations. Here is the trinity of powers which is able, through grace, to overturn every groggery in the world, redeem every inebriate, evangelize both hemi-

spheres, and bring in a temperance Millennium. And let all the people say 'Amen!'

"As an organization, the Good Templars were never in so glorious a condition as they are now. They have spread themselves all over the land. They are in the midst of a general and powerful revival. Their triumphs are visible on every hand. The spirit of conquest is in them, and victory perches on their banner. They have entered into a covenant to wage war against all the forms and abominations of intemperance. They have inscribed total abstinence on the doors of their temples, and pledged it in their hearts and with their lips. They believe and teach that all the forms and modifications of alcoholic drinks, are always pernicious and often fatal. They believe that whisky is poison, that wine-sipping is simply sowing the seeds of inebriety, and that lager bier, while it is a combination of infinite nastiness, is yet capable of infinite mishief. Good Templars believe that the only safety is in total abstinence. They believe in discountenancing the whole class of alcoholic beverages. They believe in avoiding the very appearance of evil.

"Good Templars believe in the omnipotence of woman's influence. Half the officers of our Lodges are women, and they know their duty, and discharge it with intelligence and fidelity. Women have felt most keenly the wrongs and cruelties of intemperance; and that exclusiveness which shuts them out from participation in all organized efforts to reclaim the fallen, and break down the traffic in strong drink, is not able to get my vote, under any circumstances. My wife is about as deeply interested as myself in the success of the gospel of cold water, albeit, she has always been a temperance *man* herself; and I see no beauty in any cold water organization which would admit me to its high privileges, and exclude her.

"Temperance, fraternity, sociality, unity, harmony, are important elements in our beloved Order. A Good Templar, to be such in the proper signification of the title, must have the elements of a kindly nature in active exercise. He does not feel it to be a disgrace to approach the bloated and reeling drunkard, and invite him to repudiate the cup, and take upon himself a covenant which will last through life. Like the Good Samaritan, the Templar is ready to engage in those acts of charity and beneficence which relieve the suffering, smooth the asperities of life, and make the world happier and better. He shows that he has a HEART which is able to make allowances for the frailties of humanity, and which hopeth all things, and endureth all things. He picks up a fallen brother, and puts him in the way to ascend to the height from which he fell. He listens to the law as it comes from Sinai, and listens, with obedient attention, to the utterances of Him who said: 'Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.'

"Brethren, there is a great work yet to do. The army of Good Templars, in the United States, 150,000 strong, is moving rapidly on the fortifications of drunkenness and crime; yet there are many conquests still to make. Are you profoundly in earnest in your efforts to carry out the principles of our Order? Inside of our organization, there is no place for triflers or hypocrites. On you who are living up to your obligations in faith, practice, and zeal, let my heartiest congratulations be conferred. Stand fast. Be immovable, always abounding in good works. To the tempted I would say, look up. Be firm as the everlasting hills. Be faithful, and you will be victorious in the contest. Remember your solemn obligation! Fortify your courage; collect all your power of resistance; draw your sword in defense of everlasting truth and righteous-

ness, and be resolved to die rather than to surrender. Remember the horrible pit from which you were taken, and keep away from its mouth, which yawns to receive you again.

"To those who have taken the vow and broken it in a moment of sweeping temptation, let me say, your condidition is bad, but not hopeless. If you are truly penitent, and are sincerely desirous to return to the eminence from which you have fallen, the way is open for your redemption. You will receive sympathy and assistance. You will be helped to say, in the language of invincible resolution: "Though I fall, I shall arise again!" While there is a conviction of wrong-doing, and thorough penitence, and a desire to get back into the highway of soberness, and drink once more of the fountain which Nature has furnished, there is hope of permanent restoration from the fall. But let me tell you, that the man who has stumbled, and who is unwilling to pass through the forms of repentance and humiliation, in order to be restored to his former privileges, has made, I fear, a final leap into the blackness of apostasy. And if he adds to this obstinacy, by speaking evil of an Order to which he belonged, and of whose beauties and excellencies he is not ignorant, there is more hope of a fool than of him. A disposition like this has wrecked many a life; and I fear that it will wreck many more.

"And now, brethren and sisters, permit me to pledge you in this glass of water. Here, in this delightful place, enjoying a glorious reunion, with a May sun looking down from a firmament of glory, let us in our hearts make an impressive renewal of our covenant. Let the memory of our vow be precious to us; and let our faith be so fervid, and our resolution so strong, that neither height nor depth, nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things

to come, will be able to separate us from the love which we bear to the cause of temperance. Let us do our whole duty in every relation of life, and when we shall have passed through the solitudes of existence, and the wilderness of graves, we shall be able to tread the pavement of the skies with immortal feet."

Life and Death in the Hospital.

It was very natural, on my arrival in Cincinnati, for me to seek, as far as practicable, the companionship of persons who were sufferers like myself; but as I was, for a long time, the only eye patient at the Good Samaritan Hospital, I would have been utterly lost for want of fellowship in affliction, had it not been for the encouraging visits of Col. Dewey.

Early in May, 1867, I left that hospital, and hired a furnished room in a more eligible part of the city. At that time I presented myself once a day, and sometimes twice, at the office of Dr. Williams, on Seventh street. There I found much congenial society; and as the antiphlogistic system of depletion had been dismissed, I became more cheerful, and often spent whole hours in animated conversation with my fellow-patients, of whom there were not less than twenty or thirty, and often as many as fifty, in attendance each morning. One of these was a Mr. McFarland, rather below the average height, about forty years of age, principal clerk in a wholesale millinery establishment on Pearl street. He possessed very great elasticity of spirits, never giving up to the suggestions of despondency. He was a quick, lively talker, and frequently threw off some witty expressions which produced an explosion of mirth. During the latter part of the winter, and some months before I saw him, he had submitted to an operation for an artificial pupil; but having

caught cold, he was attacked with inflammation of the iris, and remained in total blindness for two or three months, suffering intensely from intolerance of light. But nothing could repress his characteristic vivacity. On one occasion he came into the office, conducted as usual by his juvenile guide. He had hardly reached the presence of Dr. WILLIAMS before he began to give us the benefit of some startling information, as follows: "Gentlemen," said he, with surprising gravity, as he partially lifted the white napkin which covered his eyes; "gentlemen, I am just beginning to discover the beauties of blindness. I have just been thinking of those splendid lines which were supposed to be written by ALEXANDER SELKIRK, on the Island of Juan Fernandez, and like him I know that 'I am monarch of all I survey.'" When you consider the circumstance that he was stone blind, incapable of seeing an elephant two feet off, you will easily see that, even if he *was* monarch of all he surveyed, his kingdom was one of the most insignificant governments in the world. After some reflection as to the nature and extent of this witticism, the entire company, one after another, gave indulgence to a round of merriment. At another time, when Dr. WILLIAMS was absent to attend a convention of oculists at Niagara Falls, Mr. MCFARLAND reported that the principal object of the convention was "to take the *cataract* out of the Falls." This pointed pun brought down the house in a general roar of laughter. I am glad to state that my witty friend has recovered his sight, and is now actively engaged in his customary business.

I formed the acquaintance, also, of a young physician, Dr. SAVAGE, of West Liberty, Muscatine county, Iowa. He had been an assistant-surgeon in one of our regiments, and had been the subject of great affliction for three years before I saw him in the office of Dr. WILLIAMS. One of

his eyes had perished from inflammation, but the other was rapidly recovering. He was a frank, unassuming man, whom I admired for his exemplary patience and cheerfulness. Afterward, while on his way home, the railroad car in which he was seated ran off the track and turned completely over, precipitating a stove against his hip, and injuring him in a very serious manner. This accident took place in the vicinity of Rock Island. Understanding that this catastrophe was the result of carelessness, the railroad company proposed to compound the matter by the payment of three hundred dollars to Dr. SAVAGE; but this pitiful sum was refused, and a prosecution was immediately instituted, the result whereof is still in doubt.

Mr. CROW, a patient from the vicinity of Logansport, Indiana, displayed surprising cheerfulness, even gayety, under the influence of a complexity of appalling misfortunes. His eyes became inflamed about a year since; in less than two months thereafter the work of devastation had ruined his vision forever. In the mean time his only child was seized with sickness and died. His mother also died, and in a short time her death was followed by that of his wife. Here was a combination of blindness and death, unexampled, perhaps, in the records of human affliction; but the survivor was sustained by Christian philosophy, and even in his blindness and loneliness, cut off from the society of those whom he loved best on earth, he was supported by the strength of Divine Grace. When I noticed the elevation of his spirits, and contrasted it with the depression of my own, I was ashamed of my ridiculous weakness, and was resolved, through Divine assistance, to exhibit a greater degree of courage in bearing the manifold ills which had overtaken me in the meridian of life.

On the 12th day of October, 1867, two days after I had become entirely blind, I was registered as an inmate of St.

Luke's Hospital. On the first night after my arrival at the institution, I was startled by a terrible tragedy, which, in my enfeebled and despondent condition, had a serious effect on my mind and general health. It seems that a man of some prominence in Cincinnati, whose name I have forgotten, had been brought to the hospital while laboring under severe paroxysms of *delirium tremens*. He was placed in a room on the third floor, and was commended to the care of nurse GEORGE, who, as a general proposition, was kind and faithful in his vocation. Insanity of almost every kind, whether produced by an immoderate use of stimulants or by any other cause, is uniformly artful and cunning in a high degree; and in this instance, when there was a subsidence of convulsions, the vigilance of GEORGE was wholly disarmed by the rational demeanor of the patient. A clock which I heard in the city, not far off, was on the stroke of midnight, when the poor victim of inebriety, who had deceived the watchfulness of GEORGE, and the alertness and intelligence of the Superintendent, sprang from his bed, ran to a window near by, plunged bodily through pane and sash and every other obstruction, and precipitated himself to the pavement below, fracturing his skull in a horrible manner. After the tempest of confusion which was created by this terrible catastrophe had subsided, the unfortunate man was picked up and re-conveyed to his room. My dormitory was in the fourth story of the building, but the height of my location did not prevent me from hearing the moans of the dying inebriate. He was perfectly senseless, and the brains were oozing out from a gaping wound in his head. For an hour or more after he had been brought back to his apartment, I heard his incoherent ravings and mutterings, and then all was still. The drunkard had passed to his eternal account.

The foregoing incident recalled to my mind one of a somewhat similar nature, which occurred some eighteen years before that sad event, in the same city, and not far from the same ward, and at about the same hour of the night. One of the noblest men whom I have ever seen, my early patron and friend, a man of extraordinary prominence among the business men and political leaders of Cincinnati, died in a paroxysm of *delirium tremens*. He was only thirty-four years of age, was blessed with extensive means and a thousand friends, and was engaged in a business which promised the realization of every reasonable ambition. Perhaps there were not more than a dozen persons in that very long and grand funeral procession which passed slowly and reverentially through the streets of that great city, who knew anything about the terrible manner of our friend's death. And in this instance, in which popular ignorance is better than popular information, I shall not do injustice to the dead, nor shall I disturb the repose of the living by mentioning the name of this victim of strong drink.

While I was in the Good Samaritan Hospital, a gentleman of much personal worth, who had been troubled with periodical spasms of intemperance, was brought into the institution while suffering from the drunkard's delirium, and was given over into the care of Wash. Mason, an eccentric invalid, who had shown much adroitness and benevolence in the reformation of inebriates. In this case, however, Mr. Mason's skill was at fault. He had succeeded in subduing the excitement of the patient, and had gone so far as to make it appear manifest that everything would terminate as he desired. Indeed, he felt such an assurance of success, that he left the room for a few minutes in order to tell me, in my own apartment, how much absolute control he was exercising over the poor

drunkard. I regret to say that on returning to his charge he could discover no evidence of the presence of his patient, except that which was visible in a stray hat and coat belonging to the late occupant of the room. An open window indicated the means of escape which had been employed, and as it was some distance from the ground, Mr. Mason was apprehensive, at first, that the poor man had broken his neck in daring the perils of that fearful descent. The person who was dispatched to examine the premises on the outside, and, if need be, to assist in conveying the mutilated remains of the victim into the hospital, came back with the information that the patient was nowhere to be found. The whole matter remained in mystery until the next day, when it was discovered that the unfortunate man was back in one of his old haunts in the city, plying himself with whisky as usual, and entertaining a select company of his friends with a description of the stratagem he had employed in imparting to Mr. Mason a false sense of security, and in making his final escape from the building, without receiving the slightest injury from his hazardous fall of fifteen or twenty feet from the window.

Wash. Mason, whose name is familiarly used in the last paragraph, came to Cincinnati from Baltimore in the year 1804. It will be seen, therefore, that he was one of the primitive inhabitants of the Queen City, and at the time in which I was a fellow-sufferer with him in the hospital, he was able to give a more intelligent retrospect of Cincinnati in early times than any other man whose name could be mentioned. He was an invaluable auxiliary to the newspapers, and to other local historians, when it was necessary to be informed with reference to primitive times. In politics he took the Southern side of all questions, believing, or assuming to believe, that the South is pre-eminently pure and holy, and that the North is infamously

vicious and corrupt. He distinctly advocated the repudiation of the debt which was incurred by the Government in prosecuting the war for the Union. He had lived luxuriously for many years, practically illustrating the philosophy of Epicurus. He was, probably, the best cook in Cincinnati, understanding all dishes to perfection; and yet this culinary education was never used except for the benefit of himself and a coterie of his Epicurean friends. Of course, he was no professional cook in the common acceptation of that title. Through the sudden destruction of the optic nerve, the sight of one of his eyes was entirely obliterated, and the other, though doing much service, was in imminent danger of extinction from the same cause. He had no religious belief, and seemed to glory in his infidelity; and yet, with all his eccentricities of thought and action, he developed a wayward and capricious benevolence which was of manifest use to many of his fellow-beings. He had been instrumental in reforming drunkards who were regarded as lost beyond redemption. In the summer of 1867, while visiting his relatives in Bloomington, Illinois, his life was cut short by a terrible accident. He had been a lover of fast horses; but as age crept on apace, he lost the muscular power to control them as they were once controlled by his vigorous hand and dexterous management. A pair of these animals, attached to a buggy, in which he was seated, took fright, ran away and upset the vehicle, killing him almost instantly in the fall. His remains were brought to Cincinnati and interred in Spring Grove Cemetery.

My room-mate in St. Luke's Hospital was Captain Joseph Price, late of the Thirtieth Indiana Volunteers. He was a widower, forty-eight years of age, and a native of Pennsylvania, belonging to the German branch in that State. He was tall, and at one time was correspondingly

muscular; but his gallant and laborious services in the army took off his flesh to a great extent, and his subsequent difficulty with his eyes—which was an inflammation of the most malignant character—broke down his general health, until he was reduced to a mere skeleton. Yet, this blind man, with his wife in the grave, and his children far away, presented, every day, an example of fortitude and cheerfulness. Early in the preceding May, months before my own vision was hopelessly effaced, I cultivated his acquaintance at Dr. Williams' office, and admired him for the freeness, frankness and perfect sincerity of his nature. While I was with him in the same room, both of us blind—with hope for him, but none for me—many hours were whiled away in conversation. I will not forego the inclination which I feel to recite two or three incidents in his military experience, which were told by him in a style of unaffected simplicity. He had in his company a private by the name of Burke—an Irishman, as his name indicates—a brave, warm-hearted man, whose courage was never suspected, and whose patriotism never hesitated in the hour of national danger. Captain Price's regiment belonged to the army of General Buell. Two weeks before the memorable battle of Shiloh, and at a period when there was no reasonable anticipation of a speedy battle with the enemy, Mr. Burke informed the officers of his company that a prophetic impression had fastened on his mind to the effect that a general and bloody engagement would be fought in a few days, and that he was destined to be one of the slain. The captain made every possible effort to dislodge this presentiment from the mind of his soldier; but it was as immovable as a mountain. A few days afterward, Mr. Burke, whose mind had admitted no change on the subject of his early and sanguinary death, gave his watch and other valuables into the hands of the

captain, to be held in trust for his sister, at Fort Wayne. His presentiment was considered all the more foolish from the fact that the Grand Army of General BUELL had been marching hither and thither for many long weeks in Kentucky and Tennessee, hoping and praying to find the enemy, but always failing to accomplish the travail of their souls. The first day's battle of Shiloh was fought on Sunday; and on Monday morning, after the command of BUELL had marched thirty miles to participate in the engagement, the regiment to which Captain PRICE belonged went into the fight. Feeling assured of the unfaltering courage of his soldier, and knowing that there was no attempt to skulk from duty on the strength of an affected and cowardly superstition, the captain and other officers tried to prevail on BURKE to stay away from the battle, but the soldier uniformly refused. It was but a short time after the terrific contest began, when the captain saw Mr. BURKE take a faltering step in advance, and then fall heavily backward, with his face turned up toward the heavens. The soldier had fought his last battle! The signal of victory to the Nation's banner was the signal of death to him.

While the battle of Stone River was in deadly progress, the attention of Captain PRICE was directed to one of the sharpshooters of his company who was sitting bolt upright on a pile of rails, in the act, apparently, of taking aim with his rifle, the barrel of which, or a part of it, at least, was projecting through an aperture in a fence near by. There he sat, perfectly motionless, remaining in that attitude while the captain approached him; and then a creeping horror chilled the blood of the spectators when it was discovered that a ball from the enemy had crashed through the sharpshooter's head, from one side to the other, making a ghastly orifice, and killing him with such instantaneous effect, that neither motion, nor sign of motion, was per-

mitted to disturb the attitude which had been assumed in life.

In the same battle, which lasted part of two years—for it commenced in one year and terminated in the next, although the whole engagement was comprehended in three days—Captain PRICE saw a tall corporal, belonging to his command, standing as straight as a grenadier, and looking over a fence in the direction of the enemy, whose missiles of death were being hurled against the Union ranks with fatal accuracy of aim. The person of the corporal was perfectly familiar. It was he, and no one else, whose attitude of reckless daring seemed to invite the bolt of death. For a moment the eye of the captain was diverted to some other object, and, as it turned again to the same place, the tall corporal was no longer visible. Whether he was killed or wounded, or whether he basely fled to the rebel army in the crisis of the battle, or skulked somewhere else into an unrevealed and everlasting solitude, or whether the earth opened at his feet and closed again over the place of his appalling burial, is not known to this day. He never rejoined his company, and his dead body was never found on the field of carnage. From that day to this his fate has been involved in impenetrable mystery.

One of the most enigmatical inmates of St. Luke's Hospital was a Mr. SCOTT, of Tennessee, a lawyer and politician of some distinction, who held a judicial office of considerable importance in that State. From the time at which his eyes became affected by a serious inflammation, he began to exhibit some of the perversities of a diseased intellect, and immediately after his entrance into the hospital, he acquired a reputation for mental unsoundness, which he afterwards retained with remarkable facility. He was perfectly harmless, but his insanity took the form of the most absurd conceits, and of the wildest vagaries which an

unhealthy mind can conceive. For a whole week his hallucination would impress his mind with the idea that one side of his head was in a state of offensive decay, and was ready to slough off from the other side, leaving him but half a head with which to discharge the duties of an Attorney-General in Tennessee. Sometimes his whole right side was in a condition, as he averred, of disgusting decomposition; and at other times, his nose, which was ambitious enough in extent, would grow so enormously as to prevent his passage through the doorway of his own apartment to the street. He was a confirmed hypochondriac, making himself miserable in every odd and quaint way which the queerness of his mental quirks and quiddities could produce. It would seem to be a piece of heartlessness to laugh at his irresponsible follies; but some of his conceits were so grotesquely silly as to excite laughter in spite of one's self.

It would please me to give greater amplification to this chapter. There are dozens of persons, laboring under an affliction similar to that which crushed out my energies, of whom I have thus far said nothing, and now the opportunity has passed away. The sympathetic affinity which unites the blind to each other is very strong; and, though I am compelled to say but little here of my dear friends in misfortune, they may rest assured that I shall not forget them so long as life shall last.

Josie's Birthday.

THE appended lines were suggested by the recurrence of my daughter's birthday, and were written on the 12th day of February:

AND thou art two years old, my cherub JOSIE;
Thou art, indeed, a glorious little girl;
Fat, smiling, beautiful and rosy,
Lovely and cunning, archly sweet and cosy—
A dancing elf, a fairy and a pearl.

Thou art a dancer of imperial graces,
Tripping and gliding with proficient feet;
Exciting laughter by ingenious faces,
And keeping perfect time with queenly paces,
As all thy friends assert without deceit.

Thou hast, indeed, a thousand fascinations,
And hast the gift divine of winsome tongues;
From early morn, with music's inspirations,
Thy voice is ringing, in its modulations,
With all the changes of thy artless songs.

Thou art a ringing, singing, wee magician,
The arch-embodiment of song and mirth;
A dancing, prancing, eloquent tactician,
An airy, fairy, winning rhetorician,
A dashing, flashing—grandest girl on earth.

Thou art the blind man's glorious little maiden,
Whose silken hair I touch, and chubby hand.
When I was in despair, with sorrows laden,
I hailed a Seraph from the fields of Ayden,
Who came to guide me to a better Land.

The queerest, quaintest Queen since Time's beginning,
Thou art our household's cherished pet and care;
Instinct with active mischief, yet unsinning,
Around the floor in magic circles spinning,
Thy golden ringlets waving in the air.

Go, petted child, with brother FRANKIE playing,
And spend the glowing hours of jocund day;
Go, now, thy love of merriment obeying,
And all thy gifts of witching fun arraying—
Then in the twilight with thy brother praying,
At mother's knee thy brief petition saying,
And all thy infant trust in God displaying,
When sunshine and its joys have passed away.

Hawk-Eye Literature.

I HAVE had it in my mind, from the first, to prepare a chapter with reference to the progress which has been made in my adopted State in the cultivation of the graces and glories of polite literature; but from a variety of causes, chief among which are my blindness and absence from the State in a place of temporary exile, I have not been able to supply myself with necessary data. It is not practicable, therefore, to attempt, in this volume, what was originally designed, and I shall content myself with a few general remarks and illustrations, intending to enlarge on this topic in a future work, which will be entitled "Five Years on a Western Daily." Although it need not be presumed that young communities, whatever may be their energy in other respects, are inclined, in any comprehensive sense, to patronize and develop the beauties of *Belles Lettres*, I believe that Iowa, in the year of our Lord 1868, is in advance of her sister States in the development of those very elements of thought and language, of which this article treats. In historical literature, we have INGERSOL, PARVIN, Captain STEWART, O'CONNER and others, whose contributions have enriched that department of letters. To my mind—and I have spent a full quarter of a century in trying to acquire a small degree of familiarity with the structure and genius of my native language—the lecture of Judge JOHN F. DILLON on the subject of "The River Mississippi," and the lecture of Hon. F. W. PALMER on "Alexander Ham

ilton," have more historic merit than you will be able to discover in efforts of greater elaboration coming from the first writers of the country. The discourse of Hon. G. G. WRIGHT, concerning the primitive legal history of our State, is beyond all price, both as to the facts it contains and the graphic manner of their description. The lecture of C. BEN. DARWIN on "Mexico," is a fine specimen of verbal mechanism, full of artistic and historic elegancies. And while I am treating of lecturers, it must not be forgotten that J. M. ELWOOD, Esq., of Des Moines, has given evidence, especially in his scholarly discourse concerning the great Scotch Poet, of a thoughtful, cultivated and profound intellect.

For Temperance as their lecturing theme, Messrs. DETWILER and PETERSON have more than a state reputation. My lamented friend, Rev. WILLIAM M. CALFEE, who recently died at his residence in Mount Ayr, Ringgold county, was also a fine lecturer on Temperance. His education was exceedingly limited, but his wit and his exuberant vivacity, combined with his sonorous voice and the boisterous frankness of his manners, gave him an introduction, without the circumlocution of ceremony, to the sympathies and admiration of western audiences. I will frankly admit that in the double sphere of lecturer and extemporaneous speaker, HENRY CLAY DEAN displays rare proficiency. He is fluent, eloquent and effective before an assemblage of listeners. He is a strange man—wayward, erratic, but transcendently gifted in a style of oratory which is original and impossible of imitation.

It is, probably, not known very extensively that the lady from whom the original idea of the Bloomer Costume was derived, had been, until quite recently, a resident, for many years, of Council Bluffs, where, with her husband, who is one of the prominent men of the West, she exemplified the

graces of a meritorious woman. Having herself discarded that caprice of costume which produced such a whirlwind of fashionable tomfoolery a score of years ago, she did all in her power to subdue the excitement which she had precipitated on the world. She abandoned the field of popular lecturing, and went into retirement, where she probably remains to this day.

I am glad that Mrs. J. C. Savery has given her consent to appear occasionally in the presence of an audience, in the capacity of a lecturer. To those persons who know this lady, it is not necessary to say that she possesses an original aptitude for literary acquisitions. Her mind is clear and vigorous, giving her those elements of thought which are defined as readiness of perception and great power of abstract reflection. Her mental versatility takes in such a range of endowment as to assure success, with but little comparative toil, in any department of literature or science to which her attention is directed. She excels in conversation, possessing a fine command of language, a well-stored mind, and abundant vivacity. She has studied much and travelled extensively, both in the United States and in Europe, and it must be evident that her native and acquired qualifications are such as to give her a high position among the female lecturers of our country.

All countries and all conditions of society, from the depths of barbarism to the heights of Christian civilization, favor the cultivation of poetical gifts; but it takes an enlightened nation, enlightened to a point at which the highest forms of correct literature are used, to produce a Young, or a Pollock, or a Byron, or the great poets of America, whose names have become as familiar as household words. A man must have much temerity in his composition who makes the presumptuous statement that there are no Bryants, no Longfellows, no Whittiers, and no

PRENTICES in Iowa. It was a wretched falsity which BYRON perpetrated when he declared that

"Nature broke the die in moulding Sheridan."

GRAY thoroughly understood this matter when, in elaborating his great elegy, he found the physical remains of MILTONS and CROMWELLS in a country church-yard. It is an insult to creative power, and an insult, also, to the present and future generations of mankind, to say that the greatest author of all time, or the greatest orator, or the greatest military leader, or the greatest man in any other respect, has already lived, flourished and died.

Greatness, in its human signification, is born of circumstances. I may not have the ability to state where the BYRONS and POPES of Iowa are located, and by what names they are known among the sons of men. I am able, at least, to point to men in whom the gift of poesy has a congenial abode. There is an author in Dubuque, J. L. MCCREERY, who has experienced the misfortunes of a poet, and who has manifested not only a clever knowledge of the mechanical structure of versification—of which the masses of people everywhere are as ignorant as cattle—but also, that higher and nobler faculty, that creative capacity which is called genius. I could easily prove the truthfulness of my declaration if one of Mr. MCCREERY's splendid productions were in my possession. The editor of the *Temperance Platform*, W. S. PETERSON, I would classify in the same list with Mr. MCCREERY, but I have not one of his poems at hand.

A female poet, who has been styled KATE HARRINGTON, is quite a rhyming celebrity in the State, and I apprehend that the claims of her friends, with reference to her literary gifts, are well-founded. In the face of adverse criticism, and in the face, too, of that malignant element of

human nature which denounces everything which comes out of Nazareth, I am inclined to say, right here, and I will say it, in spite of all popular opposition, that the volume of poems which was issued from the press of Mills & Co., at Des Moines, and of which my friend, Leonard Brown, is the author, contains several admirable articles, which no person could write, unassisted by poetical endowment. His poems are nearly a thousand miles away from me, and I am not able to reproduce one of them.

Many years ago I thought myself a poet. I do not think so now; but I am tempted to present here an article written by myself at nineteen years of age:

KING ALCOHOL.

On the bones of sad millions who died broken-hearted,
The throne of the Fiend is reared up;
His crown is the skull of a victim departed,
His sceptre, the fiery cup.

At the foot of the Monarch thus strangely becrown'd,
An altar of incense appears;
And down through his empire, with ominous sound,
Rolls darkly a river of tears.

His minions are passions, malignant in sway,
Like angels of fallen estate;
They follow his flag to the field, and obey
His nod of imperious fate.

And the breath of the pestilence burdens the air,
And the presence is felt of the dead;
And voices are heard, like the notes of despair,
Exclaiming that "Mercy has fled!"

And the laugh of the maniac ascends to the clouds,
While the clangor of glasses is heard;
And the veins of the victims, who reel in their shrouds,
With liquid damnation are stirred!

For Insanity, there, with demoniac face,
Glares fiercely around in the gloom;
With a yell, and a meaningless curse, takes his place
In that vast Panorama of Doom!

And the moan of the fatherless moves on the blast,
And the prayer of the widow, forlorn;
And far through that empire, so peopled and vast,
The wail of the starving is borne.

And Murder, who filleth the priesthood of crime,
With malevolent thought in his brain,
With his banner, all red, through the ages of Time,
Comes down from original Cain.

Through that weird semi-darkness he furtively glides,
And near him a red rolling flood:
A pitiless dagger, encrimsoned, he guides—
His Order, the Priesthood of Blood!

Then all which is evil, outflowing from wrong,
In the Tempter's dark kingdom has birth;
All disease, and all crime, and all passion belong
To Hell's ante-chamber on earth.

Let me flee from the Tempter at once, and afar
From whirlpools and treacherous sands;
Allured by the sheen of our Temperance Star,
Let me go to Millennial lands.

O, where are Thy lightnings, Jehovah, the Just,
Wherewith the Dark King shall be slain;
Wherewith his proud throne shall be crushed into dust,
And never be builded again?

And where are the bolts of Thy vengeance, O God?
Thy thunders of infinite ire?
Pray hurl them in might from Thy lofty abode,
And the Tempter himself shall expire.

During the period which has been devoted to the labor of composition of this volume, myself and family have been making a temporary home in the family of our relative,

Rev. P. H. Golladay, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Harrison, Hamilton county, Ohio. For more than thirty years he has been an able and devoted minister of the New Testament. He has one of the most interesting families with which I was ever acquainted. His wife, the subject of much bodily affliction, is an examplar, every day of her life, of Christian fortitude and cheerfulness. Her serenity of disposition, in the midst of great suffering, is, indeed, extraordinary. One of the three sons, Thomas Theodore, was a soldier of the Republic, bravely and conscientiously doing the duty of a patriot, as a private in the ranks, when his country was fighting for the preservation of National existence. He was taken sick while in the army, and died in full possession of the Christian's hope, in a hospital at Nashville, on the 25th of March, 1865. The following stanzas, which were written by him, are enriched by all noble sentiments, whatever may be said of them by the cold and passionless critic. He was quite young at the time of his death:

LINES FROM THE TENTED FIELD.

Written by Thomas T. Golladay, who died in the service of his country. Addressed to his parents.

I'm far away—yes, far from home—
But yet I feel I'm not alone.
No, God is with me, day by day,
To comfort me and cheer my way.

And, though the way seems dark and rough,
He's promised he'll give grace enough
To keep my head above the wave,
And me from every danger save.

Sometimes my faith begins to fail,
When Satan does my path assail;
But when I go to God, in prayer,
He says, I will thy burden bear.

But oft I think of friends at home,
And tears, unbidden, seem to come,
Because that I no more may see
Those friends who say they care for me.

But, if on earth we meet no more,
God grant we may on Canaan's shore:
Where Jesus is may we all be,
To spend a blest eternity.

I hope that you for me will pray
That God will cheer me on my way;
That living, I may praise His name,
Then death to me will be great gain.

Dream-Land of the Blind.

BY J. M. DIXON.

THANK God for dreams! They come to me in kindness.
To me, who am in darkness and dependence;
They come to bless me, in this awful blindness,
With more than earth's sublime resplendence.

Midnight, the ancient, with his robes outflowing,
A myriad shadows o'er the earth is casting,
While far above, the countless stars are glowing,
With fires primeval, pure, and everlasting.

Full-winged and voiceless, meditative silence—
Unseen and noiseless—moves through God's dominions;
Traverses billowy seas and slumbering islands,
And soars afar on unimpeded pinions.

In this mid hour of night, when sleep, prevailing,
Makes earth forget its weight of human sorrow,
A thousand forms of beauty I am hailing,
Which live in vision, and will die to-morrow.

Here, in this dream-land, with its mountains hoary,
I see, with those who have not lost their vision;
I see, though blind, a realm of scenic glory—
Behold its skies, and tread its fields Elysian.

Here is a kingdom, vast and undecaying,
For all the blind, in every age, created—
The grand beneficence of God displaying,
In life, and bloom, and beauty, renovated.

Above are stars and fervid suns, all glowing,
In robes of regal sheen the earth arraying;
Below are rivers picturesquely flowing
Through lands whereon the smile of God is playing.

And here, where oceans roll, are peerless islands,
Encompassed by the dash of waves full-crested,
Adorned with valleys and majestic highlands,
And with the grace of Paradise invested.

Here is the rainbow, many-hued and arching—
The sign of promise, with no storm pursuing,
No cloud along the azure depths is marching
To mar a splendor evermore renewing.

And here are cascades in the sunshine flashing,
And down from rocky eminences leaping;
And there are cataracts, in volumes dashing,
To their profoundest depths sublimely sweeping.

Gladly I flee from wakeful hours dependent,
And summon aid which sleep alone can render,
And here, within this land of dreams resplendent,
I find a home of more than mortal splendor.

Awhile in this enchanted land I'll linger,
With forms of wondrous blessedness before me,
My eyes, then touched with death's delivering finger,
Shall open on a realm of fadeless glory.

The Philosophy of Suffering.

The following was written some time prior to my being entirely bereft of sight, and was not intended for publication, having been written with the purpose of employing a portion of that time which seemed to hang so heavily on my hands. I, therefore, rely on the generosity of the reader to deal gently with what may seem inaccurate or inconsistent.

My Friends: Alexander Pope, who was not much of a philosopher, it is true, but who was the smoothest versifier in the English tongue, gave the sanction of his name and the authority of his great intelligence to a system of philosophy, or ethics, or theology, which is embodied in this memorable quotation:

> "In erring Reason's spite,
> One Truth is clear—whatever is, is right."

On a superficial examination we are all ready to condemn the poet for the adoption of a system of philosophy which appears to be subversive of our views of truth and righteousness. It is certainly shocking to our sense of propriety and our perception of those immutable laws which distinguish right from wrong, virtue from vice, and truth from error, to recognize the entire amount of moral corruption which has darkened and desolated this planet for the past six thousand years, as distinctively and originally right. The poet did not mean to give his approval to that moral pestilence which the multiplied forms of

vice have introduced into the world, but he meant to enforce the doctrine that natural evils, distinct from personal wickedness, such as unavoidable disease, suffering and death, are so uniformly promotive of good to some one or more of our fellow-beings, that they should be pronounced right. In the contracted sphere in which we all move, dull as we are of mental vision, slow to understand the economy of Providence in the ordinations of this life, we are rashly led a thousand times to call that evil which contains a positive good. It is my purpose in this lecture to show from observation and experience, as well as from revelation, that those terrible visitations which are embraced under the head of disease, accidents and fearful calamities, have an essential good in them, which is designed to make the world wiser and better. I have chosen for my theme the Philosophy of Suffering, and I design to show by a process of reasoning, which I trust will address itself to your judgment and consciences, that suffering, whether of body or mind, is a grim and ghastly teacher, whose lessons, if learned and obeyed, will educate our race into a state of perfection which can be attained, and which is infinitely to be desired.

It has been asserted by some philosophers, whose systems of faith shrank from the light of intelligent investigation, that evil has no positive existence. They assert that it is simply a negation of good. This doctrine is as absurd as that other one which sprang from a sort of insane infidelity, and which teaches that all of human life, embracing its incidents of moral and material interest, is nothing but a train of ideas or a transitory dream. In appealing to the perceptions of the world, we are answered that there is nothing more real, nothing which has a more absolute existence on the earth than human anguish, whether of the body or the mind. Suffering and enjoyment have been in

antagonism since the period of the original transgression, and they will continue to display their adverse energies until that time shall have come in which the positive elements of good, supported by the invincible arm of Jehovah, will overcome and destroy all that which is evil, and introduce the reign of universal righteousness. It is eminently consolatory to know that however real and palpable human sorrow may be, however intense and destructive human suffering, the ultimate perfection to which our race will reach, under the guidance of infinite wisdom, and under the stimulus of infinite progression, will remove suffering from the earth and substitute the graces and beauties of a joyous existence. I am, therefore, a believer in the millenium, because that glorious period will develop that perfection which springs from progress, and because the revelation of God himself points with prophetic distinctness to the time wherein the embodiment of evil will cease to curse the earth with its presence. Of the victory which shall ultimately be achieved over the aggressive spirit of evil, there is the most authentic assurance.

An intelligent observer, who uses properly the mind which the Almighty gave him, cannot fail to see that the greatest possible good which has been accomplished for the benefit of the world since the infancy of Time, was developed through the medium of suffering.

If this fact has never before been presented to the reader —if it has never occurred to him that suffering, when the mind is shocked by the sense of some appalling calamity, is, so to speak, a monitor whose mission it is to educate the world and impart to it that refinement and discipline which it needs, it shall be my duty in this lecture, humble as my attainments are, to advance the theory that the sorrows, and even agonies, which are inseparably associated with this life, have much less of evil than good in them.

Is it not true that the Art of Printing, which is destined to be a universal agent in the enlightenment of populous continents and the islands of the sea, was born of persecution and suffering? It was born in the darkness of the mediæval ages, when the intelligence, even of all Christendom,—to say nothing of the empire of Paganism,—was almost exclusively confined to cloisters, and when every invention which was designed to elevate the races of the earth to a higher position of mental enjoyment was assaulted by ignorance, and almost swept out of existence by popular superstition. You can form some idea of the suffering endured by the inventor, who was accused, in every city and hamlet of Germany, of the awful guilt of personal fellowship with the Prince of Darkness. Vengeance was invoked on his head, and his very neighbors, with whom he had associated in happier years, and from whom he had received many evidences of substantial kindness, came to regard him with coldness and superstitious distrust, shrinking from his presence when he appeared in public, and combining with the malevolent conspirators who had despoiled him of his reputation, and who were eager to despoil him of his life. Is it not easy to see that this man's sufferings were sanctified to the good of mankind? The sovereignty of his great intellect, regal in its solitary splendor, was refined by suffering, and made more brilliant and more perfect by persecution. The same adverse agencies were at work in the production of human suffering when the telescope was given as a benefaction to the world. Not until the threshold of eternity shall have been reached, and a full and clear revelation of the secrets of the universe vouchsafed to Man, will it ever be known how much distrust, how much anxiety, how much wasting solicitude, how much awful suspense burdened the mind of COLUMBUS while he was moving from throne to throne in Europe,

pleading for kingly co-operation in the great work of revealing to the civilized world the riches and territorial greatness of another hemisphere, far toward the setting sun. We have all read of that period in the life of the illustrious voyager and discoverer, in which, after having triumphed over a thousand discouragements, his chosen crew threatened the entire destruction of his hopes by an act of wanton mutiny. Here was suffering of the most intense character. The voyager had years before proclaimed his great system of faith with reference to an unknown continent beyond the sea. In his poverty and obscurity, while his destiny seemed to be one of gloom and terror, he had grappled with every adverse power, and had achieved victories more stupendous in their results than those which had been obtained by JULIUS CESAR, of Rome, or ALEXANDER, of Macedon. But, after all, in full view of the most illustrious discovery of all time, it seemed certain for a little while that the Almighty, whose power had sustained him thus far, was about to leave him to his fate. The darkness which overspread his soul—as deep night conceals the sunny landscapes of earth—when the wrath of mutineers threatened to sweep him and his hopes into the sea, will never be fully comprehended by human intelligence. His was a masterly struggle with a destiny which seemed to be harsh, and with an agony to which no greater intensity could have been given. But he conquered; and, as an effect of his great mental and physical achievement, a new world, as it were, was added to the dependencies of the universe, and new nations, which were destined amid the developments of Time to have a prestige and an illustrious history, sprang into being.

By an easy act of the mind, my friends, you can form some conception of the struggle of soul and intellect, of the alternate depression and elevation of spirit, of the acute

mental throes and convulsions, which gave, in their order, steam navigation, railways, and telegraphs to this and the past generation. In these inventions, which have almost reversed the analogy of business and custom, which have, in a sense, destroyed space and obliterated time, which have cemented the bonds of nations and brought the kingdoms of this world into intimate fellowship, the philosophy of suffering has a perfect illustration.

You are familiar with the biography of Robert Fulton. You have heard of his conflict with adverse fortune, and have sympathised with him in the sorrows which overburdened his great heart and desolated half the years of his life. You have heard of his repeated disappointments, and you have wondered as you saw hope, and energy, and unlimited victory spring up in his indomitable spirit from the ashes of despondency and despair. And you have heard, also, my friends, of that other inventor, to whom allusion has been made, who subjugated the lightning to his control, brought distant provinces within hailing distance of each other in an instant of time, and made intelligence leap among submarine mountains by the aid of the Atlantic Cable. With what unspeakable solicitude have we followed, in imagination, the hesitating steps of this inventor, as he passed in and out of the halls of Congress, sick and heart-worn, weary, even unto hopelessness, chilled through by that official ignorance and selfishness which failed to recognize his genius, and which turned him away in poverty and neglect, while an army of demagogues, useless to their country, were feasting and fattening on the national treasury. Here was poignant suffering; but it was borne with the heroism of a true man. Eureka! Victory came at last. Light sprang from the bosom of palpable darkness. The inventor of the telegraph lived to see an official recognition of his claims; and posterity, down

to that period wherein the drama of man's probation shall have witnessed the termination of the last act, will associate his name with those of the world's greatest benefactors.

Cowper thoroughly comprehended the philosophy of suffering when he penned these lines:

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

It is not easy to enumerate the complicated and manifold ills of which we are heirs. Even in his best estate, occupying the most pleasant position which can be reached in his pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave, man is eminently a sufferer—familiar with pains of body and heaviness of spirit, and destined, so far as his earthly nature is concerned, to be associated with decay and the worm in the solitude of the grave. Yet, if he were able to see beyond the cloud, and beyond the dread mystery which is inscribed on all of human life, he would see countless blessings, as stars kindling in the heavens, where now, through his imperfect vision, he sees nothing but sorrow, suffering, and death. He cannot see in his finite condition, unassisted by Revelation and the impressive lessons of the Spirit of God, that sickness and misfortune are agencies in the hands of our Divine Parent to subdue our haughty natures, to repress our infinite pride, to mortify our inexcusable vanities, to overpower and break our stubborn wills, and to bring us contritely to the foot of the Cross, begging for mercy. I may be permitted to say here, without any divergence from my theme, that if the Cross of Christ has any significance at all, that significance is infinite, and fills eternity; and if there be an agency under the sun—whether it comes in the shape of the cloud, or tempest, or

the sweeping pestilence, or any other visitation of seeming wrath, which will arouse us from the slumbers of the soul, startle us from our moral stupefaction, and send us, with all possible speed, from the thunders of Sinai to the Sufferer on Calvary—it must be pronounced good, as the Almighty pronounced the original creation good, before the landscapes of earth were marred and desolated by the offences of man. If we incline to think it otherwise, it is because we see only a small portion of the way before us instead of the whole length of it.

I trust I will not be charged with egotism if I here present a chapter from my own personal history. I, too, in common with others, have been compelled to study the philosophy of suffering, and to learn, as far as possible, the uses of adversity. I, too, have had my alternations of hope and despair, and I have prayerfully sought to bring light from prevailing darkness, and to draw encouragement instead of terror from an appalling calamity. Nearly two years ago, without any warning or premonition, in the midst of health and in the hurry of manifold business engagements, the use of my eyes was suddenly taken from me, and I was disqualified at once for the active pursuits of life. No such misfortune had ever before threatened or assailed me. My vision had been clear and unclouded, and, as my vocation was journalism, engaged, as I was, for years in the editorial department of a morning daily, at the capital of Iowa, I had been able, night after night, even until the small hours of the morning, to read proofs, often of the smallest type, entirely unapprehensive that the time would come in which books and journals, always objects of interest and affection, would be hermetically sealed to me, and in which the scenery of the universe would fail to leave its impression on the vacant eye.

Month after month passed away, filling me with hope-

fulness to-day with reference to the condition of my eyes, and to-morrow causing me almost to sink from despair. At last I could recognize the fact, day by day, that the horizon of vision was becoming with me more and more contracted, and that through the agency of events which could not be controlled, I was surely passing into a state in which the sun seemed to wander darkly through the heavens, sending forth not even a solitary ray of light to cheer the awful gloom which encompassed me.

I do not ask you, my friends, whose sight may have been unobstructed all the days of your lives, to enter into a full comprehension of my feelings when the startling conviction came on my heart that the deep twilight in which I was groping my way would soon be merged into a night like that which gave no gleam to the sightless eyes of HOMER or of MILTON.

In the early part of December last, after having been the victim of medical mistreatment for a whole year, the shadows around began to be more gloomy and more profound. I remember, as though it were yesterday, that I took my younger child upon my knee, and, with an agony which I had never known before, I tried again and again to catch the expression of her features, before this last opportunity should pass away for ever. But great shadows interposed between her face and my decaying sight. I could see the dim and shadowy outlines of her little features, but they were fearfully indistinct. Nothing was sharply defined, and an ominous mist floated before my eyes, at that moment, seemingly, more terrible than total blindness, causing me to bow my head and exclaim, in my great agony: "This, then, is blindness! Here, then, is the end of hope. God pity my poor and helpless family!" Realizing my condition, the thought of my family, whose natural protector and supporter was himself blind and

helpless, brought tears, unbidden, to my eyes, and I wept as I had not wept before since the days of childhood. Still there is an elasticity in the human mind, which, even under extraordinary circumstances, is able to adapt itself to our suffering conditions. At first, when the possibility of ultimate blindness suggested itself to me, I could not bear the thought. It was too terrible for tranquil contemplation. With all the courage and philosophy I could summon to my aid, I was willing to compromise with my fate on the loss of one eye, so that the other might be preserved. After that, when the horizon of vision contracted still more and more, leaving between it and myself a radius which was hardly perceptible, I was willing, in my perilous condition, to accept the smallest conceivable glimmer of light in one eye only, and be profoundly grateful for this little advantage over total blindness. Still, after that, when the darkness became more profound, I was willing, at last, to accept total loss of vision, provided that the pain which had continuously shot through my temples for months, and deprived me of sleep, until I was in a condition of feverish distraction, should wholly disappear, and leave me to the repose which my heart so fervently coveted.

I have no hesitation in believing that if circumstances had permitted me to travel a few hundred miles, and place myself under the care of a competent oculist, I would now be at my home in Des Moines, fully restored to health and sight, and employed, as of old, in my professional business. But no such boon was vouchsafed me, and finally, when I obtained an amount of means wherewith to defray my expenses and those of my family in journeying to Cincinnati, it was too late to save that which was irrevocably lost. When my health was entirely broken down by a system of murderous depletion, which had been adopted by my physician, and at a time, too, when I was

not able, in the most perfect sunlight, to recognize a single object on the face of the earth, I came to Cincinnati, for medical assistance. Since that period, while following out to the letter the directions of my physician, and while blessed with the constant and devoted attention of my wife, the hundred temporary improvements which have been made in my eyes have been followed by a hundred relapses, some of which were of the most painful character. I cheerfully submitted to five severe surgical operations, hoping to realize therefrom some permanent benefit. But I was too late in reaching a competent physician. After I had tried to make a temporary visit to my home in Iowa, to attend to some important business matters, and to greet my old friends, from whom I had been separated so many weary months, and, above all, to take to my embrace our younger child, whom my blindness and poverty compelled me to leave at home, I was compelled, when I had reached Chicago, to return, with all practicable speed, to Cincinnati. On the very day which succeeded our return, and while I was alone in my room, my right eye seemed to burst literally from its socket, and throw itself down on my right cheek. In a moment of time, by a catastrophe which was entirely unexpected, and which gave to my mind a sense of shuddering horror, the whole structure of that eye was destroyed. It may be (but a fearful suspense overhangs the future) that my left eye will ultimately regain a portion of its former vigor; but of this there is no confident assurance. Thus far, every hope which I have fondly indulged, with reference to my eyes, has passed away as the morning cloud and as the early dew. My impression is—and there is something almost prophetic in it—that the same cause which has already destroyed one of my eyes will at last destroy the other, and leave me to my fate.

It is but natural to ask what the Philosophy of Suffer-

ing has taught me within the past two years? I will tell you briefly, and then you may draw your own inferences. It has taught me to cultivate a spirit of gratitude toward those noble-hearted friends in Iowa and elsewhere, who have clung to me through all these weary months of pain and misfortune, and who have encouraged me, in every kindly way, to hope that this great woe which has overwhelmed my prospects will yet pass away from me. It has taught me to bear my affliction with becoming fortitude; and it has, I trust, prepared my mind to sustain, with firmness and courage, all future shocks of adversity. It has been a rough teacher, but it has thoroughly disciplined my soul to meet, with fitness, the vicissitudes of existence. And infinitely above all, and beyond all my friends, it has subdued the haughtiness of my nature, and impelled me to hasten away from the sneer of the infidel, from the curled lip of the atheist, and from the false security of the man of the world, to find refuge on Calvary, in full view of the Cross of Christ. It has taught me to withdraw my trust and confidence from an arm of flesh, and to place my trust in the merits of the world's Redeemer. It has taught me to say, in the fullness of my devotion to the cause of Christ: Though these eyes may never more open to see the human face divine, or recognize the beauties and splendor of God's visible universe; "though my flesh and my heart shall fail, God shall be the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever. . . Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

The Philosophy of Suffering, refined and sanctified by the spirit of infinite grace and glory, constrains me to say, with the afflicted patriarch of Arabia: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and at the latter day He shall stand upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for

myself, and mine eyes shall behold Him, though my reins be consumed within me." As a result of the practical lessons which adversity has taught me, I am able to say that "these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, will work out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Finally, my friends, the Philosophy of Suffering, through grace, has brought me to that point in my religious experience at which I have made a solemn consecration of myself to the service of God. All I am, all I hope to be, has been placed on the altar of sacrifice, with the full expectation that, with all my imperfections, I will yet be instrumental in accomplishing some good.

Thus far my lecture relates to individuals only; but the philosophy of suffering applies, in an extended and amplified sense, as well to nations.

To develop my subject, I will present one or two historical illustrations. Every school-boy and school-girl in the land, to say nothing of the adult population of the country, is familiar with the history of that struggle—nearly a hundred years ago—which released the American Colonies from the control of the British Empire, and which terminated in the establishment of the most enlightened and formidable Republic in the world. Through seven years of almost unexampled suffering the Colonies passed, all the way from Lexington and Bunker Hill, to the ultimate surrender of the last British army, at Yorktown. American patriots everywhere passed through an ordeal of terrible suffering. Destitute of adequate clothing, surrounded by foes on every hand—despoiled, for the time being, of every prestige of victory, and threatened with starvation and death, the American army lay for months in quarters at Valley Forge, enduring the rigor of a merciless winter, and almost hopeless of the salvation of that cause for which they had gladly and bravely taken up arms. But the long night of national probation passed away, and the

morning came. Out from a region of suffering, out from the bosom of darkness, came an infant nation—the American Republic—the glory of the Western Hemisphere, and the marvel and wonder of the world.

That historian must possess an infinite gift in the collection of material, who, while the occurrences of which he treats are fresh in popular memory, is able to embrace in his volume the briefest possible recital of the suffering which this nation endured in that awful struggle for life, which continued from the secession of South Carolina, in 1860, until the capture of the Confederate Army of Virginia, under Lee, in the Spring of 1865. More than four years of horrible suspense, with treason active, venomous and deadly, in the North as well as in the South. Blood flowed like mountain torrents; the angel of death was continually present; whole States were desolated by the tramp of armies and the torch of civil war, and the entire land, from lake to gulf, and from ocean to ocean, was in mourning for its sons who perished in hospital, or in captivity, or on the battle-field. But, as lightning purifies the atmosphere, and as the convulsions of Nature are often designed to re-establish order in the Universe, so the tremendous suffering which was realized by our country during the late civil war has resulted in the destruction of many forms of evil, and in giving greater purity and freedom to our Republican institutions. If we shall be true hereafter to our high mission among the nationalities of earth, in due time the fact will develop itself that the recent sufferings of our country were ordained, in the providence of God, to secure our best interests in the future, and to promote the reign of universal righteousness. The blood which was spilled on a hundred fields of carnage, was not spilled in vain, and the suffering which convulsed the hearts of our people was not borne in vain.

Reverently I approach another branch of my subject. I have spoken of individuals and of nations. It remains for me to speak now of the sufferings of that Being, who, in His own body, secured the redemption of the world. Of this Being, one of the Evangelists, St. Luke, says: "And thus it is written, and thus it behooved CHRIST to suffer," &c. There must, indeed, be an efficacy and a divinity in suffering, because the world, irrevocably lost without it, was redeemed by it. The nature of His entrance into the world was humiliating. The star which the wise men saw, pointed to the Infant Saviour, in the manger at Bethlehem. To escape the wrath of that historical butcher, HEROD, His parents were compelled to flee with Him into Egypt. Years afterward, in the depth of His poverty, He was constrained to say, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." The inheritor of infinite wealth, having had the plentitude of all riches in heaven and in earth under His divine control, He voluntarily and cheerfully left the glory which He had with the Father, and became poor, that we, through His poverty, might become rich. The plan of salvation, as devised in the councils of eternity, demanded that Christ should suffer, and enter into His glory. From the manger to the grave, His life was a series of humiliations and sufferings. He was tempted in all points as we are, yet without sin. As the Captain of our salvation, He was made perfect through suffering; yet, while engaged in His mission of infinite mercy and benevolence, opening the eyes of the blind, unstopping the ears of the deaf, restoring the sick to health, and commanding the sepulcher to give up its dead, His name was cast out as evil, and His miracles of kindness, wrought by the power of the Almighty, were denounced as blasphemous and satanic. The garden of Gethsemane is certainly suggestive to our minds

of an agony which none but the Saviour of the world could have endured, and live. The suffering of all time seems to have been aggregated, and transferred to His bleeding heart. Great drops of blood stood on His consecrated brow as He said, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." Betrayed by one of his disciples, He was brought to the judgment-seat by His persecutors, and adjudged guilty of death. In horrible mockery a crown of thorns was placed on His head, and He was hailed, in derision, King of the Jews. He bore His own cross up the steep of Calvary, and every breeze which swept through Jerusalem, and among the mountains which encircled the ancient City of God on earth, was freighted with curses, which were invoked by His enemies, on the Son of God. Through hours of infinite torture of soul and body, He remained suspended on the cross; and when His humanity, which had hitherto been supported by the Godhead in Himself, was left to struggle alone, He exclaimed in a voice of anguish, which made the sympathetic earth reel to its center under a great woe, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

Here, then, was suffering unexampled in its intensity and in its effects on a world of sinners. "SOCRATES, after he had drank the fatal hemlock, and had cheerfully discoursed with his sympathizing friends, died like a philosopher; but JESUS CHRIST, perishing among his enemies, and hated by the myriads of fallen intelligencies on earth and in hell, died like a God." And now, through faith in that incarnate victim of the world's malice, the sons and daughters of ADAM can appropriate to themselves the merits of CHRIST'S death, and secure to themselves, through grace, eternal exemption from sorrow, and an abundant entrance into that city whose builder and maker is God.

A Night of Terror.

During our temporary residence in the village of Harrison, and while I was engaged in preparing the manuscript of this book, the quietude and monotony of life were invaded by an incident which enveloped the entire household in a pall of gloom, and nearly resulted in the sudden death of my dear little daughter, Joie Savery, two years old. It was a fearful episode in our history, lasting almost through one night, and leaving an ineffaceable impression on the minds of all persons who witnessed the terrible scene. On the morning which preceded that night of terror, my wife had gone to Cincinnati, twenty-five miles distant, and had obtained a liquid preparation for my eyes, the base of which was sulphate of atropia. To those readers who are acquainted with the nature of that vegetable poison, called *Belladonna*, or deadly night-shade, it is not necessary to say that the solution which is called atropine, containing, as it does, the principle of *Belladonna* in its concentrated form, is exceedingly fatal to human life when taken, even in small quantities, into the stomach. Mineral poisons are neutralized by antidotes which are called specifics, because of their certainty to accomplish the desired results; but vegetable poisons, insidious and deadly, are furnished with no specific antidote, either in the kingdom to which they belong, or any other. My wife returned from the city just before tea. I remember that she had the vial in her hand, and was about to use a por-

tion of the solution for my benefit, when I told her to lay it aside till after tea. She did so, carefully placing the vial far back on a table, against the wall, behind a portable writing desk, which effectually concealed it from view. It was not more than a minute after our return to our room from the tea-table, when the colored girl, who had charge of the child while my wife was assisting me as an amannensis, noticed that the little girl had an empty vial in her hand. It was immediately discovered that by climbing on a chair, and reaching over the table as far as her short body and arms would permit, she had seized the contraband vial, had pulled out the cork, and taken some of the contents into her stomach, spilling the remainder over her clothes and on the carpet.

Through some kind of fatuity, for which I am unable to account, neither my wife nor myself permitted the idea, at first, to take root in our minds, that our baby had swallowed any portion of the poison. We seemed to take it for granted, without seeking for conclusive evidence, that she had inverted the vial immediately after taking out the cork, without attempting to carry the poisonous solution to her mouth. I was so well convinced that this was the case, that nothing appeared to trouble me except the loss of the medicine, which my wife proposed to replace, if possible, by going to a drug-store in the village. While she was gone, the child displayed some change by a hoarse, dry cough, such as is almost invariably produced in adult persons by the application of atropine to the eye alone. This excited my worst apprehensions, and, then, when her demeanor, which had been lively and playful all the evening, changed, almost in a moment, to a dull, half stupefied condition, it was evident that my worst fears were realized. Unable to keep her feet without reeling, she found her way to the nurse, as though groping in the dark, and in her own

childish way spoke of her feeling of sleepiness. In a very short time she was in a fitful and uneasy slumber, from which she awoke a little while after her mother's return.

It was now too plain for cavil that our baby was suffering from the effects of a terrible poison. Our uncle, Mr. P. H. Golladay, and his family were soon rendering us all the assistance in their power. Little Joie was a great favorite with them all, and they were profoundly moved to sympathy at this new revelation of calamity in my family. Dr. Clark, a veteran and excellent physician, who had been a resident of Harrison for a quarter of a century, and Dr. Thomson, an accomplished member of the profession also, were in attendance as soon as they could be summoned. The little patient grew worse and worse as the hours advanced. As one effect of the poison, the pupil of each eye was dilated to the full extent nearly of the cornea, inducing blindness, or obscurity and confusion of sight, which was worse than blindness. From this deficiency of vision, a vivid impression came to her that she was falling from a great height, and she begged her mother in the most pathetic style of childish entreaty and supplication, to hold her fast and keep her from sinking! At no time, as far as we could discover, did her mind wholly desert her; and when the state of her vision did not prevent it, she was able to recognize persons with whom she was acquainted. Yet her brain was in an awful condition, and the excitement of her body and limbs, as she threw herself into every contortion which the violence of her great agony could produce, was fearful to witness. For once I thanked God that I was blind. I thanked him that I was unable to see the dreadful spectacle of my child's suffering.

At eleven o'clock that night there may have been a lingering hope in the minds of the physicians, that the patient

would survive ; but hope had fled from the minds of nearly all others. In my state of chronic despondency, always looking on that side whereon no silvery lining to the cloud was visible, despair settled down on my soul, and from the first moment in which the symptoms of poison became manifest, I gave her up as lost. My uncle—a man of strong courage and faith in God—yielded at last to the accumulation of evidence, and directed my hopeless mind to that sphere, far beyond the darkness of the sepulchre, where our child, in her freedom from the sufferings of earth, would wait our final coming, when we, too, should rise from the billows of Jordan, and hasten to the City of the Blessed on the other shore. Our aunt—an exemplar of Christian hope and fortitude—was one of the last to realize the total inefficacy of earthly means to save the sufferer. But when the mother, who was continually upraiding herself for placing an instrument of death within reach of her child, felt the last hope die out in her heart, her despair cannot be described.

Before midnight, I went into a room below stairs, and placed my hands to my ears to shut out those sounds of plaintive agony which came from our dear baby. I could not then comprehend the significance of that Providence which had permitted so many sorrows to crowd the last two years of my life. I did not murmur; but as I sat in the dumbness of an awful sorrow, trying to escape from the moans of the little sufferer, and trying to look out through the blankness of lost vision for a ray of light in all the Universe of God, I could not tell, in the anguish of that night, why it was that my Redeemer, whose pity is everlasting, could permit my child to be taken from me in that terrible way. But through the agency of the means which were used, there was a change for the better at three o'clock in the morning. Strong opiates had been

administered; and before the dawn of the next day, which was a Sabbath of unusual blessedness to my spirit, our dear child, who had wandered down to the margin of the river, and had almost placed her little feet in the rippling tide of Death, came back to us in the morn as one who had risen from the dead.

A glorious little incident, associated with that night, remains to be told. Early in the evening, and at the time, also, when it became apparent that the poison had commenced its destructive work, my little son, FRANKIE, seven years old, betrayed great uneasiness concerning the condition of his sister. Later in the night, when the feeling was almost universal that the child must die, FRANKIE was seen to go to bed with a smile of cheerfulness, rather than an expression of unhappiness, on his countenance. He at once sank into a profound sleep, which was not interrupted until the morning came, and until his sister was out of danger. On being asked how he could go to sleep so contentedly when all of us believed that his sister could not live till morning, he answered as follows:

"I prayed to the Lord to save my sister JOIE, and I was *sure* He would do it!"

Where, in all this world of sorrow and crime, can there be found a stronger evidence of sublime and victorious faith than was presented by that pale little boy who communed with God in prayer for his dear little sister, and was sure that his petition would be answered?

Editorial Adventures.

My perception of whatever is ludicrous is certainly very large; and no matter what may be my situation, whether it be in the midst of prosperity, or of the most desolating calamities which are experienced in the sphere of our evanescent probation on earth, I firmly believe my risibilities will bear excitation, even to the end of my life. I do not wish it to be understood that I am incapable of grave or serious reflection, or that I have none of those moods of mind in which a laugh is as much out of place as a dancing party in a cemetery. On the contrary, the time and opportunity afforded me for meditation are not calculated to induce an over-joyous temperament, but rather, a disposi tion to melancholy, amounting, at times, perhaps to moroseness. Were it not for those occasional outbursts of mirthfulness, which force their way to the surface, and disperse the clouds which gather darkly all over the sky, life would be an almost intolerable burden.

I cannot tell what it was which induced me—with an abundance of crape on my hat and arm—to introduce a chapter on editorial adventures. Only an hour ago, or less time, I was in a gust of merriment while recalling a little incident which I had read years ago. It happened that a pig, whose self-culture was remarkable, was in the habit of finding his way into the luxury of a corn-field, through a hollow and crooked log, one end of which lay on the outside of the field. It is not often that an animal,

of obscure birth and destined to a gory death, is furnished with such a felicitous highway to fodder as this pig had discovered and appropriated to his own use. Indeed, two or three affecting lines in the old English Reader are suggestive of the blissful plan which had been devised for the comfort of our quadrupedal friend. Here are the lines:—

"The hole through which our grunter moves each day,
Is prized beyond the common walks
Of pigs—quite on the verge of grub!"

I may not be able to vouch for the accuracy of the quotation; but I am fully competent to state that the gentleman who owned the field, happening to see the swine's surprising ingenuity, moved the log in such a manner as to keep both of its ends on the outside of the fence. Having accomplished this little piece of strategy, the gentleman retired to a convenient place to reconnoiter. In good time, the pig approached the log, and unsuspectingly stepped into the familiar cavity. When he came out on the other side, and saw that he had not reached the land of corn, in accordance with his usual experience on such excursions, the look of conscious bewilderment which settled on his phiz, all the way from his snout to the boundary of his expansive brow, was extremely laughable. Seeing that he had made a stupendous mistake, he walked carefully back to the place of starting, and again passed through to the other end. As he again emerged into the light, his expression of blank wonder, as he alternately looked upward, and downward, and on each side, and in front of his snout, was more intensely ludicrous than anything else which had ever been seen since the first pig was created. Unwilling still to be separated from the land of Canaan, which he had so mysteriously lost, he went through the cavity a third time; but, finding results all the same, he gave the log a look of awful regret, and then, having

uttered a grunt of pungent sorrow and disgust, he elevated his tail to a horizontal line, and fled with all speed from the place of mystery. I submit, to my readers, that a tale of terrible and fascinating interest might be written with the following title: "The Mysterious Cavity; or, a Disappointed Swine."

The man who undertakes to conduct a newspaper, believing that he will enjoy unalloyed felicity in his vocation, is sure to realize more grievous disappointments than those which laid waste the delicate sensibilities of our hero of the "Mysterious Cavity." One of the first lessons I was compelled to learn was the fact that every article I wrote, of a personal character, whether it was aimed at any particular target or not, was almost sure of wounding the feelings of some one, and of exciting enmities which had not been anticipated. I may safely say that one of the best men in my county, who, also, was the most generous and the most noble-hearted friend I had in the earlier years of my profession, was profoundly insulted by an article which had been written by myself, and which had not the remotest reference to him. Again and again I assured him of my unbounded respect, and tried to convince him that it was impossible for me, in view of the warmth of our previous friendship, to say anything against him, either in the paper or out of it. But he was relentless to the last. He has not forgiven me, to this day, for a crime against friendship which I never committed; for I am ready, at this time, and have been ready for years, to declare, under the sanctions and solemnities of an oath, that I never cherished or uttered a thought of hostility against him. I mention this incident to show how easy it is for an editor, even without the commission of any offence, to involve himself in difficulty, and suffer estrangements which will continue to the last hour of his life.

During the course of my editorial career, I was honored with three warlike visits, one of which was intended to result in my bodily destruction, through the agency of clubs in the hands of a couple of ruffians, and the others were designed to result in a gross humiliation, through the instrumentality of cow-hides. In the instance in which clubs were the weapons, I was the only occupant of the *sanctum* when the ruffians, who had selected night for the accomplishment of their purpose, found their way to the desk at which I was writing. One of them had been the subject of a severe, but merited, rebuke in the paper; and when he and his confederate made their appearance, in an unwonted place, and at an unseasonable hour, I was satisfied of the belligerent nature of their visit, and was seriously apprehensive with reference to the consequences. The war was then in progress, and the differences between the partisans of peace and the advocates of war were carried to the lowest depths of malignity. Even in the North, unswept as it was by the scourge of civil war, human life was cheap. The obliteration of an editor was not an impossible event, and I had no indubitable assurance that my own time had not come. It chanced, however, that a pistol—one of the trophies of a hard-fought field in the South—lay on the table within easy reach, and in full view of my sanguinary foes. It had no load in it, and I have every reason to believe that the last charge it contained was fired at the rebels during the siege of Vicksburg. I am certain now, and always have been, since that moment of positive alarm, that the pistol saved me from the violence of a cowardly assault, and probably saved more than one life. In less than five minutes after the entrance of these ruffians into the room, and after conversing with me in a friendly and agreeable manner, they left the room, and I saw them no more. A short time afterward, I learned

from persons who saw them go out of the building, that each of them was armed with a club, which, during their stay with me, was effectually concealed from my vision.

A notorious courtezan, who, from the shamelessness of her debaucheries, had been expelled from a dozen cities, North and South, came to Des Moines, in the character of a female lecturer. She was so execrable, every way, that the *State Register* ventilated her character with much severity, and advised the public to abstain from her entertainments. She read the paragraph, while disposing of breakfast at her hotel, and at once it seemed as if the seven devils of MARY MAGDALENE had seized on her fine moral constitution, doing great damage to that immaculate structure. She hastened to a neighboring shop, purchased a cow-hide, and occupied a whole half-day in informing perfect strangers of the terrible wrong which had been inflicted on her reputation, and of her purpose of tremendous vengeance. At two o'clock in the afternoon, she stalked into the office, with the air of a fury, flourishing her whip in a style of formidable menance. In a tone of frantic hostility she inquired for the fellow who "writ that piece against her in the paper;" but as there were quite a number of persons in the office at the time, it required greater skill than she possessed—and she professed to have the gift of divination and sorcery—to identify the transgressor. "The fellow who writ the piece" was of course silent, and the whole company maintained, for his sake, a magnanimous reticence. When she had flaunted and flirted around the room for two or three minutes, carrying her antics to the highest point of passionate extravagance, it suddenly occurred to her that the atmosphere of a printing office was too close for her weak lungs, and she retired from our presence with some precipitation, swearing, meanwhile, with the fluency of a professional cyprian.

But I was not destined to come off so easily every time a hostile collision was threatened. A young man in the city, whom I shall call SPANKER, because of my unwillingness to injure his feelings, or his reputation, by giving to the world his real name, came into the office one morning with a clouded brow, which indicated a disordered state of the system. I was not alone, as on a former occasion, for two of my fellow-laborers in the *Register* office, J. R. CAREY and JAMES H. KNOX, were in the same apartment with me. Both of these gentlemen were newspaper men, and the latter had been long enough in fellowship with the editorial fraternity to feel a tingle of strong indignation whenever the rights of any one of his brethren were invaded. I remember that I was sitting with my back to the door, and my feet under the table whereat I was working. This attitude compelled me to look backward over my shoulder when I desired to see a visitor as he came in at the door. For defensive purposes, or for any other purpose which required a quick exhibition of muscular energy, my position at the table was anything but desirable.

I will pause here, for a brief space, to make a confession, which, I trust, will exert a kindly influence on those Hotspurs of the Press, who, like myself, are too much in the habit, on the spur of the moment, and while under the influence of passion, of inditing harsh sentences, without proper reflection and deliberation. It is not a crime to have a choleric disposition. The crime consists in permitting this disposition to exercise despotic sway, without regard to the rights and feelings of our fellow-beings. I wish to place on record the fact that every article of mine which was written under the excitements of anger, and which went to the world, in the columns of a journal, without restriction or modification, always came back to haunt my peace in one or more of the modes which retributive jus-

tice is sure to employ in such cases of wrong-doing. I have had my hours of penitence and remorse for paragraphs of mine, which were penned under the guidance of a wrong and unreasoning spirit; but there has been no remorse in my case like that which comes to the editor from the perversity of hot passion. I made a long step in editorial knowledge when I learned that a newspaper should never be vitiated and corrupted into a medium for the exercise of personal resentment, passion and hatred. The disagreement between SPANKER and myself arose from matters in which society was not interested. Its character was essentially private; and, yet, the incitements of hot blood induced me to give it the dignity of a circulation in a paper with which thousands of readers were familiar. When an editor lends his journal and himself to the service of this style of vicious literature, there is no lower depth of mischievous folly into which he can plunge.

I have already stated that there was a cloud on the brow of Mr. SPANKER when he entered the office. When within two or three feet of my table he halted, and in a tone in which tremulousness was dominant, he began to make some pungent inquiries concerning the paternity of a personal article in that morning's paper. I frankly confessed that he might consider me the author until some other man should establish a better claim. Assuming the air of a monarch, whose merest wish is law, he called on me to retract my offensive language. I looked at Mr. SPANKER with an unusual degree of sharpness; and having measured his fair proportions from head to foot, I satisfied myself that he was a young man of less than average height, with a pleasing thinness and flaccidity, certain of being worsted, if, in a contest between us, none but natural weapons were used. Flushed with these animating discoveries, I was on the verge of making some impudent remark,

when I noticed a suspicious movement of Mr. SPANKER'S hand, as though a weapon was concealed beneath his coat. Instead of giving expression to a thought of scorn, or ridicule, as I had been tempted to do, I came down to the level of freezing respect, and informed him that if the offending article had done him injustice, I would, on being convinced that such was the case, make a public and honorable retraction. Mr. SPANKER ought to have been satisfied with this declaration; but, instead of that, he bristled up in a manner which little folks often assume, in order to give fictitious importance and dignity to their shadowy frames, and imparted to me the startling intelligence that he would give me one minute, and one only, wherein to decide the grave question of retraction, as he had presented it to my consideration.

As a matter of course, this last remark of Mr. SPANKER, uttered with an air of stern authority, looked like business. The fellow was more terribly in earnest than was desirable at that early hour of the morning. It seemed evident to me, from his language and gesture, and from the entire surroundings of the case, that there was a deadly weapon of some kind hidden beneath his coat. It was settled satisfactorily to myself that the weapon was a pistol, and nothing else; and it was abundantly manifest that he was fool enough to use it, provided there was a failure on my part to go through a process of editorial humiliation. At that momentous juncture, a host of thoughts rushed through my brain in indescribable confusion. In the centre of this panorama of mental gymnastics, a lively little thought that my days were about to be numbered on the earth, went bobbing around with inconceivable sprightliness! And then that inevitable sequence, the thought of a widow and an orphan at home, and a sickly little funeral, scampered about in a state of deformity, with

a Colt's revolver under each arm and a pile of crape on its head!

Having made up my mind that Mr. SPANKER had a loaded pistol, and that he intended to use it on my clay-built tenement, I sprang to my feet with more agility than I had exhibited since I was made the victim of birchen punishment at school, and plunged into Mr. SPANKER's bodily developments with an impromptu grandeur of movement which took the little fellow by surprise, and swept him from his feet in a twinkling! But he was plucky, although overthrown; and for an indefinite space of time, a vigorous contest was waged, the scene of which was transferred from point to point on the floor, under the table, in the corners, against the walls and partition, until it finally settled in the coal-box behind the stove, where my little hero —all begrimed with bituminous dust and perspiration— gave up, and surrendered at discretion. After the whole affair was over, I discovered, to my infinite surprise, that the weapon against which I supposed myself to be fighting at the start, turned out to be a sickly cow-hide, which, in the first onset, was knocked from its hiding-place, and was thrown fully ten feet from the combatants, where it lay, unused and unseen by either party, during the entire struggle. I will leave my readers to estimate the extent of that awful fatuity which induced Mr. SPANKER, with his deficient weight and muscle, to effect an entrance into another man's castle, and try the gigantic experiment of cow-hiding an editor who stood fully six feet in his boots, and weighed nearly two hundred pounds! I am inclined to declare, at the close of this official report of an engagement which has become historic, that the sublimest failure in cow-hiding, of which I have any personal knowledge, was perpetrated in the sanctum of the *Iowa State Register*, by my affectionate friend, Mr. SPANKER.

During the years of the great Civil War, extending from 1861 to 1865, through four years of national agony and universal unrest, the Tripod was certainly not a place of ease or security. There was an ominous fever in every man's blood; old friendships were estranged in a day; fathers took sides against their sons, and sons against their fathers; brother repelled brother with that haughtiness of scorn which nothing but differences of sentiment in revolutionary times could have produced. Frequently, every tie of affinity and of blood was sundered; and the very ligaments which bound society together under the government of common laws, and common habits and customs, as well as a common interest, were cut sharply in twain; and the demons of revenge, malice, and pitiless passion, usurped the places of peace and social amity. Men in the various spheres of life opened their lips but to give utterance to the cry of proscription and ostracism. At midnight, dwellings and great edifices were given to the flames by the incendiary; and human life lost its sacredness, and was counted as dust in the balance. At such a time as this, when the elements of government and general society were in a state of chaos and wreck, I felt that my position on a news journal, engaged as I was on that department which is certain to excite enmities in consequence of the local and personal nature of its contents, was onerous, and sometimes perilous. I sympathized very strongly with the side which my conscience and judgment directed me to choose; and the characterizations of my pen, when the course of leading men in the opposite party came under review, were reprehensibly bitter and vindictive. It was, indeed, impracticable, during that period of internecine strife, for me to extend a feeling of the slightest toleration toward any man whose political sentiments were opposed to the party to which I belonged.

Early in the war, an individual, whom I shall call Mangrove, lived in the south-eastern part of the county of which I was then a resident. He was almost a giant in his bodily organization, and was probably the strongest man, in a muscular sense, in that region of country. When free from his cups, he was reported to be peaceable and friendly; but as he uniformly signalized his visits to the Capitol by becoming intoxicated, and surrounding himself with a band of his wild and grotesque retainers, it was never my good fortune to see him in his sober moments. He was one of those characters who are apt to come to the surface, for the purpose of local leadership, in times of revolution, when society, in all its departments, is in an inflammable condition. Owing to his political position in the county, I gave him the benefit, on several occasions, of pen and ink excoriations, which had a tendency to excite in him a spirit of vengeance.

Several times the report came to me in a direct manner that Mangrove had uttered some violent threats against my life. I was cautioned by some of my friends to take the best possible care of myself; but as threats of the same nature had repeatedly been made against me by other parties, and as there had been a universal failure at the point when menaces were to be succeeded by execution, it would be wrong to assert that I was very seriously frightened. I will admit, however, that a combination of arguments induced me to accept a revolver from a friend. I carried this weapon in one of my pockets for a whole month, forgetting, half the time, that such an article was in my possession, and fearing, the other half, that, by some unto ward accident, it might be discharged with fatal effect on my own life. My marksmanship was always bad, making it doubtful whether I was able to perforate a barn-door ten steps away! At last the pistol became tiresome and

disgusting; and after discharging every barrel of it at a tom-cat, which went away unharmed, without any definite knowledge that I had made target of him, the weapon was presented, in a conditon of innocent emptiness, to my little boy, who certainly made a more civilized use of it than his father! During the course of my life, this was the first and last time I ever had the honor of endangering my own existence by carrying munitions of war on my person.

One day, as I was walking toward the river, on Court Avenue, I was unexpectedly accosted by MANGROVE, who invited me, in a somewhat imperious manner, to accompany him to an adjacent saloon, as he had business of importance to transact with me. I looked at his stupendous frame-work, and a cold chill, which was very unpleasant, crept along my spinal column, and diffused itself through my whole system. You may have your own opinion as to the cause and character of that sensation; but I am convinced that it was produced by a consciousness of imminent personal peril. I was tempted to reject his invitation; but felt convinced, if I proceeded on my way without paying some attention to him, that I would either hasten a collision, which I desired to avoid, or would subject myself to a charge of cowardice, which has a peculiarly harsh influence on a man's prospects in the West. He was not perceivably intoxicated, albeit he had been engaged in extensive libations all the morning. I went with him into the saloon, where, as we leaned against the counter, he initiated a wordy assault, by stating that I had abused him, most offensively and inexcusably, in the columns of the *Register*. As there was a large sprinkling of truth in this declaration, I concluded it to be the part of wisdom to preserve silence until he should reach the end of his generous communication. He proceeded to say that he had never provoked this war of the press against his reputa-

tion, and added that he felt it to be his duty, under the circumstances, to require, then and there, the promise of a full and speedy retraction of my alleged slanders. This placed me in an uneasy position. On one hand, my personal safety seemed to invite me to use all accessible means to pacify my antagonist; and, on the other hand, the dread of being called a coward prevented me from assuming any attitude in this conversation which my friends would deplore, and my enemies would celebrate as a signal triumph. I informed MANGROVE that I had made no accusation against him, which was not supported by what I conceived to be direct testimony; and I remarked, in addition, that whenever I should be convinced that this testimony was false and malicious, I assuredly would do him justice by making an honorable retraction. This did not have the desired effect. The brow of MANGROVE—never magnificent in volume—became more and more overcast with anger, and, at last, after a brief pause in our conversation, he made the counter, and all the glasses thereon, ring with a stroke of his terrible fist, swearing, as he did so, that he would have my heart's blood unless I gave the promise he demanded.

It will be seen at a glance that my situation was exceedingly unpleasant. I loved life, and was unwilling to part with it, especially in that way. It would not be consolatory to my surviving family to know that I had given up the ghost in an affray which occurred in a saloon. But how was I to avoid this catastrophe? I was totally unarmed, and my adversary was immensely my superior in bodily strength. He would find no difficulty in overcoming whatever resistance I might oppose to his assault. Yet, I could not cherish the thought, for a moment, of dishonoring my name, and overthrowing every ambition of life, by getting down into the dust of a ruinous abasement, and kissing

the feet of my assailant. While I was reflecting how to act, to effect an honorable escape from peril, my right hand—acting in the absence of all volition—moved in the direction of a pocket in the left breast of my coat. This movement first arrested MANGROVE'S attention, and then it arrested mine. From that moment the anger of my opponent began to subside. The cloud left his sinister face; his features assumed astonishing placidity; and his voice, which but a moment before resembled the roar of distant thunder, became somewhat subdued, from which I inferred the most beneficent results. I will not assume to say that this surprising transition in the conduct of MANGROVE should be attributed to that involuntary motion of my hand; but, if I am mistaken in a conjecture of this kind, the sudden change in his demeanor, from ferocity to social pleasantness, will always remain to me one of the profoundest mysteries. In the very place where I gloomily expected to lie weltering in my gore, at the feet of a murderous assailant, I took a glass of lager beer with Mr. MANGROVE, and then retired in good condition to the office. I was not at that time, as I am now, in fellowship with a noble temperance organization, which recognizes a glass of beer as the beginning of a disgraceful "bender."

If, in this chapter, or in any other portion of my book, the reader has received an impression that I am attempting to convince him of my prodigious valor and power of execution in hostile encounters, I would assure him that I had no design to produce any such effect. I am naturally cautious at those times when my physical security is menaced with danger. I have never had, in all my life, sufficient vigor of comprehension, or recklessness, or real courage, to understand those men who claim to be insensible to fear. If this be their condition, they are either more or less monomaniacs, if not quite insane, on the subject of

animal courage. If I have not disgraced myself, in a moment of overhanging peril, by scampering away in absolute terror, it was because of wholesome restraints which spring from a sensitiveness with regard to what the world, or society, has to say of cowards. I have not been willing to be lashed through the community by that whip of scorpions which is wielded by public sentiment, when it administers punishment to persons who have cowardly hearts and panic-stricken bodies.

In the summer of 1862, an individual by the name of KINGSTON—pardon me for adopting a fictitious patronymic—came with his family to Des Moines, from the State of Mississippi. At the time I first saw him, in the year designated, he was about forty years of age, with a fragile organization, and with a bilious and saturnine complexion, which indicated a temperament inclining to melancholy. He represented himself as a refugee from treasonable oppression, whose property had been destroyed, or appropriated to their own use, by the revolutionists. I became so interested in the apparent honesty of this man, and sympathized so strongly with him in his tribulations, that I commended him and his family to the kindness of our people in a glowing paragraph in the *Register*. I then assisted him in obtaining a house for his temporary abode, and introduced him to several business men, whose acquaintance was of substantial value to him. He had been a lawyer of more than average address and influence in the South; and it was my belief that in time he would acquire a remunerative practice at the capital of Iowa, notwithstanding the fact that he was brought in direct competition with the first order of professional talent in the North. The first suspicion I entertained of his capacity to conduct a cause in court, came from the circumstance that he dabbled in poetry. He composed an article of much patriotic

sublimity, in five or six stanzas, and requested its publication in our paper. Although the request was granted, I could not see how it was possible for my friend to achieve any eminence at the bar while he bestrode that intractable Pegasus which has thrown so many riders into the dust, and desolated all their prospects. A poetical lawyer is a nondescript, a sort of professional hermaphrodite, a nameless and incomprehensible curiosity, an antithetical bundle of insane ideas, concerning whom I have nothing more to say in this paragraph.

It is not my object in this sketch to re-open wounds which have cicatrized, or to injure the feelings of an individual whose ingratitude has long since been forgiven. On the other hand, it is no part of my design to revive any question of partisanship which belongs to a dead era. My exclusive object is to speak of incidents, whether of suffering or of triumph, which were associated with my profession. Among all those men who pursued me with unremitting hate during the war, there is not one whom I have not forgiven, and there is not one of whom I am unwilling to ask pardon for manifold expressions of passion with which my pen was wont to connect their names.

One morning in September, 1862, the *Daily Register* contained in its local column some severe remarks concerning the character of a political address delivered by Mr. Kingston in East Des Moines. I was all the more caustic in these remarks, because of the manifest inconsistency and ingratitude which, as I believed, were developed in that address. Having the principle of combustion in his disposition, his Southern heart—which, by the way, was born in New York—was fired, and he began to institute measures wherewith to satisfy his spirit of revenge. At a moment when no suspicion clouded our minds, the officers of justice, or injustice, proceeded to the sanctum, and exhibited war-

rants for the arrest of F. W. Palmer and myself, on a charge of criminal libel. I had done the mischief, and should have received alone whatever punishment was due in that case to the transgressor; but as Mr. Palmer was proprietor of the paper and senior editor, he came in for his share of legal prosecutions. We were conducted with some pomp of ceremony into the presence of a Justice of the Peace, whose peaceable inclinations gave him the reputation of a "peace man" in the community. But his court-room looked so little like a peace establishment, and the plaintiff and several of his sympathizing friends failed so signally to exemplify the spirit and temper of the Prince of Peace, that the defendants considered it their duty to waive a preliminary examination, and give bail for their appearance at the next term of the District Court.

During that eventful week, another person who had been treated with some acerbity in the *Register*, took his revenge in the same way, and with the same result. So when the Grand Jury convened at the ensuing term of court, a couple of questions, wherein I was seriously interested, had to be decided. Whether a defendant be innocent or guilty, he finds that an indictment, if the jury see fit to victimize him in this way, is an instrument of grave significance. Like Monsieur Tonson, whose power to "come again" for the thousandth time as a haunting visitor, is so graphically attested in a classic production, an indictment can be thrown into your face year after year by some malevolent accuser, until, in process of time, the great public, having been misled by a mischievous slander oft repeated, will exaggerate a simple indictment for libel into an indictment for arson, rape, or murder. In my case, and in that of Mr. Palmer, a fortuitous circumstance prevented the charge of Mr. Kingston from proceeding through the forms of trial in the District Court. If twelve of those jurors had been

actively opposed in political sentiment to the defendants, nothing could have saved us from the dishonor of an indictment; but as twelve men of that faith were not in the jury room, and as we had a fair show for vindicating the rights of the Press without being compelled to combat the form and power of political prejudice and intolerance, we came off, like the three Hebrew children, without the smell of fire on our garments!

Mr. KINGSTON, who has more pertinacity of pluck than any other atrabilious gentleman on the continent, brought to himself every possible compensation by prosecuting the proprietor of the *Register* for defamation of character, laying his damages at ten thousand dollars! For three years or more, this suit was adjourned from one term to another, until it was finally decided in favor of the defendant. It is due to the plaintiff to say that from first to last he fought in behalf of his pet prosecution with a courage and devotion worthy of a better cause. Against Mr. WITHROW, counsel for the other side, he summoned every professional stratagem with which he was acquainted. In that way terminated the only suits for libel in which I have ever been involved; and although there was nothing very serious in them, so far as consequences are concerned, they were a source of annoyance and irritation to me, and they taught me, better than any theory could have taught me, that an editor is never within the sphere of duty when he loses the amenities of an even temper, and indulges in expressions of bitterness and denunciation. He has no right to speak the truth in a style of malignity, any more than he has a right to speak slander in the same spirit, or in any spirit. There is more apparent force in roughness than in gentleness; but the latter will win a world to the side of righteousness, while the former will drive it to viciousness and destruction.

Editorial Autobiography.

An experience of fifteen years in editorial association with the press, twelve years of which time were passed in the sharp tumult of western journalism, entitles me, I think, to speak with freedom on those subjects pertaining to my late profession; and I sincerely trust that I will not be thought obtrusive or egotistical in the remarks which will follow.

Perhaps no man ever engaged in making newspapers, for the instruction and amusement of the public, with a greater love for his profession than that which I experienced. It was a love which partook of many of the sublimities of enthusiasm. In early life, when I began, for the first time, to have a vague perception of the duties of journalism, it was an irrepressible desire with me to become an editor. Instead of pushing my scientific exploration through Kirkham's *Grammar*, Pike's *Arithmetic*, and Olney's *Geography*, as I was bidden to do by an imperious teacher and an affectionate father, I was perpetually writing little compositions, in order to gratify my passion for literary pursuits. To institute a comparison between an undeveloped editor and an undeveloped poet, it is, probably, not out of place to mention a popular anecdote, which was well known nearly a century ago, and which will bear repetition at the present time. Doctor Isaac Watts, of England, the author of so many fine hymns and spiritual lyrics, had, in his juvenile days, as well as at

all subsequent periods, an overmastering desire to engage in that department of literature which is included under the head of versification. He frequently indulged in strains of satire, greatly to the annoyance of his schoolmates, who were often victimized by his sarcastic flings. Indeed, on occasions, his rhymes were thrown off with great facility, and sometimes even at the expense of persons whose age and gravity should have called forth his veneration instead of a display of his sarcasm, and he was again and again taken to task for this unfortunate disposition of indulging in rhythmical fun at the expense of others. At last, his father, who had become greatly incensed at his conduct, undertook to correct him in that good old way which appeals directly to the external sensibility. While young Isaac was preparing, in sadness, to undergo punishment through the persuasive manipulations of his father's whip, he gave utterance to this involuntary couplet:

"Oh! dear father, mercy on me take,
And no more verses will I make."

It was not my good fortune, as it was with young Watts, to lisp in numbers; but it certainly was a stirring ambition with me to write poetry with great majesty of measure and melody of jingle. On one occasion, when about ten years of age, I made a mistake in the day selected for swimming purposes. Instead of making choice of Saturday, as I was directed by a gentleman of mature years, whose name was identical with my own, and whose love of literature and maple sugar was as fervid as his reverence for the Bible and the Holy Sabbath, I selected the afternoon of a Sunday, when I supposed that every one else, including my father, was taking an oblivious nap. I must have had some indistinct idea that I was playing with the sanctity of the Sabbath; for, contrary to general

usage, I had not courage enough to dare the perils of deep water, but kept sporting around in water which was not more than two feet deep. I knew full well that this shallowness of the element was not very dangerous; and, for about an hour in that heated Sunday afternoon, I enjoyed myself in splashing the water and in poking my head a hundred times against the sand and pebbles which lay at the bottom of the stream—the latter action causing my hair to become ornamented with several specimens of conchology.

My friends, murder will out. This proverb has the inspiration of truth, as the records of ages abundantly prove. I seemed to be blind to the circumstance that water will leave its impress for a time, at least, on saturated ringlets; and, in my own invincible stupidity, I walked from the stream into the immediate presence of my father, whose keen black eye took in, at one glance, the true state of affairs. The most plausible lie which had ever been invented in the course of six thousand years, reaching from the dawn of Creation down to the nineteenth century of the Christian era, would have availed me nought, for my guilt stood revealed in my auburn locks. I was ordered to the place of punishment, while my brothers and sisters gathered around in the pleased expectation of seeing me chastised. By universal consent, I was the black sheep of our domestic circle, doomed to bear all the thrashings which a sheep of that color is supposed to deserve. Just as the formidable whip was ready to descend on my devoted form, I looked up into my father's face with a sort of quizzical stare, and improvised as follows:

'Tis unbecoming of thy age,
To get in such a fiery rage.

My father, who was somewhat of a poet himself, and had a lively appreciation of humor, with the quickness of

a flash filled out another line, which constituted a triplet, thus:

"And with this fool no war I'll wage."

His face relaxed into a smile, and as the whip dropped at his feet unused, he turned away, leaving me the victor on that occasion.

I had many ambitions, it is true; but the one which referred to the sanctum and the three-legged throne, the discriminating scissors and the editorial round table, and to piles of exchanges scattered in negligent profusion—this was the great ambition of my early life. I had a very high opinion of an editor's prerogatives; so much so, indeed, that my thoughts often recurred to inexperienced scribblers who, in after times, would beg of me—and beg in vain—to give their productions a place in the columns of my excellent paper. Prospectively, my features seemed to assume an expression of awful austerity, startling to the beholder, and I exercised my authority to the fullest extent in excluding all those miserable wretches who failed, in my estimation, to fill the measure of qualification as contributors to a first-class—seven-by-nine—newspaper.

I must not forget to say, before it is too late, that, in common with those classes of my fellow-beings who have never been initiated into the inner mysteries and responsibilities of journalism, I knew beforehand the precise tricks to be used in conducting a newspaper. I had the fullest knowledge of the location of that rock whereon so many vessels, in the shape of newspaper enterprises, had been hopelessly wrecked. I knew how popularity and success could be achieved; and it was my strong resolution to show, in time, by my own experience in the profession, that HORACE GREELEY of the New York *Tribune*, BENNETT of the *Herald*, RAYMOND of the *Times*, PRENTISS of

the *Louisville Journal*, and even the conductors of the *London Times*, were immeasurably inferior to myself, not in original aptitude for the business, but in the achievement of practical and absolute success.

If this was an infinitely foolish egotism in me, what expletive will characterize the same sentiment when it is developed by nearly all men who take the paper in this enlightened age? I have known and heard of hundreds of people, who, without the rudiments of a common English education, and without an element of common sense, knew how to conduct a journal without making a blunder or an enemy from one year's end to another. In fact, I was so inflated with vanity on this subject, that, at the brilliant age of sixteen, at a time when there is supposed to be a maturity of mental faculties, I wrote an elaborate essay on journalism, which contained one hundred and fifty pages of manuscript, and which was sent for publication to one of the first critical magazines in the country. If my recollection serves me rightly, the essay was introduced to the world of readers in the following plethoric style:

"In the distinctive amplitude or methodical elaboration of the all-absorbing, popular and tremendous theme which the boundless fertility of imagination has chosen for the delectation and journalistic edification of the countless readers of your invaluable magazine, I herewith employ the recondite and multitudinous energies of my enlarged and experienced intellect!"

Of course, an essay which is initiated by such a majestic march of words, merits immortality, and will probably secure it in a manner not anticipated by the author. The fools in the Dunciad will live as long in classic literature as the satirists who revealed their follies to the world. When weeks passed away, and nothing was seen or heard of my essay in that invaluable magazine, my surprise merged into

astonishment, and kept going on through all the transitions of mortification and impatient anger. I finally went into a paroxysm of fury, and cursed all editors in a manner which, in a youth of sixteen, with pious parents and religious predilections, was more inexcusable than in the Army of Flanders. It is possible, in my condition of impotent rage, that I pulled out some of my auburn locks, and threatened to thrash the ground with the bodies of a full corps of managing editors; and in the heat of my exasperation, I wrote to the conductor of the magazine, asking him what he meant by his ungentlemanly suppression of my essay. In due course of mail, I received from him an explanatory note, which was addressed to, "Dear Idiot," and which contained the four words—"*You are a fool!*" I noticed that the word fool, which appeared to be designed as an anti-rhetorical repetition of the word idiot, was armed with an ominous adjective which resembled two small "d's," separated from each other by a dash.

I lived too far north of Mason and Dixon's Line to be justified in giving the editor an invitation to mortal combat; but I resolved to execute a stupendous vengeance by lampooning him in numerous Spencerian stanzas of sharp satire. The following is the first stanza:

> Methinks I hear you say that I'm a fool,
> And I perforce must stand this foul abuse,
> Must be the target of your ridicule—
> Must bear it all if you pronounce me goose,
> Or stigmatize me as a poor excuse.
> I will not try my righteous wrath to smother,
> But will on you the dogs of hate let loose;
> If I'm a 'fool,' dear sir, you are my brother;
> If I a chattering 'idiot' am, you are another.

A thousand stanzas like that are supposed to be enough to execute the most formidable mission of vengeance on

earth; and as I have not heard from the critic in the magazine, since the reception of his laconic insult, I presume that the awful sarcasm in my poem induced him, in a spasm of despondency, to commit suicide. Peace to his ashes!

Byron understood some things as well as most poets. He comprehended full well the vanity of authorship, and referred to it in his celebrated couplet:

> "'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print,
> A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

I remember very well the first article from my pen which appeared in print under the authority of my own signature. It was not particularly lengthy, nor greatly ambitious. It was written in a tame way, on a tame subject, and was printed in one of the tamest papers of this State, not far from the Egypt of Sunfish Hills. But there was the article right before me. It was the production of my own brain, worthy to be petted and perpetuated. There was the likeness of its father in each peculiarity of thought or of verbal structure; down through the stratum of tameness which encrusted it, could be seen the individuality of its author. Yes, there it was, that beloved offspring of mine, clothed in its proper habiliments of ink, type and paper. Yes, there it was in the luxury of full revelation before my eyes. I was spell-bound for hours, gazing on the potent enchantment, full of wonder that all these letters, and all these words, and all these sentences, from the heading of the article down to the last touches of the pen, were brought by myself into that special order and combination which delighted my vision as I looked on them. And as I continued to look in a sort of wrapt enthusiasm, whole words seemed to start into life, and whole sentences, having been animated by some

magician's power, seemed to walk before me as familiar spirits who had been called into life to bless me with their presence. Many years have passed away since then. Time, which has strong wings, and which evermore breathes decay and death throughout the lapsing universe, has accompanied the sun in many a flight from tropic to tropic, as the seasons have come and gone, bringing with them the buds of the opening year, and taking the dead to their final home in the bosom of the earth. The youth has grown into manhood, and manhood is now impressed with the lines of age and decay; but no vicissitude which time can produce, no transformation, no misfortune, no revolution of thought, save that which wholly obliterates memory and destroys conscious being, will ever take from me the remembrance of that happiness, of that luxury of affectionate thought, of that first grand victory of literary ambition on the field of its own selection, which was realized by myself when the first published article from my pen passed in review before my eyes.

But there was one drawback to my felicity on that happy day. The Garden of Eden had its serpent, and that published article of mine, so grandly beautiful in its general aspect, was haunted here and there with those terrors to the sensitive—namely, typographical blunders. To such of my readers as have been thrown into that sharp adversity which is produced by the blunders of the type, when their own compositions were mutilated, it is hardly necessary to say anything on this vexatious branch of my subject; they have been there; and as often as they saw their own meaning distorted, perverted, or inverted—or, what is worse, some pet sentence or some golden paragraph vitiated in such a manner as to take from it all semblance of coherence and common sense, the feeling caused by all this was almost appalling. As all persons are destined, in

the course of their lives, to receive their share of persecution, they can bear to be called "villain," or "rascal," or "liar," or "infamous scoundrel;" but when the freaks of the type take hold of those very paragraphs which corruscate with the most brilliancy, and pervert them into the utterances of maudlin folly, the poor author is made to yell with overwhelming rage, and forced, in spite of general morality, to invoke the direst vengeance on the heads of offending printers and proof-readers. What, then, must have been the blissfulness of my emotion, when, as a young author on my initial legs, I was made to say, by a caprice of the type, that a man was fatally murdered, while my manuscript showed very plainly that he was "brutally murdered." Another part of the manuscript read thus: "William Patterson, the individual who was so mysteriously struck by a brick-bat in the hands of some mythical enemy, paid his devoirs on Saturday night to Widow Payne, and dined on the following day at the residence of Ichabod Flinkumsnapper, Esq." Judge of my surprise and consternation when I saw that the printer had made the following jumble of this sentence: "William Patterson, the individual, &c., devoured on Saturday night a window pane, and died the following day at the residence of Ichabod Flinkumsnapper, Esq." This was a pitiable and ludicrous blunder, which had a tendency to upset my pride and mortify the most vaulting vanity; but I was doomed to sustain another infliction, which came from the mutilation of the appended sentence: "The belligerent nations have formed an armistice, and are not going to wage war." My astonishment may possibly be imagined when I saw that this sentence was tortured as follows: "The belligiggerent nations have formed an arm-stick, and are going to wag war." I may be accused of exaggerating the enormity of such blunders; but my editorial experience has proved to

me that the whims of misapplied type are many, and often more ridiculous than those which butchered my earliest contributions to the press. Indeed, the unfortunate case of WILLIAM PATTERSON and his fatal effort of deglutition is still remembered in the neighborhood where I lived when the laughable mistake occurred. As long as I remained there I was mercilessly tomahawked by the nick-name of WIDOW PAYNE; and if I had died at that period of my life, I verily believe that the tomb-stone at the head of my grave would have been dedicated to the memory of that same widow, who, in the seventeenth year of her age, was "fatally" murdered by a multitude of missiles in the hands of a set of ungodly printers.

I have already stated that my partiality for the editorial vocation was indomitable all through my early years; but as the result of a series of mischances, I never rose to the coveted position until I had vitiated my sweet temper, perverted my religious aspirations, squandered my best energies of mind and body, and played the fool generally for fifteen years in that most blissful and remunerative of all pursuits below the skies—*School Teaching*—in this Buck-Eye State, whereof I am a native. I have taught the young idea how to shoot, in all sorts of magnificent edifices, from the brick structure, which had some show of convenience, down to the log building, which had port-holes instead of windows, a huge blanket instead of a door, and which seemed to have been improvised into the shape of a house by pitch-forks, some time before the period of LUTHER'S Reformation. Of this classic structure it may be said:

> That to such high perfection it attained,
> It seldom leaked at all—unless it rained!

I received my own education—having graduated at eleven years of age with the highest honors which Brush College

could bestow on a Professor of Mischief—in structures of similar architecture, which, I believe, is a combination of Gothic and Aboriginal American, the latter predominating. I have taught the rudiments of English science to hundreds of pupils, some of whom afterward went into different trades, some engaged in mercantile pursuits, and others chose the learned professions. A few became eminent and went to Congress; others became notorious and went to the Penitentiary. Two or three of them became world-renowned in the walks of literature, art and science; and one or two others became infamous, and were hanged by the neck for their crimes. I know that the religion of the Saviour teaches me to forgive my enemies; but how is it possible for me, whose memory of wrongs received is so vivid and enduring, to forgive those enemies who paid me fifteen dollars per month, under a former and darker dispensation, to teach seventy-five little innocents, ranging from four years old up to twenty, of both sexes and all conditions, in a miserable pretext or apology for a school-house, like the one just described. It may be said that I could have engaged in some other business, if teaching was such an infinite annoyance and nuisance. To this I reply that, in the first place, it was necessary that these children should be educated; and, in the second place, it was my philanthropy which induced me to teach them at such an enormous sacrifice. But, thinking more closely on the subject in the light of vigorous remembrances, it occurs to me now that I engaged in teaching because it was impossible to find anything else to do; so that my observations concerning philanthropy must be taken, not as freaks of the type, but as whims of the imagination.

II.

Behold me, then, after having spent ten or a dozen years in impatient anticipation, seated on the tripod, which was no tripod after all, for it consisted of a quadrupedal chair, with one leg suffering from disability, and with its back shivered into a dozen pieces, as though a hurricane had hurled its vast strength against it. It was simply an office chair, which, in its palmiest days, never possessed any of the elements of great strength or grandeur; but it had a history, nevertheless, which contained incidents of striking interest, one of which was a tremendous combat of fists between my editorial predecessor and an individual of adverse politics, who considered it his duty to take satisfaction for a personal insult which appeared in the paper. It was that combat, and not a hurricane, which dismantled the chair. It was not the most pleasant reflection to a novice like myself, that my predecessor, who weighed nine stone, and had, withal, a fine physique, was badly worsted in the struggle, having received two contusions of the nose, one abrasion of the right shin, and had both his eyes placed in mourning.

Coming back from one of those wanton digressions which so often lead me out of my course, permit me again to refer to the fact that I am seated on an editorial throne, and am "Monarch of all I survey," in the sanctum of a weekly newspaper in the West. For purposes well known to myself, the journal which I was called to conduct shall, in these autobiographical sketches, have the expressive title of *The Clovertown Smasher*. I was advised repeatedly to give it a less truculent and a more euphonious name; but it was impossible to find half a dozen men who could unite in recommending the same appellation.

It was a day of pride to me when the first number of the *Smasher*, under my administration, made its appearance. It was my first-born, and I was in such raptures with it that I would have kissed it again and again, if these favors had not been denied to me by the presence of a dozen friends who had called in to see the pretty bantling. On the first page of this initial sheet, and in the first column, under the head of Poetry, were two rhyming articles, both of which were written for the occasion by Miss Lucretia Languish, a young lady somewhat inclined to sentimentality. Both of these specimens of versification were well executed. True, they were sadly deficient in the minor points of measure, rhythm, rhyme, sentiment, and melody; but they triumphed gloriously in the loftier and sublimer elements of fustian rhapsody, false metaphor, and turgid foolery; one of her bold and striking figures represented the scythe of death as treading on all animate beings. When you consider that it is the peculiar business of a scythe to tread, and not to cut, as some very thoughtless people often believe, the beauty of the figure will at once become apparent.

On the first page, following hard after the effusions of Miss Lucretia Languish, was a novelette of the sensation character, which was intended to run through several numbers of my paper. It was written by one of my fellow-townsmen, a young lawyer of vast promise, who was yet without briefs. Like the generality of incipient geniuses, he parted his hair in the middle. His large dark eyes had the expressiveness of a dead beetle imbedded in a piece of dough; how much I am indebted for that foregoing simile to Sheridan, in his grand comedy of *The Critic*, I leave the classic reader to judge. The novelette which this promising author wrote for my paper luxuriated in the following title: "*The Dismayed Cat; or, the Doom of the*

Outlaws: written expressly for *The Clovertown Smasher* by J. Horatio Squills, Esq., author of *The Vindictive Porcupine*," &c. I am fearful that the world will remain ignorant of the marvellous literary powers possessed by Mr. Squills, and to do him justice at this late period, I will here present a chapter from *The Dismayed Cat*, clipped from the dead files of the *Smasher*.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I am frightened even to death! ah, what is that?
'Twas but the purring of a big tom cat."

—Lord Chesterfield.

It was deep night, and profound stillness reigned over universal creation. There was a hushed repose. Gentle Cynthia, from her home in the cloudless firmament, looked down and saw a scene of sleeping grandeur. The faithful watch-dog, exhausted by his labor of benevolence in barking at the moon, had retired to his kennel; and the beautiful pigs, which had exerted their sweet voices all the day long in a neighboring slough, had forgotten their manifold sorrows, and had gone to rest in the shadow of a protecting, yet fallen sycamore. Ever and anon the awful silence which seemed to hold the world in a spell of enchantment, was broken by the majestic tread of a Norway rat, seeking in the midnight-hour for the sustenance which preserved his body from the ravages of famine, and his spirit from the devastations of terrible despondency. Now and then, flitting as it were in the murky gloom, in the awful twilight of that hour, might have been seen the spectral, ominous figure of a cat, stalking with portly presence among the shadows, and furtively waiting for the moment of his tremendous triumph. His fearless courage was bent on lofty deeds. His vision, which was stronger far than that of the eagle, which outlooks the sun from its eyrie above the clouds, saw eagerly his ancient foe, the Norway rat, of whose prowess these pages shall speak in language of graphic and burning eloquence.

On a night like that those ancient rivals met in dread encounter. With tail vast, sweeping through the gloom as the tail of a comet

sweeps widely through half the universe, the cat, with agile spring like that with which the king of the forest precipitates himself on his predestined prey, sprang headlong at the throat of the brave Norwegian. With bound tremendous the startled rat fled in seeming terror from the field of strife; but knowing well the strategy of war, which he learned from Wellington at Waterloo, he made a flanking stride of supernatural length, and sought renewal of the strife at a rearward point. Quick as a flash of lightning from the clouds, he opened wide his yawning mouth, and seized between his vigorous teeth that sweeping but unsuspecting tail. A shriek, a scream, or yell of awful agony went out on the bosom of the night; and then shooting swiftly through the dense shadows, cleaving the air as dark missiles of war cleave it when hurled from the cannon's mouth, the figure of a dismayed and tailless cat sprang, or leaped, or flew, in cowardice and pain, from the gory field whereon a battle of historic greatness had been fought. And when the morning came, flashing on the world, from its home in the Orient, a melancholy cat, of tai denied, was seen gliding away in his shame from the habitations of men; and on that same morn, following a night of carnage, a gory tail which once waved with oscillating life, lay stark, and motionless and dead on the field of ensanguined war.

With such valuable auxiliaries in the literary department of the *Smasher* as were found in the persons of Miss Lucretia Languish and J. Horatio Squills, Esq., it was evident to my mind and to the minds also of those irrepressible contributors, that the paper was ordained to take almost immediate precedence of all other Western journals in the affections of the people. At that time I was comparatively young and full of hope. It never entered my head that a failure was possible. And success, even in my case, in which there was so much inexperience and foolish vanity, was not altogether out of reach; for there is an undefined mesmerism in the flush, fullness, and elasticity of young hope and plethoric health, which frequently compensates for the want of brains. It is, indeed, astonishing to witness the prosperity of so many enter-

prises which are propelled by men of really stupid faculties. In the iron ages of the world, when results were reached through slow and painful processes, vigorous thought was indispensable; but in this age, when the avenues to business and prosperity are all graded, and are of easy ascent, the superficial thinker has a better lien on the ordinary successes of this life than men of the profoundest reflection. Quacks in medicine, quacks in theology, charlatans in all branches of business; empyrics here, and impostors there, humbugs of every form and variety, diffused by the legion over the surface of our dishonored planet, take the places of honor, intellect, scientific culture and experience, and they grow fat and insolent on the spoils which they snatch from the myriads of mankind whom they deceive by their cunning, and ruin by their rapacity.

It is a duty on my part to apologize with befitting contriteness, for the liberties I take in diverging so often from the principal subject in hand. In an eminent manner did STERNE take such liberties in *Tristram Shandy*, and the critics have not proscribed him for such digressions. The atrabilious poet of England, who died of meanness, despair, and old age, in Grecian exile, when he was but thirty-seven years old, seemed to exhaust all that is known of quick transition and remarkable digressions in his great work of *Don Juan*. Still there is no use of making an affectation of so fine a grace as humility. If, in the economy of Infinite Wisdom, BALAAM'S ass was permitted to drop his characteristic bray, and take up the forms of human speech, it is conceded that the weakest author in both hemispheres has a natural right to digress when he pleases, or abscond altogether, without hope of return, after the manner of BYRON.

The literary beauties of the first page of my sheet have been described. At the head of the first column on the

second page, my name was visible in pretty large capital letters. It stood out with cheerful prominence, and was associated with the simple and gratifying intelligence that I was Editor-in-Chief and Proprietor. A prominent Iowa editor stated to me, two or three years ago, that when he first saw his name at the editorial head of his paper, a streak of conscious shame, or terror, traveled up and down the highway of his sensibilities, in a style which was greatly suggestive of the pains which must have seized the fish when the truant ambassador to Nineveh took a series of walks through the great cavity of his body. He affirmed that the most unpleasant feelings were produced by the circumstance that the publication of his name, as editor, committed him to a responsibility which he did not feel qualified to meet. The truth of history must be vindicated in these memoirs; and truth compels me to say, that the shame, or the diffidence, or the terror which assailed the editor when he made his *début* as the conductor of a newspaper, did not belong to the same class of emotions as that which thrilled my heart in the new-born glory of my profession. I am willing to risk my reputation for veracity on the statement, that at the time when I entered the sphere of journalism, I was not disturbed by a solitary distrust of my ability to turn out one of the most popular newspapers in the country. Of course, then, it gave me unspeakable delight to see my name in a conspicuous and honorable position. It must be said, however, in abatement of causes wherewith to stimulate pride, that the *Smasher* was a very small sheet, a thumb-paper at best, hardly large enough to hold a compendious map of Lilliput, with one heel of Gulliver protruding through the margin. In addition to this, it must be frankly admitted that Clovertown, with all the imposing machinery of a city government, having its Mayor and City Fathers, and its burden

of ordinances and municipal taxes, could boast of no greater population than one of the smaller villages in New York. It has grown grandly since then, and its name is celebrated throughout the Continent. Despite the several facts that my paper was small, and that Clovertown was small, and my office was small, and that everything else in connection seemed small and insignificant to other beholders, it was all greatness, and even vastness, to myself. I felt, to a great extent, like that historic individual who, in the sublimity of vaulting ambition, is reported to have thrown himself astride of a rainbow. I am cutting a sorry figure in these confessions, as De Quincey did in his "*Confessions* of an Opium Eater;" but it must not be forgotten that the interests of science, and of literature, and even of the art which makes partisan newspapers, are best subserved by a proper obedience to the requirements of truth. That prosperity, if it may be called by that name, which is born of a lie, is certain, in the course of time, to become lean, sickly, and consumptive, and it finally perishes of its own corruption.

We reached the second page of the *Smasher* some time since; and I desire now, with all possible brevity, to describe its contents. The first article had the ominous caption of "Valedictory," which, I presume, is an Anglicized word, derived from the Latin, and means "farewell," or "adieu," or "good-bye," or anything else which suggests the idea that some poor fellow has had his fingers burned in the newspaper business, and is making all things ready to turn over his business apparatus, or printing office, into the hands of another poor fellow, who is predestined, from the foundation of the world, to march through an empire of sorrow and difficulty, and in his turn hurry from his tripod hard on the heels of a Valedictory which his own pen had set in motion.

Owing to the fluctuations of society, and to other causes which I shall not stop to present, these bandanna "farewells" are so numerous in the West, and are, therefore, so commonplace, that some of them have become the subjects of mirth, rather than personal sympathy. A gentleman, before retiring from his position at the head of a journal, is expected to prepare the public for the solemn sacrifice which he is about to make, by the composition of a farewell discourse, which is designed by him to sweep through the entire gamut of melancholy feeling, startling the nations with the demonstration of a great pathos, such as an angel, with chronic dyspepsia, might be supposed to send forth, as a tremendous wail, through the heavens.

According to stereotyped usage, Mr. Spoonbill, who was my predecessor in conducting the *Smasher*, could not bear to leave the field of journalism without introducing his successor to the great reading public. I was made famous from that hour. Byron, after getting off one of the best of his startling poems, stated that he woke up one morning and found himself famous. Never since the stars sang together, and the Sons of God shouted for joy, has a poor mortal been so overwhelmed by fulsome praise as I was in the concluding portions of my predecessor's Valedictory. I had seen puffs which were overdone; compliments which ran into broad burlesque; praise which amounted to bombast; eulogies which, though sincerely given, soared so tremendously through the regions of flattery, as to crush out any man on earth on whom they might fall from that infinite height. But it remained for Joshua Spoonbill, Esq., my eminent predecessor, to show the world that there are *tropes* in puffing, figures in eulogy, metaphors in flattery, and forms of speech in adulation, which no poet-laureate, even of England, had ever thought of using in celebrating the praise of a newly exalted sover-

eign. I have no desire to reproduce a sentence of this address in connection with these memoirs. Its publication in one number of the *Smasher* came within an ace of destroying me. For a day or two I sneaked along the streets, and sneaked into my sanctum, and sneaked to my home, in the shade of the evening, fearful that the little boys, or boys of larger growth, would assail me at the corners with one or more of SPOONBILL'S fatal thunderbolts of compliment. And for a brief time, too, I abstained altogether from looking over the columns of the rival paper, because a lurking fear possessed me that my eyes might fall again on some of those enormities of literature in SPOONBILL'S last words; and for months, indeed, I was haunted by a suspicion, whenever a person was preparing his mouth to say something to me, that he was going to torture my sensibilities by a cruel reference to the parting address of my predecessor.

III.

HERE, at the commencement of another chapter, in a reasonably conspicuous place, I am constrained to record a half-formed conviction that these sketches, which are written at a time when the author is constantly impeded by adverse agencies, are flat and uninteresting to the general reader. It is possible, however, that persons who are in any way connected with the journalism of the United States, especially of the great Northwest, will experience a small degree, at least, of professional interest in these pages. That strong bond of association which unites the members of the same fraternity together, will make this

book readable to my professional brethren, while it may not stir up a spark of interest in the minds of the masses of American readers.

But, however much it may be deficient in incident or popular merit as a literary production, I have labored on it, and am laboring still, in the midst of embarrassment and much suffering, with unusual solicitude and enthusiasm. Often, while engaged on a newspaper, I felt the burden of exhausting toil, and comprehended all that is included in the continuous wheel-horse drudgery of my profession; but it is a matter of genuine satisfaction to me to say that the production of these sketches have, thus far, been a pleasant labor. And it will rejoice my heart, in a manner which no pen, however graphic or exquisitely descriptive, will ever portray in fitting terms, to know in some glad period of the future, that these memoirs, humble and unobtrusive as I trust they are—born of necessity—have taken hold of the popular heart.

In a critical analysis of the articles on the second page of my paper, I have disposed of the farewell foolery of Mr. Spoonbill. It remains, now, for the critic to venture a few pertinent observations with reference to my "Salutatory," which had to be written and published, in accordance with the *dictum* of despotic usage. Pat. Richardson, of the Iowa press, had my fullest concurrence when he stigmatized the word "salutatory" as a verbal barbarism, unfit to be mouthed by a respectable elocutionist, or written by the pen of any person who claims a familiarity with the symmetry, as well as power, of the English idiom. It is much better, as Mr. Richardson earnestly remarked, to throw away the barbarism among the rubbish of the dark ages, and adopt, in its stead, the word "introductory," which has all the significance of the other word, without any of its roughness. It was the same gentleman

(Mr. R.) who rejected the proposition of an adolescent youth to become associate editor of the *North Iowa Times*, at McGregor, because the youth with indomitable soap-locks and overwhelming goatee persisted in the fashion of giving his name as R Bolivar Snipes, or some such crushing designation. The young fellow must have been conscious of his personal importance, or he would not have adopted this imposing combination of letters and words, and thereby compelled the world to assume the task of determining the mysterious name of which R. was the leading letter. It may have been Reuben, or Rascal; but it did not occur to Mr. Snipes, whose opinion of himself was as limitless as the whole of that immensity of which he was a homœopathic atom, that he was under any obligation to enlighten the public with reference to the mystery with which an insufferable vanity had enveloped his Christian title.

Years ago, a great party in the most populous State of the Union was not only decimated, but overthrown and entirely destroyed, by the fatal magic of a name—Hon. Gustavus Adolphus Scroggs. I have an unlimited amount of pity for those pre-ordained victims of misfortune, who received at the baptismal font just such titles as are competent to ruin them for life; but my bowels of compassion never warmed in any way whatever toward those emasculated popinjays whose distorted names are results of that sort of crazy ingenuity which every fool of sentimental mould possesses in a degree unknown to less gifted mortals.

I shall not attempt to apologize again, if it can be helped, for those discursive flights which so often amuse me, at the expense of the unity and integrity of the narrative. It is high time that your intelligent minds should be informed with reference to the beauties of that article, nearly two

columns in extent, which served to introduce me to the readers of the *Smasher*. The idea was fully comprehended, that first impressions are often most vivid and permanent; and it stood me in hand, as I was following in the wake of an illustrious journalist, to give to my introductory discourse every excellence of thought, sentiment, and diction which my fancied familiarity with the classics was able to impart.

It was my high duty to bring out a popular recognition of the fact that, so far as salutatories are concerned, I was far in advance of every editor whose contributions have enriched our common literature, from the days wherein the celebrated JOHNSON rode on stilts through *Rasselas* and the *Rambler*, down to those other days—if it had been possible to foresee them—of vast national significance on this side of the Atlantic, in which HORACE GREELEY, prince of editors, and General FITZ HENRY WARREN, of Iowa, almost without a peer as a political writer, gave to the *Tribune* an inspiration with which genius is wont to fire the theme of patriotism. For hours I sat in meditative silence, resolved on giving my subject the benefit of patient thought. Then I would walk with arms akimbo, with my rapt vision lifted toward the ceiling; and when an idea which tickled my imagination lighted up the chambers of my brain and gave me an imperial consciousness that I weighed a ton and a half in any intellectual scale in Christendom, I hurried with all speed to jot down the brilliant thought, fearing that by some casualty it might take its flight before I would be able to transfer it to the body of my discourse.

I resolved, in the strength of irrepressible ambition, to work on until perfection was attained, and therefore the world will never know—for the author himself will never be able to tell—the number of vigils by night, and the number by day, which are born of the throes of intellect

when the mind of a great dunce is in travail. It should be known that the sphere of intellect, like the material sphere on which we tread, has its commotions; and the vibrations which jerked me from side to side, and the trembling which took hold of me, making my teeth chatter like castanets, and the shiverings which convulsed my limbs, as the limbs of BELSHAZZAR were convulsed when he was on that historic spree at Babylon—all these phenomena made the earthquake which assaulted Des Moines last year seem too insignificant for notice.

At length the day of deliverance came. The Salutatory was finished, and it lay before me in the sweetness and glory of elaborate perfection. While dodging around in the "dumb forgetfulness" of abstraction, oblivious of all common matters, I had committed an act of reckless stupidity, for which there could be no excuse. My Salutatory actually covered one hundred pages of foolscap. It was longer by far than any one of President BUCHANAN'S historic productions, including his interminable messages to Congress.

I was compelled to make estimates of measurement, in consultation with my foreman, and it was then ascertained that, if the whole article was to be published, it would be necessary to print it in instalments, in imitation of the continued stories in journals and magazines of light literature. The foreman, Mr. VAN SNEEZER, whose good faith I had reason to suspect when there was a respectable chance for the display of waggery and mischief, advised me by all means to print the "Introductory" in consecutive numbers of the *Smasher*, remarking, with an oblique twinkle in his eye, which I was too stupid to comprehend at the time, that it would never do to cut down a magnificent work like that, just to meet the mechanical requirements of a newspaper. I endorsed the excellent judgment of Mr. VAN SNEEZER. I

had all along been trying to say something, or to do something, which no other man since the foundation of the world had ever said or done. The publication of my Salutatory in weekly instalments, thereby captivating my readers with some new fascination in it, and keeping it in fresh and vivid remembrance, was so pleasantly original as to invite immediate execution. I verily believe that the giddiness of personal vanity would have induced me to perpetrate the wretched absurdity of printing the article in weekly fragments, if the foreman, who had become alarmed at my insane design, had not changed his mind, and presented me a hundred arguments on the other side. When I was favored with a full comprehension of my folly, in desiring to adopt a plan which was at once original and idiotic, I was so deeply impressed with a sense of humiliation, that I was half resolved to append my signature to the Valedictory of SPOONBILL, and then blow out my own brains.

It will be remembered that ROBINSON CRUSOE, the solitary islander, cut down a gigantic tree at some distance from the ocean, and made therefrom a large and commodious canoe. He toiled early and late, for it constituted his only hope of ultimate escape from a solitude which was worse than death. But when the vessel was completed, and ready to be launched, poor CRUSOE's face turned all at once into a stare of stupendous surprise and disappointment, when, for the first time, the thought occurred to him that it would be impossible to transport his canoe to the water, or to excavate a canal from the ocean to the canoe. Such, to a great extent, was the condition of my Salutatory.

Even with the aid of a large supplement, it was impracticable to give it admission into one number of my paper. There was no way to launch this "*Great Eastern*"

on the sea of Literature, without taking down its masts and sails, and all superfluous rigging, and compelling it to run under bare poles before a tempest of popular criticism. Literally, it was too large to be crammed into any newspaper on the globe, without expelling half the advertisements and two-thirds of all other printed matter. If I had dismissed the large type on which my paper was printed, and had used "minion," "agate" and "diamond" for that extraordinary occasion, I might have succeeded, with the help of a supplement as large as the *London Times;* but the office was too poor to permit any such radical changes and improvements in typography.

Subscribers became uneasy and suspicious when the day of publication passed away, and the *Smasher* failed to make its appearance on time. The reader should be made aware of the circumstance that Clovertown was the scene of many collapses in journalistic enterprise. It had been a common occurrence for a paper to start on its first legs just at the the time when a "fat take" was anticipated in the shape of official patronage; but as soon as the "fat take" was executed, and the money pocketed, that same paper, which positively promised, in its first address to the public, to live forever, and, if possible, be continued as a serial in the world to come, expired without a groan, or even a premonitory kick, leaving its patrons with their fingers in their mouths, and their eyes directed in an impressively solemn manner toward some far-off country, whence no dishonest journalist was ever known to return.

In view, then, of instances of this kind, it was no wonder that the successor of Joshua Spoonbill, Esq., was compelled to run the gauntlet of a thousand suspicions. A plethoric individual, of opposite politics, greatly bald from age and not from piety, stated in a crowd, at Gossip Cor

ner, that the Sheriff had taken possession of my office for debt, and that the *Smasher* was no more. A lank lawyer declared at the same Corner that he would stake his reputation as an orator—so well established—that the editor of the *Smasher* had been confined for two weeks to his bed, in consequence of a cow-hiding which he received from a female whom he had insulted. The opposition paper, too, joined in the general persecution; but in consequence of a fear that I might institute a prosecution against the editor and proprietor, Mr. Chevalier Southpole, for defamation of character, contented itself with the expression of dark hints, sly insinuations, and all sorts of mysterious intimations, which are better qualified to blast a man's reputation and damn him for evermore, than that outright ferocity of slander which was adopted by my enemies at Gossip Corner.

To give the reader an appreciable idea of the facility with which Chevalier Southpole could, with a few sweeps of his caustic and experienced pen, hurl his rivals down the steeps of eternal infamy, I quote the following remarks, which were published in his paper, concerning the temporary suspension of the *Smasher*, and the prospective annihilation of its proprietor:

"It is not proper at all to give publicity to a tithe even of the countless rumors, some of them of a terrible character, which are in circulation with reference to a rival journalist, whose sheet has failed to make its appearance for the past few days. The courtesy which one newspaper should extend toward another will not permit us—neither do we desire—to say anything to criminate a professional brother in advance of a legal investigation. We greatly regret the necessity which compels us to allude, in any way whatever, to our cotemporary; but if we had said less on the subject, or had been silent altogether, we would have been false to our duty as a publisher of local intelligence. It is our earnest hope, which none of the enmities growing out of professional competition can subdue, that

the individual who is now under an appalling cloud, in consequence of reports which, if true, will consign him to merited infamy—it is our earnest hope, we say, that a thorough legal investigation will end in relieving the defendant from a small portion, at least, of the public odium which has fastened on his reputation."

This cold-blooded affectation of magnanimity, blended with so many demoniac suggestions under a sugar-coated surface, was enough to pulverize into very small atoms the reputation of any man under the sun! It certainly gave my sensitiveness the severest shock it had ever received. It can be safely asserted here, as well as elsewhere, that I had an amazing quantity of self-esteem—enough, it may be supposed, to fortify my soul against the assaults of envy and hatred; but it must be confessed that, in spite of my vanity, which had grown to the stature of a Cedar of Lebanon, I had a thin skin, of very delicate fibre, easily perforated by the shafts of malice; I had no armor as Achilles had; but like Cardinal Wolsey, shivering in the terrors of his fatal plunge from the favor of kings and from the love of God, "I was left naked to mine enemies." True, I had not fallen from the favor of kings, for the nearest approach to a crowned head I had ever seen was a block-head who resembled myself; and so far as the love of God is concerned in the above illustration, it was a difficult feat of moral gymnastics to fall from an elevated position in grace which I had never occupied! In other respects my simile of Wolsey is good enough; but as I have been compelled by a literary fatality to re-examine it, and explain it, and even to apologize for the great disparity of its legs as a simile, I very much regret at this late date that I had anything to do with it. An erratic impulse often leads me into a wilderness of metaphors and rhetorical illustrations, where I am entirely lost, unless I make an extraordinary effort, as in the case of Wolsey,

to get out into the open fields, where all is familiar again to my mental vision.

I meant to say before my poor head was pounded by a misapplied figure of speech in the last paragraph, that the covert assault made on myself by Chevalier Southpole broke down my fortitude for the space of a day at least, and unnerved me from one end of my system to the other! I was humiliated beyond description. This was the first time I had been shot through the heart by a ball from an editorial rifle. After I had kicked over two or three chairs, and had partly demolished my writing-desk as the result of a variety of extravagant antics, I left the sanctum in a fit of rage, went home through the back alleys, and concealed myself for a time from the prying nose of society. It was my solemn belief that I was now ruined past redemption! I deemed it of no avail whatever to make an attempt to recuperate from the effects of an assault so terrible and deadly. A temptation took hold of me to open an artery, or devour half a dozen ounces of strychnine, or kick with convulsive feet against the promontories of the life to come with a hempen cord encompassing my neck! But my mind was enlightened by the thought that something worse than an adverse paragraph, however mean and merciless it might be, which was launched against me from the inkstand of a jealous competitor, awaits the suicide among the penal colonies on the other shore. This reflection settled the matter with me, and reconciled me to life and its multiform trials. Finally I crawled out of bed, after having been haunted by visions of a murdered reputation stalking through the darkness in every shape of hideous woe! I sneaked back into the sanctum with a pallor on my cheek and a tempest in my soul, and waited passively for any and all developments which time and misfortune would reveal.

During my absence about seven raids were made into the office by self-constituted deputations of my fellow-citizens, who came to inquire concerning the lost editor. The foreman, Mr. Van Sneezer, who was almost beside himself with annoyance, still remained at his post with unseduced fidelity, and informed all visitors and committees of inquiry that the editor of the *Smasher* was suffering from a severe attack of small-pox, and that the physician had prohibited all calls from his friends at his residence while the disease kept him in his present critical condition. Such an interdict as this from the physician was entirely superfluous; for the citizens of Clovertown, whether they had been vaccinated or not, were not eager to bestow their gushing sympathies on a sick man whose disease has frightened thousands of benevolent citizens out of their wits, inducing them in many instances to permit their diseased neighbors to die of positive neglect. It has been stated in another part of these memoirs, that Mr. Van Sneezer, a young gentleman of surpassing sweetness and innocence of disposition—a commendation which should be understood in a Pickwickian sense—did not take the trouble, on my return to the office, to report the nature of his answers to the personal interrogations of visitors. I was, therefore, in blissful ignorance of the fact that I was as effectually tabooed in Clovertown as a dog with the hydrophobia. I might that morning have discovered some visible proofs of the ostracism of which I had been made the victim; but all this was prevented by the sneaking manner in which, for the sake of avoiding observation, I had stolen through the obscurity of alleys while going to my place of business. I am profoundly ashamed, even now, when I think of my gross cowardice. I had committed no conscious crime of which the law could take cognizance. I had taken the liberty, as an

American citizen to whom the immunities of a freeman and the protection of our National Bird were extended, to purchase the office and good will of the *Weekly Smasher*, for which I paid down two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and for the balance, amounting to several hundred dollars more, a promissory note was executed, payable at the expiration of one year from date, and bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum. If these were not matters of legitimate business, I know nothing whatever of that sort of ethics or moral philosophy which should be incorporated into the general vocations of mankind. In addition to these solid considerations, it should be borne in mind that I was "born of poor but respectable parents," and that I had struggled all the way up, from an honest obscurity, to an elevation in connection with the journalism of the world, higher than that which is occupied by presidents, monarchs, and all other earthly potentates. Of course, in this eulogy, I do not refer to myself as an individual, but to the sublime profession of which I had become a member; it should be known also, that the money which constituted the cash payment in the purchase of the *Smasher*, was the result of savings during long years of toil in the vexatious and thankless drudgery of school-teaching; and small as the amount was, it included more money than I had ever known any other person to accumulate by the same profession, unless, from clear necessity —which did not occur in my case—he combined burglary with his general business, teaching in the day time for a miserable pittance, and stealing at night to keep his family from starving!

Why, then, my dear reader, with my sedate and virtuous antecedents, having my conscience free from the remorse which follows the commission of crime—why, in the name of the Seven Wonders of the World, did I display

such infinite cowardice, when, in the gray of the morning I hurried, much like a thief and murderer, through the solitude of by-ways to my office? Each one of you will probably present his answer to this grave question; but fearful that he will have his labor for his pains in a misapprehension of the whole subject, I hasten to state here that the cruel paragraph which was directed against me by CHEVALIER SOUTHPOLE, through the columns of the Clovertown *Sledge-Hammer*, had utterly demoralized my nerves; and in spite of my honest parentage and those virtuous antecedents to which allusion has been made, I felt as guilty as though I had murdered my best friend in cold blood, and had devoured five or six pretty little babies for breakfast. I have since then been in many hot political battles, when blood was up and all the malevolent passions were in unrestrained activity. I have been the target, or victim, or whatever else you may be pleased to call it, at which every conceivable epithet of reproach, opprobrium and infinite hate was hurled from the enemy's battery, when political armies were engaged in furious strife. I have been abused, denounced, and almost obliterated by the murderous paragraphs in opposition sheets; but that first assault, so amiably blood-thirsty and so courteously devilish, from the pen of SOUTHPOLE, gave me more grief, more unspeakable woe, than I have since experienced through the whole course of my editorial career. The very thing which I then believed to be total ruin, was an inconceivably small affair at the worst, of evanescent character, exciting attention and conversation for a day or two, and then forgotten forever! If that be ruin, I have been ruined a thousand times, at least, in the last dozen years!

IV.

Human reason, which is often the most unreasonable thing extant, is said to be the faculty which distinguishes mankind from brutes. I am not a metaphysician, as Dugald Stewart was, and am, therefore, in the dark on this subject. It is true, however, although it would be difficult to prove what is here stated, that, like the words "up and down" in the philosophy of Nature, the word "reason" has a relative signification only in the philosophy of ethics. For instance: if I have a right to touch on a theme so exalted and recondite, that particular property which is reason in a Patagonian or a Digger Indian, is either insanity or rascality in an Anglo-Saxon. In some of the lower conditions of savagery, reason, uneducated and viciously inclined, sanctifies all manner of evil, and keeps the conscience perpetually at rest.

Even in Sparta, renowned for its patriotism and other substantial graces which belong to civilized communities, reason, in its debauched condition, taught the "Young Americans" of that realm that falsehood is a virtue and not a vice; and conscience, listening to such instruction, and desiring to believe it, tumbles off into a slumber from which there is no awakening. It is easily inferred, then, that the attribute of mind which is called reason has no positive existence, any more than the apparitions of a dream. And, what is more, the development of this faculty in the lower forms of intellect does not give assurance of as much genuine intelligence as may be found in the brute creation. The sagacity of the dog is proverbial; instinct in the elephant is one of the most reasonable entities in the world; the educated horse is a living and triumphant proof that quadrupeds are susceptible of

improvement in a greater degree than twenty-five per centum of the white voting population of the United States.

My amanuensis suggested that there was no connection between the metaphysical dissertation in the preceding paragraph and the subject matter of these sketches. I can only answer in extenuation of this want of connection, that I have been trying for some months to invent a literary machine which will act so as to prevent the drudgery of thinking while I am engaged in the preparation of these sketches for the press. It is a noticeable fact that most of the writers of this fast age understand the uses of an important invention unknown to myself, which is capable of filling from fifty to one hundred pages of closely ruled cap paper per diem, without drawing for a single minute on the resources of intellectual inspiration. A hundred years ago, or more, when the lords of English literature gave development to the language, and immortality to their names, no article was written for the *Spectator*, and no book was issued from the press, which did not give internal proof of genuine thought and labor. But the piles of rubbish which are seen to-day, bearing the name of books, and literary newspapers and magazines, have been thrown together with so much ease, and with so little apparent thought and industry, as to convince us that some sort of machine has been invented in these latter days, which has taken away the toil of thinking, and withdrawn altogether the drudgery of intellect from more than half of the works of current literature in England and in the United States. Several days since, I made an effort to invent a machine of my own, whereby the labor of producing this book might be greatly abridged; and having completed it in a rude way, I tried it with such admirable success on the first paragraph of this chapter, that in more

than a dozen lines of good-looking words, placed together in shapely style, not a solitary thought on any topic can reveal itself to the vision of the reader! Eureka! What a glorious help this invention will be in all literary labor which is to follow.

I have said somewhere else that the first number of the *Smasher* which appeared under my administration contained my Salutatory, within the modest compass of a column or two columns and a half. How could this be, when the manuscript stretched out so ambitiously over a considerable portion of creation? The answer is plain. There were two plans open for adoption, one of which proposed the publication of the Salutatory in weekly installments, and the other proposed to cut down the manuscript until it was small enough to be used. After much reflection and consultation, the latter plan was adopted. It was not so much a labor of reconstruction as it was of extermination. I had written a succinct history of newspapers, and in doing so, I went back to the days of the Devil and Dr. Faust for a starting point, just as clergymen, no matter what is the text, in every sermon preached, are in the habit of travelling backward through ages to the era of the temptation and fall of Adam and his consort in the Garden of Eden. I found it necessary to scoop out the intestines of my pretty history. And then I made bold to plunge with murderous intent into a voluminous statement of the ways in which all newspapers, past and present, failed to meet the requirements of public taste. Not less than twenty-five pages, which were employed on this theme, and which enumerated every variety of blunder and failure on the part of journalists, were knocked into a state of comprehensive obliteration. Metaphors of great brilliancy gave up the ghost, and were consigned to the tomb of the Capulets; figures of speech,

beautiful and rare, tumbled from their legs in a vertigo, and lay in the arms of death; flowers of rhetoric, glorious as Sweet Williams and Johnny-jump-uppers, were nipped by the Jack Frost of a wintry necessity, and gave up their young lives; jewels of imagination, flashing with a glory all their own, were thrown off into obscurity, never to be seen again; and contrast, comparison, grace of diction and profundity of argument—all these, and a thousand other forms of engaging expressions met with an inglorious fall, just at a time when the fond author had supposed that they would create a sensation in the literary world such as had never been experienced since the earth was launched among kindred spheres! Then, to think that this stupendous article, which had cost so much thought and labor, should, by a painful necessity, be reduced to such small dimensions, was too great a tax on the tender feelings with which I had been endowed.

In my younger years, when poverty withheld the expected slice of bread and butter, or when the clay which enshrined my young spirit was spanked by an irritable father, or when a great pain assaulted my young body, I lifted up my voice and cried aloud; but how can those juvenile bursts of passion be compared in the same day with that sweep of awful emotion within whose sphere I stood and howled aloud when my scissors went on their mission of destruction through the grandest Salutatory of all time.

It is not to be supposed that the task of cutting down my Introductory was accomplished in one day. Several days were employed in this enterprise, and Mr. Van Sneezer gave me constant assistance. In a labor of the kind in which we were engaged, it was impossible to preserve any of the coherence of the original article. We were in so much of a hurry that our operations were

greatly confused. Whatever was left out of the article displayed itself in all attitudes of distress. All sorts of rhetorical flourishes, born in a world of undisciplined imagination, were revealed when the pruning-knife was taken away.

The strangest thing in all this literary bewilderment was the odd way in which one subject would run into another, without any reference to connection or coherence, so that two ideas, which had no more relation to each other than a monkey has to the spiritual hierarchy of Tophet, would collide in the most ludicrous manner imaginable. In short, to abbreviate this whole affair, my poor Salutatory, when shorn of its grandeur, looked for all the world like the Wilderness of Judea after a hail-storm.

It occurred to me as a strange thing that, up to three o'clock in the afternoon on the day of my return to the office, no person of either sex had visited the sanctum. Myself and the foreman had been all day alone in our glory, neither of us having gone to dinner. This state of things was all the more surprising to me because of the general solicitude in the community respecting the fate of the *Smasher*. I had assumed the management of a party organ, and it was obvious, of course, that the partisan friends of the paper would feel chagrined and mortified if anything like a lengthy suspension had taken place. It would have been natural for them to display their interest by coming to the office and making inquiries. On the other hand, some of the enemies of the paper had enough audacity to call around also—in the character of spies—and make every possible discovery. But the hours frittered away until the shadows began to lengthen toward the east, and neither friend nor enemy made his appearance. I felt that something material to my enjoyment had slipped away in an unaccountable manner; but what it was, or what it wasn't, was a problem awaiting solution.

While I stood with my eyes fixed on a tremendous gash in the Salutatory, my mind wandering in abstraction, I suddenly roared out the peculiar combination of letters which follows:

"RAMSHORN BILLY!"

The reader, in his surprise and curiosity, may suppose that the above mysterious expression was used by myself as an improvement in the science of profanity; but such was not the case. The utterance had hardly passed my lips, before the person to whom that name belonged stalked gravely through the doorway into the sanctum. He was the veritable RAMSHORN BILLY, the imp of the *Smasher* office, in proper person, divested of all extraneous sublimities. He had seen, from his appearance, about fourteen summers; and although his brow "was not sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," it was generally streaked over by an impression which his inky fingers were liable to make when transferred from the roller to his frontispiece. On his forehead there was the impression of a bodiless hand, perhaps like that which BELSHAZZAR saw on the wall, when he was weighed in the balance. RAMSHORN BILLY, or BILLY RAMSHORN, as he was christened, had a full grey eye which had no special intelligence in it, but which indicated that he hardly cared a straw for the good or bad opinion of all mankind. His nose was flat as a landscape in Ethiopia, with a supercilious snub at its termination. His mouth had been designed to operate as a canal all the way between his ears, which were unspeakably large and pendulous, remotely like those of an elephant; and his whole face had the fullness of a full moon and the expression of a fat baby when it is said to commune with the angels in sleep, but when in reality, its little bowels are invaded by an army of active enemies!

Billy may have had a tradition that a comb and soap had been used by his ancestors; but the perversity of his hair, standing out every way in coarse and impracticable masses, and the free soil, blended with ink stains, which lay in strata on his peaceful features, proved that neither combs nor soap had been introduced to his acquaintance since he was a pretty little seraph, fat and funny, kicking and squalling in his fond mother's arms! It is hardly necessary to state that this imp of mine was greatly bow-legged, his knees imitating in a remote way the tremendous space which interposes between the legs of the Colossus at Rhodes! And still add to this a flannel shirt of uncertain color, a deplorably ragged pair of breeches held up in unequal splendor by one suspender only, and a pair of boots, coarse and old, which had been made for some giant, and a shockingly poor hat which was never on his head when it was needed, and the whole story is told with reference to the exuberant graces of Ramshorn Billy.

It must not be presumed that the imp, seedy hat in hand, remained long enough on his pins within the sacred enclosure to have his personal graces ambrotyped for the purposes of this book. Not so, indeed! As soon as the thunder of his massive tread was heard on the threshhold, his slow eye fell on the tall form and long face of the foreman; but raising it therefrom, it just had time to take in the bodily fascinations of the editor himself, when his stolid features quickened into a look of surprise which gave way at once to an expression of profound astonishment; and then in a moment his astonishment gave way to a look of appalling terror, which travelled hither and thither over his countenance for a brief space, after which he directed his face to the doorway and fled into the street in a series of springs and superhuman bounds,

which would do honor to the agility of a frog of the masculine gender, in the maturity of his elastic powers! I was surprised beyond description at these frantic capers of my apprentice, who had been transferred, along with the other fixtures of the office, by Mr. Spoonbill.

No intimation had been given that the boy, although a devil himself by the ordination of business, was possessed of a devil also which made him take such gigantic tumbles over the face of the earth; and before time could be had to take a proper view of the situation, I sprang away, as if by instinct, from the manuscript to which I had been fastened all day, and pursued the youthful fugitive!

Out into the street I ran, hatless and coatless, with my ample locks flowing on the breeze. Hearing a noise behind him, for I was rapidly overtaking him, the imp looked back as Mrs. Lot is supposed to have looked when her husband's best corner lot in Sodom was losing its value in a tempest of fire and brimstone! The same terror was pictured on the boy's face which had been visible in the office; and when he saw me in full pursuit, cleaving the air with both arms and fleeing feet, giving my face a proper inclination toward the earth as I sped swiftly on, he uttered a yell which was not a war-whoop, nor a human shriek, nor yet like that most terrible of all sounds, the shriek of a frightened horse; but it was a combination of these, to which no effort at description can do justice; and as that yell went out on the startled air, the boy gave a repetition of those immense tumbles, which had excited my surprise at first, and which were now giving him a decided advantage in the chase. But all races are destined to terminate sooner or later; and the physical peculiarities of Ramshorn Billy put an end to the whole affair in much less time than ordinary races occupy. As a philosophical sequence, the farther his knees receded from each other according to the

demands of his bow-legged structure, the nearer his feet were thrown together; and as his clumsy boots were constantly in the way, his legs got into such a tangle as to give him a trip for which there was no remedy. How long he was in falling, or how much space he passed over, until he finally bit the dust in a fall which shook an acre of real estate in Clovertown, I will not pretend to say, in the absence of all mathematical helps. It was a surprising distance, at least, concerning which I shall make no statement, fearing that my veracity, which now is, undoubtedly, well established with the reader, might be fatally compromised.

From the moment in which the boy ran from the office, until the period of the catastrophe in his final fall—probably thirty seconds in all—my gaze was closely fixed on the fugitive, to the exclusion of all other objects; and you may judge of my surprise, when, in taking my sight away from him for a moment, as he lay in ruins on the earth, I saw numbers of my fellow-citizens, dozens of them at the least calculation, scampering in hot haste, not toward the sooty friend in distress, nor toward the editorial pursuer, nor yet toward the office from which both of us had emerged such a little while before, but off in all other directions—away from the boy and away from me, as though one of us, or both of us, were their predestined murderers. This panic seemed to take hold of every person I saw, creating such a stampede as had never before been visible among our quiet and inoffensive populace. A female, who was noted for her general sedateness and propriety, tripped her foot in the midst of the excitement, and fell full length on the pavement, greatly to the damage of a bundle of crinoline by which her body was encompassed; and an estimable gentleman, celebrated for his eminent politeness to the ladies, passed the fallen female

in the hurry of flight, neglecting to look at her, or extend the courtesy of needed assistance.

While I was in a state of bewilderment at the astonishing movements of my fellow-citizens, Ramshorn Billy must have risen and traveled off on his queer legs, or had taken wings and flown into the upper stratum of the clouds, or had taken another tack and vanished into the bowels of the earth; for when I reached the place where there seemed to be a culmination of curious capers, the boy was not to be seen, but the spot whereon his last plunge was made, when his best interests were betrayed by the malformation of his legs, revealed the violence of his exercise in numerous quaint impressions in the dust. Perfectly out of heart at the untowardness of events, and totally befogged by everything I saw that memorable afternoon, I hastened back to the sanctum, hoping to obtain some information from Mr. Van Sneezer concerning the manifold mysteries of the day. But on my entrance into that place, I was amazed and confounded at finding the room unoccupied by any person except myself. Then and there my temper broke down, and the amount of bitter and profane expletives which rolled along my tongue and rushed out on the great highway of articulation, was truly astonishing. I struck my clenched fists against the wall until the blood trickled from my knuckles. I danced over the floor in a paroxysm of rage, and threw one of the chairs with such violence against the floor as to break three of its legs and imperil the fourth; and the pine floor itself was contused and fractured in several places. I regret to say that I cursed the hour of my birth, and invoked vengeance on the head of the scoundrel who first tempted me to diverge from the path of virtuous and tranquil life, to engage in the thankless and God-forsaken life of a journalist!

When this paroxysm of fury had subsided, I relapsed into a fit of remorse, during which I besought my Creator, whom I had despised in my madness, to forgive me for my violence and presumption, and to endow me with fortitude wherewith to bear the shame, the reproach and the infinite humiliations which crowd the pathway of the Editor through his whole professional career. And when I left the sanctum, and stole away to my home in the dusk of evening, like a guilty creature who is afraid to meet his fellow-men face to face, I was cheered by the hope, although there was not a dollar of insurance on any portion of my little property, that some incendiary would relieve me from further responsibility in connection with the *Smasher*, by applying the torch that night to my printing office, and reducing it to ashes before the dawn of the next day. It seemed that I had been ruined in my new profession before the first number of the paper, under my management, was ready for publication.

V.

When I went home on the evening of that day in which I had been so repeatedly humbled, I told the whole story of my difficulties to my wife, hoping that her affection for me and her womanly sagacity would assist her in the unraveling of a mystery which seemed to be sealed hermetically against all my efforts to penetrate it. In bodily stature, she is far below the average height among her sex, able to walk with great comfort beneath my arm when it is extended horizontally from the shoulder; but this lowliness, which refers simply to material subjects, is amply

compensated by a head of her own and a will of her own, both of which are regarded as womanly properties. Our marriage was a recent event; and one of the blisses of my wedding-day was the expectation that my ambition to be an editor would be fully gratified in the course of a few months. When I thought of this delightful consummation, it occurred to my vanity—always large enough, in all conscience—that my little wife, who was ambitious enough herself, would be prouder of me as one of the lords of journalism in the West, than as a plain, plodding school-teacher in the rural districts, without any expectation whatever of promotion to a professorship in a college. It had been my design to keep from her knowledge very many matters connected with my business, especially those matters which, from their nature, would necessarily grieve and wound her young spirit. But I had been but a short time on the high road of matrimony, arm in arm with that intimate incarnation styled a wife, when it became patent to my understanding that she had a more comprehensive knowledge of my business than I had myself; and from that period I not only consulted her judgment on all subjects of importance, but I constituted her my cashier, with full authority to make such disbursements for the interests of our domestic establishment as she might think proper. I desire here to place on record a conviction which I have honestly indulged during the years of my wedded life, that if husbands were to get down from their artificial dignity, cultivating to a greater extent the grace of humility, and consulting their wives in matters of business, on terms of perfect equality and familiarity, there would be more happiness in the marital state, and vastly fewer bankruptcies in the various departments of trade.

After all, however, it was a bitter task to communicate

to my wife the terrible humiliations of that day, whose incidents were given in a past chapter. And when the communication was made, in the fulness, even, of minute detail, omitting nothing which would add perspicuity to the narration, the sagacity of my wife was at fault—she had nothing to say which could throw any relieving or explanatory light on the extravagant capers of Beelzebub, except the simple conjecture which I had made myself, that Ramshorn Billy was mad as a March hare, and should be sent at once to Mount Pleasant, to cultivate the acquaintance of half a dozen more just such diabolical lunatics as himself. Although she was not able to give an intelligent opinion with reference to the supposed malady of the boy, she stated that it seemed to her to be a remarkable instance of demoniac possession. She thought that if demons were permitted two thousand years ago to seize and occupy the human body—and the authority of the New Testament is conclusive on that point—it appeared possible to her that repetitions of such seizures and occupations would be permitted in any subsequent age of the world previous to the millennium; and if this be the case, she was positive that the impish appearance of the boy, combined with a sort of brimstone name by which he was distinguished, suggested his entire eligibility to receive in his manly structure half a hundred little demons at once! But when the subject of conversation was transferred from the boy to the panic which had taken hold of the populace when that eventful foot-race was instituted between Satan and the Editor, my wife remarked that the whole affair was perfectly incomprehensible. She had never heard of such an inexplicable circumstance since the days of Cotton Mather, wherein a hundred stampedes of the people would take place in a week, produced, of course, by the excitements of superstitious fears. But such popular de-

monstrations belonged to a past age, and she hardly thought it probable that, in the high noon of the nineteenth century, there would be any attempt in Republican America to reproduce the follies, superstitions and brutalities of the Era of Burned Witches in New England.

Whatever may have been the speculations of my wife, or any one else, respecting the mystery involved in the panic, I finally reached the belief, and so stated it to my domestic partner, that the Editor of the *Sledge-Hammer* was the cause of the whole complicated disturbance. He was unscrupulous to the last degree, and full of jealousy and malice. That paragraph in his paper which has been quoted in these memoirs was sufficient in itself, with its atrocious insinuations, to induce the more thoughtless of his readers, who had but little personal acquaintance with myself, to believe that I was a man of dark passions, malignant and sanguinary, having a record of crime in the past, and thirsting now for the blood of my fellow-men! But this hypothesis had its difficulties, although I was compelled to accept it for want of a better one. It was not easy to understand how it was that men of rare sedateness and decorum, having reputations for physical courage, would take flight, like a ghost-haunted child, and flee along the streets with undignified haste, compelling the tails of their coats to lift themselves horizontally on the breeze as signals of great distress! It would have been no difficult matter, however, to go out on the streets, or into a neighbor's dwelling, and elicit a revelation of the mystery by a series of cool questions; but this was a responsibility which I was unwilling, and even too cowardly to assume.

On the theory that Mr. Southpole was the cause of all the mischief, the propriety of challenging him to mortal combat suggested itself to my mind. He had done me

vital injury. He had wantonly and maliciously stabbed my reputation, and thereby had held me up to the scorn and abhorrence of mankind. His cruel slanders—and slanders are always cruel—had, in a brief space of time, converted me into an Ishmaelite, spotted, ostracised, hated and feared! He had forfeited his life to my reasonable vengeance, and I considered it to be my duty to take it. But how was this to be done? I lived in a free state, so far north of the inter-tropical region of fire and brimstone, as to bring ridicule and punishment on my own head if I presumed to take vengeance in accordance with the usage down in Dixie! And then, even if my residence was on the right side of the isothermal line, my religious training was opposed to all murderous exercise; and if my training had been of another character, endorsing the morality of duels, a proper sense of the sacredness of human life, especially of my own life, and a wretched doubt as to the name of the individual who would certainly become a victim in the gory encounter, made me shrink from committing myself so far to the hazards of a bloody contest as to cut off all retreat, except through the avenue of cowardice. Still, if the subject was not to be submitted to the arbitrament of arms, I felt it to be my duty to drop a note through the Post-office to Mr. Southpole, informing him of the estimation in which he was held by all good men, and of the infinite scorn with which, as a member of the Press, I regarded him. I designed that the note should speak as it ought to speak of the gross outrage on the proprieties and decencies of the profession, committed by Mr. Southpole against an Editor who was just beginning his career in Clovertown as the conductor of a rival paper; warning him, also, in terms befitting the severity of the theme, that there is a boundary to the aggressive villainy of slanderers such as himself, and if he dared to cross

it, he would be met by retributive justice and crushed to powder! I believed that a missive of this kind would frighten him into a practical recognition of some of the amenities of life, as well as the courtesies of the profession; but my wife held to a different opinion. It was her conviction that a man who had the heartlessness to indite a paragraph so coldly Satanic as the one which had wounded my sensitiveness as it had never been wounded before, would never retract his language, until forced to do so at the point of the bayonet, or by means of a successful prosecution in a Court whose jurisdiction embraces all trials for high crimes and misdemeanors. He was not to be reached by any of those appeals which are intended to convince the judgment, stimulate correct sentiment, or excite any genuine emotion. But in this case, I followed the lead of my own judgment, and the note was written in full agreement with the synopsis given in another place.

The dreams which disturbed my slumbers on that night were greatly varied, and some of them were terrific. A hideous nightmare gave SOUTHPOLE a seat on the pit of my stomach, and the sensation was so awkwardly smothering that, in the struggle which followed to retain breath in my body, I leaped out into the middle of the floor, and was standing there in tremulous horror, when the voice of my wife restored to me my scattered senses. Thrice I was drowned in turbid and turbulent waters, and was unspeakably gratified to see a couple of stalwart Hibernians engaged in holding my feet up in the air, while my head was pointed downwards in that sweetly inverted attitude which was best calculated to invite the fluid in my stomach to pay attention to the attraction of gravitation. Several times during my slumbers I paid visits to my sanctum, and every time I did so, the word "SALUTATORY," in tremendous capitals, each letter being as large as a

church steeple, was displayed to my fevered imagination. No matter which way I turned, that ominous word, weird and wondrous, spread out in its barbaric uncouthness until the sanctum grew larger than the Vatican at Rome, kept always before me. And every time I saw it, I saw, also, through the medium of double vision, afar in the mist which seemed to float through the atmosphere, a face which chilled my blood; a face which belonged neither to earth nor to Hades; a face with an expression of worse than Gorgon horror; and as it looked through that awful twilight, and through that enveloping mist—looked on me, whom Fate had chosen to be the victim of this bodiless curse, I saw the features, or I saw a spectral something which seemed to constitute the features of the Demon of the Printing Office! But when I lifted up my voice, and called on the imp to come out from his sepulchral gloom, and explain the mysteries which were overshadowing his destiny, the face assumed an expression of Satanic glee, and vanished in a cloud of sulphurous smoke, just as the scales of sleep fell again from my eyelids, and I was wide awake! My wife desired to know, immediately after my waking vigil returned, what on earth I meant by bawling, with such astounding vociferation, the name of Ramshorn Billy. I answered somewhat demurely that I was possessed of a devil, or probably half a dozen devils, and she believed it all!

The confession must be made some time, and it may as well be made here as at any other point in these sketches —I will therefore state, for the benefit of the reader, who may have a melancholy impression that I did not survive the horrors of that night, and who may believe also that a coffin, of ordinary material and workmanship, six feet in length, and worth about ten dollars in currency before the war, was seen to enter my domicil, in the custody of a

couple of persons, precisely at two o'clock in the afternoon of the following day—for the benefit, I repeat, of all such persons, I am authorized to say that on the morning of my supposed dissolution, I drank three cups of Rio coffee for breakfast, disposed of a few eggs well done, did justice to a large supply of fried beef, and listened to a gentle Caudle lecture concerning my foolish, and disgraceful way of sneaking through alleys and other obscure places to and from business, instead of holding my head up in the world, and looking into the faces of my fellow men with unabashed vision. The breakfast was good and the advice excellent, and I determined to profit by the latter. So, then, when the proper time came, I put on my hat, and started for the office without betraying any of that nervous uneasiness which had distinguished my movements for several days. I was indeed heartily ashamed of myself for the miserable abasement and degeneracy into which I had plunged as suddenly and as fatally as that other illustrious fool, Sam Patch, had plunged down the Genesee Falls! It was not a physical death with me as it was in the case of Mr. Patch; but it was the death of manly pride and manly dignity, which, if it did not send me into a coffin and precipitate me a fathom deep below the surface of the earth, ought to have done so, for in that state of servile nothingness I was not worthy to hold a place in society. I moved forward toward the office through the proper streets, with head erect, and with my stove-pipe hat thrown back from my forehead at an angle of forty-five degrees with the zenith, revealing salutary improvement in the organ of self-esteem. I twirled my cane with evident nonchalance, and my step was cheerfully elastic, enough so to prove that a goodly portion of vitality still inhered in my system.

It was quite early in the morning, and I hoped, in spite

of my courage and the devil-may-care sprightliness of my address, that I would get to the office without trouble. Vain hope! I was gratified to find no person except the clerk at the Post Office, where I deposited the letter which had been addressed to CHEVALIER SOUTHPOLE. I noticed that the clerk evinced a desire to keep as far away from me as possible, but his shyness was not sufficiently marked to justify me in speaking to him on the subject. Between the Post Office and my place of business, I ran the gauntlet of several individuals, all of whom gave signs of uneasiness; and one of them, JOE DASHER, supposed to be a special friend to the *Smasher*, betrayed such unaccountable trepidation, that I became furiously mad in a trice, and was determined to obtain from him an immediate explanation. I went up to him as he was trying to back out in a badly disconcerted condition; but just as I was in the act of placing a hand on his shoulder his face being turned toward me with a white and beseeching expression, one of his heels struck against an obstruction, and he fell backward into a dismal gutter which had received the benefit of a rain during the night. Extending a helping hand to him in his difficulty, I hauled him out and commenced to rid his garments of the impression which the affluent soil of Iowa, blended with much nastiness, had given to them. While engaged in this merciful operation, I demanded of DASHER, who was still trying to get away, an explanation of his singular conduct.

It might be amusing to the reader to place before him, in dramatic liveliness, a report of the conversation which took place near the mouth of an alley in Clovertown, between Mr. DASHER and myself. Emboldened by the apparent courage which my coy friend was displaying in this interview, several other persons came within speaking distance; and from them as well as from DASHER, my mind

was fully enlightened with reference to the mysterious behavior of my fellow townsmen. It was then and there made plain to the commonest understanding that Satan, not by proxy nor by any other sort of representative, had in proper person established himself in Clovertown! I discovered that a conspiracy of the meanest kind, growing out of that disposition in the human heart which is denominated "cussedness" in text-books on moral philosophy, had been formed against me, and the reader is already familiar with some of the incidents of woe which were produced by it. It was not enough that Mr. VAN SNEEZER, or some anonymous wretch for whom there is neither apology nor forgiveness, insinuated that I had been confined to my room with small-pox for some time. It was not enough that some political enemy had made the statement—as his features revealed an expression of counterfeited alarm, that I had brought up from New Orleans, whither I went a few weeks before on a brief visit, the contagion of yellow fever in my clothes, and that a friend of mine, JOHN SMITH by name, whose residence was in the country, a few miles away, had contracted the disease while remaining at my house over night, and was now dead. Intelligence was received at Clovertown on the day preceding this interview with DASHER and others, that three of the neighbors of Mr. SMITH, gentlemen of property and influence, one of whom was a Justice of the Peace, weighing two hundred pounds when in health, had caught the contagion by unsuspiciously visiting Mrs. S., and no hope was entertained of their recovery. It was not enough, as before stated, for me, the victim of these calumnious reports, to have the small-pox and the yellow fever at the same time; but the conspirators, of whom there must have been a regiment, well nigh exhausted their legs and their ingenuity in tumbling around through the community, and

in whispering confidentially to many different persons the name of every loathsome, infectious and contagious disease in the world; and then having fastened each and all of these horrible maladies on myself, taking care to distribute the atrocious slander in a way which was least liable to be overturned by an untimely exposure, the whole affair was left to work out its own destiny. It should be remembered, also, that at the very time when I was lingering in the fatal embrace of yellow fever and Italian plague, and yelling in the loathsome arms of small-pox and septennial titillation, the editor of the *Sledge-Hammer* was pounding me into very small pieces on the anvil of his hatred and malevolence, even if it took an extra *Hammer* to do it!

As intimated before, a dramatic recital of the dialogue which took place that morning would greatly amuse the reader; but I have contented myself with a synopsis merely, having neither time, nor space, nor inclination to reproduce too many humiliating passages in my history. The subject became so revolting to me, that no allusion to it appeared in the *Smasher* at any time; and a casual reference to it by any person, on any occasion, would fill me with rage. Probably when I returned to the office that day, I was a wiser and a happier man. Without communicating with Mr. Van Sneezer in relation to outside incidents, he and I went to work on my Salutatory, designing to publish the paper next day. Satan had also returned to his post; and it transpired a long time afterward that the panic which had seized him on the day of his fright, and which led him into a hundred acrobatic fooleries, was brought about less by what he had heard with reference to contagious diseases, than by the awful expression which was visible in my own features as I was engaged in chopping down the redundancies of my

newspaper article. The poor fellow was naturally smart enough to get along through the world without external aid; but his best friends, of whom he had one or two, were forced to admit that his queer ways induced them to believe that he was not always of sound mind. But with all his eccentricities of thought and action, and with all the curiosities of his bodily organization, he loved books, and loved his widowed mother, with whom he lived, and of whom he took the best possible care, so far, at least, as his ability permitted him. Like most imps in a printing-office, he was not regarded as a person of great weight in society; but of the thousands who stood above him in the social scale, there was not one among them all who possessed a better heart than Ramshorn Billy.

The Salutatory was at last finished and set up. This article, and the farewell address of Mr. Spoonbill, constituted, thus far, the only original matter on the second page. It had been my intention to illuminate the same page with an elaborate editorial on the political condition of Afghanistan as compared with the condition of the United States; but want of time determined me to promise the article in the next issue of the *Smasher*. For the balance of the second page, I clipped a treatise or two on moral topics, forgetting, in my haste, that a newspaper should have in it any news whatever. The first column on the third page still retained the local and miscellaneous head which my predecessor gave it; but it seemed out of the question for a man of my exalted turn of mind to get down from a vast height of argument, from which the whole globe, and several other globes, great and small, appeared as insignificant affairs, and devote my attention to the improvements in business and buildings which were going on in Clovertown.

It did not occur to me that my readers, all of whom

were supposed to be of the solid and reflective order of mankind, would want to know anything concerning the events which were constantly taking place in our little city. So, then, that particular column, which, if used for home-news, is now regarded as the most important and interesting department of the paper, was filled with brief and ancient scraps, some of which came down from the earliest period known to historical conjecture and tradition. As usual, the other columns of the page were principally devoted to advertisements, as was the case with the last page. Hereafter it will be my duty to speak more particularly of the advertising portion of the paper. I have now reached a point in this history which ought to have been reached long ago; but as the tribulations connected with my initial experience had to be told in some shape, I hope the execution has not been so imperfect as to break down the patience of my readers. Whether my career was to be long or short, I was fully committed to the cares and responsibilities, as well as the public odium, of a journalist.

VI.

It has been suggested to my conscience that I may have trespassed on the eternal prerogative of truth in my description of the events connected with the small-pox panic in Clovertown. Despite the uniform veracity of editors of all parties, and all shades of religious belief, it must be admitted, as a possibility, that my florid imagination, as well as my long absence from the sacred precincts of a printing-office, has led me to say things which are not

true. My love of caricature is very strong; so much so, indeed, that some of the exaggerations of language in a former chapter assumed to such an extent the general appearance of fictions, that it is hardly worth while to put in a demurrer against an accusation of this character.

I had so much love of self, and so much confidence in my superior ability to conduct a newspaper, that one of my first rules in the profession prohibited me from referring, except in the most indirect way, to any rival sheet in the same place. There appeared to be a crushing severity in a refusal on my part to recognize in my paper even the existence of the *Sledge-Hammer* or its editor; but as the sequel will show, this fine-spun reticence was broken through without ceremony in the course of a few days. On one hand, personal pride which dominated everything within the sphere of my government, led me to believe that any notice of my competitor in the columns of the *Smasher*, was a debasing condescension on my part, amounting simply to an advertisement of the *Sledge-Hammer*, for which I would receive no pay; and on the other hand it was evident that the same resentment which betrayed me into the folly of addressing a private note, full of vindictive bitterness, to Mr. Southpole, would, sooner or later, betray me into the greater folly of bandying editorial epithets with my professional antagonist.

On the day in which that first number of my paper was issued, I received a few calls from political friends. I was sensible that the *Smasher*, as it appeared that week, was a thousand miles behind the standard of excellence on which my ambitious eyes were fixed. The failure, however, to get out a nice sheet, sparkling with the gems of thought, and in every other way presentable, was not to be ascribed to a want of ability in the editor, but to the existence of sundry vexations of which no public mention could reason-

ably be made by myself. Notwithstanding the many defects which were glaringly visible in my week's work, I believed that I had gone several furlongs ahead of my predecessor in the race of merit; and I was annoyed to a point of undisguised irritation, when not a word of commendation fell from the lips of any of my visitors. At first I referred this want of courtesy to any remnants of the small-pox panic which may have survived the death of JOHN SMITH, and lingered still in manly bosoms; but I was compelled before night to refer it to a clear want of literary discrimination.

One fellow excited my jealousy until I had a secret desire to shed his blood, by the statement that the Valedictory of Mr. SPOONBILL was one of the finest specimens of genuine pathos he had ever seen in the English language, —much finer, he added, than any of the stanzas which "ALEXANDER BYRON had written with reference to the tragic ride and pathetic death of JOHN GILPIN!" While I was trying to take my revenge out of this dunce, by telling him that Lord BYRON was not christened for ALEXANDER POPE nor for ALEXANDER the Great, and that the ride of JOHN GILPIN, as celebrated by COWPER, was not included among tragedies—while taking my revenge in this benevolent way, another chap remarked that the Salutatory looked for all the world as though it had been written while the author was standing on his head—not for pastime, but as a literary penance for his transgressions. The whole concern, he remarked, had the appearance of being inverted, and he felt it to be his duty to advise all readers, if they desired to comprehend it, to give it a perusal while occupying a reversed attitude! While I was deliberating in my own mind the propriety of kicking this shameless critic out into the street, a pigeon-toed savage, whose conscience was as much hepatized as his liver, ob-

served with a lisp that he had not been informed of the fact that the new editor could write in High Dutch with greater ease and power than in his native lingo! On being asked what he meant by this startling declaration, he answered that one of his friends, a great scholar, who was familiar with all modern languages except one, remarked in the morning while looking through the *Smasher*, that he was not able to make out the precise language in which the Salutatory was written and published, and had concluded, therefore, that it must be High Dutch!

Another small-bored critic, with a nose of preternatural length, observed he had more cause for thankfulness that day than at any other period! At this declaration, I knew that another broadside was intended, and in the urgency of my alarm, I inwardly prayed that either "night or Blucher would come;" but what I meant by that prayer has been a mystery to me ever since! A pound or two of cotton stuffed against the drum of my ears, would not have been misapplied; but the article was not to be had, and martyrdom was my destiny. The critic last mentioned proceeded to say that, if one of those tremendous figures of speech, in which my article indulged, had fallen on him, he would have been crushed to death as certainly as though one of those huge mountains which Milton's angels hurled through the midst of Heaven, had struck him fairly on the head, and entombed him forever!

Nothing but the humility which springs from adversity, and the cautiousness which springs from a proper sense of danger, kept me from employing the toe of my boot, or any other instrument of wrath and ejection, in ridding my office of a set of miscreants who, it seemed to me, were the emissaries of my rival, come to torment me out of existence. It is hard to tell at this late period, why I was

restrained from making a raid of the most sweeping character against these murderers of a man's sensitiveness. True, they had not called me liar, or thief, or imposter, or scoundrel of any kind. True, they had not stigmatized me with any of those designations which are applied in cases of villainy, when the heart, and not the brain, is the motive power; but they had done worse than that! They had stood up in my office, on my own sacred premises, in the sanctity of my own editorial room, and in the immediate presence of myself and my subordinates, had applied to me every epithet which, when used, is meant to characterize the veriest idiot on earth!

It is hardly necessary to amplify further in regard to the processes of humiliation through which I was made to pass on that first day of publication. It is easily seen that my punishment was terrible, all the more so because it was offered on the day, and in the very place, of a long-anticipated triumph. Glowing expectation had enthroned me this day on the tripod; but the difference between expectation, which flashed out on the pathway of experience as the sun flashes out on the landscapes of earth—the difference, I repeat, between an expectation like this and a reality such as that which sent a tempest of bitterness, wounded pride and consternation through my heart, will never be described by mortal pen. I thought then that John Rogers, who was toasted to death in the presence, if I mistake not, of his large and respectable family, one of whose members was a heavenly cherub at the breast, failed to come up to myself in a realization of agony. But I was not yet done with the sorrows of this life. Timothy Bludgeon, whose method was to drive everything before him, according to the dictum of brute force, hinted, in a peculiarly gentle way of his own, that there was too much tameness in my style as a writer; that I did not call

things by their proper names; and that I did not thunder from Mount Olympus as the gods are wont to do when any great enterprise is to be achieved. He added that if the *Smasher* was to be turned into a pop-gun with paper wads, he felt it his duty to break down the little shooter by discontinuing his patronage.

Considering that the pop-gun had been firing away for years in a cause in which Mr. BLUDGEON was officially and financially interested, and that Mr. SPOONBILL, my predecessor, had not profited a cent thereby, but, on the other hand, was considerably out of pocket, not only on account of subscriptions, which Mr. BLUDGEON forgot to pay, but on account of ticket-printing for him, advertising, and other accommodations, it is not difficult to perceive that the *Smasher* would be ruined if this faithful friend were to take from it the light of his countenance! I have known several nice little sheets killed by BLUDGEONS, and the murderers, who were present at the funeral, wondered what "the devil was the reason that their papers had to go into consumption and death in such a premature way!" It is scarcely probable that MACBETH did not know that he had favored DUNCAN with an unexpected plunge among the breakers of another world; but the BLUDGEONS of this age, thankless fellows, full of pluck in all things, save the printing-bill, are able to knock a journal into a thousand flying fragments, and yet be oblivious of the fact that they are murderers, for whose conviction in the Court of Last Appeal, a host of dead printers, with their starved families, are waiting to give their evidence on the other shore.

VII.

"Mr. Ramshorn, you will temporarily vacate that position at the roller, and then, having performed your ablutions in the usual way, you will proceed to transfer those sinister extremities of yours, commonly called legs, to Uncle Samuel's receptacle of epistolary correspondence and current literature. Return therefrom with what appertains to this *sanctum sanctorum*."

"Sir?"

I am not positive whether I approached the imp in that magnificent style of dictation; but it is certain, from the nature of his answer, and from the stare of vacant astonishment on his features, that he failed to comprehend my meaning. The order was repeated in a better style; and in the course of twenty minutes, Billy returned from the post-office with a bundle of exchanges, mixed up with several letters, whose contents I proceeded to investigate. The first one opened had a sulphurous look on the outside, and a fragrant smell, as of brimstone, on the inside. It came from my professional competitor, Chevalier Southpole, in answer to that private note which I had addressed to him a few hours before, when spleen and horror were dominant in my mind. Southpole wrote thus:

Dear Damphule:

Since my connection with the *Sledge-Hammer*, I have been tilted against several varieties of the genus *fool*, who had the management of the sheet of which you now assume to be editor. On a thorough investigation of the subject, aided by the light of that terrific note which you directed to me through the Clovertown post-office, I have the honor to inform you, in that easy, concise and courteous manner, for which my epistles are always distinguished from those of the common herd of mankind, that at this time, when it is the privilege of political maniacs to shriek more loudly than usual, you

are probably one of the most enterprising and magniloquent blockheads extant upon the surface of the earth. I will enlarge on this topic in the next issue of the *Sledge-Hammer*.

Yours, fraternally,

C. SOUTHPOLE.

This note put me into a violent perspiration. I threw aside the other letters without opening them, and kicked aside the bundle of exchanges to the opposite side of the the room. For a few minutes I felt as though I had lost every friend, and had gained more enemies than any other great man since the days of the hemlocked philosopher of Athens. The simple note itself with its incisive satire gave me no special uneasiness; it was the after consideration in the shape of a little piece of personal butchery in the columns of the *Sledge-Hammer*. I was notified in a manner, in which cold atrocity was uppermost, that on a certain day, the day of publication of my rival, I was to be placed in a hotter fire than ever had been kindled by the Spanish Inquisition, and blown by the bellows of rival hate into a condition of indescribable torture; and then, having passed through the several degrees of pitiless hate until a red hot glow should be attained, I was to be taken from the fire while the sparks of my resentment were falling in impotent showers, and placed on an anvil, to be beaten to atoms by the *Sledge-Hammer*. Thus, to my morbid imagination, the *Smasher* was to be smashed, and its Editor would be gathered to his fathers in a way so startling as to frighten the stoutest heart. I mentally cursed the insane idea which had suggested that private note of mine to SOUTHPOLE. Without using audible tones, I called myself an ass a thousand times, and in the extremity of my consternation I attempted to bray in order to give melodious proof that I was the very animal in question. Mr. VAN SNEEZER, who was standing near by, was astounded. It was as

much as he could do to save his composing-stick from tumbling out of his hands; and the expression which swept over the gentle undulations of his face, was a more scenic combination of surprise and terror than I had ever before seen on any human face. And Ramshorn Billy, who was just outside the door with his hands in his pockets, and with his eyes fixed on the firmament, was so driven from his self-possession by the startling noise inside, that he leaped on his sinuous pins at least five feet straight up in the air, and came back to the earth as a dead weight, having no more elasticity in his limbs than a pound of putty. The poor fellow, when he heard that stupendous imitation of a bray so near him, apparently only a few feet behind, firmly believed that Tom Dickey's quadrupedal musician, with long ears, had gone mad, escaped from confinement, and had made a successful raid on my office.

The reader has concluded before this time that the composing-room, job-room, and sanctum of the *Smasher* were all in one department; this was really the case. The whole concern was thrown together in miscellaneous awkwardness, so that the grand triumvirate of a printing office—EDITOR, FOREMAN, IMP,—stood within arm's length of each other, ready, it seemed, to precipitate a war on the question of boundary and respective authority. That awful sub-division of a printing house, known to the world as the sanctum, was, in my case, in the most obscure corner of the room—ensconced, or entrenched, in a pile of horrible rubbish, constituting a pyramid, which displayed the grandeur of editorial negligence and dirtiness. If I have, at any time during the preparation of these memoirs, impressed you with the idea that the sanctum of my original office in Clovertown was alone in its glory, separated from vulgar contact with other apartments, and

" wrapped," like NAPOLEON, " in the solitude of its own originality"—if such an impression exists with you, I pray you at once to dismiss it from your mind. In these days, in which great thoughts are launched like thunderbolts from the brains of leading journalists, sanctums, in many cases, are like palaces, having no resemblance whatever to those dens of filthiness—no larger than a baby's crib—from which, aforetime, the ideas of pioneer editors went out to the world as missionaries of thought and intelligence.

I will not say how assiduously I sought to hide from VAN SNEEZER, and even from my *devil*, all evidence of the lively apprehension which was causing so much uneasiness. I could not bear the thought of letting down my dignity by any confession, voluntary or otherwise, of the many fears which assailed me; and yet, it must not be supposed that my vanity, great as it was, kept me from realizing the pangs which an enemy's pen was able to inflict. In some respects my vanity increased this sensitiveness to attack in a tenfold degree; as, the higher a man stands in his own estimation, the harder will be his fall when his antagonist makes him bite the dust. To say that I was fearful of the morrow, does not present the subject with requisite force. There was no crime on my conscience, to cause me to fear a revelation of that nature; but there was a fearful *something*—intangible, indefinite—a something which was more a phantasm than anything else which the mind can grasp. It was that fearful something which absorbed my mind during the rest of the day.

What I did was done mechanically, for all the avenues of thought, save one, were closed, and this one was thronged with the demons of a morbid imagination. And to make the matter worse, there was no one to whom I could tell the story of my woe, and from whom I could

obtain the help of a little genial sympathy. Even my wife could not be told about it; for, above all other persons, she was the last one to whom the story of my wretched cowardice should be known. With all my communicativeness to her, and with the obligation of perfect confidence resting on my conscience, it was too much a disgrace of my manhood to tell her of the debasement into which I had fallen by virtue of my fear of the morrow. I will venture to say that the editor who has experienced some of the asperities growing out of the rivalries incident to journalism, will, perhaps, while reading this paragraph, call to mind occurrences of a like nature in his own professional career. If he has nothing of the kind on which a retrospection may linger, I infer that he either had no competition to contend against, or was blessed with that which was controlled by a spirit of Christian courtesy: or, as the last possibility in the case—he was blessed, or cursed, with that sort of rivalry which is too small of brains and of character to provoke anything like a respectable controversy.

There are some competitors at whom we can afford to laugh for their tameness and ludicrous want of sharpness in making a point against an adversary. If they were birds —owls, for instance—they would awkwardly tear off their wings on each attempt to fly. Of these fellows there need be no fear; but there is another class, made up of men whose quick wit, scathing satire, sharpness of repartee, and ability to bear punishment while inflicting it, have caused them to be feared by the lesser minds in the same profession.

The dreaded day came! My wife spoke of my unusual paleness, and for the first time seemed greatly annoyed because her woman's intuition convinced her, in spite of false disclaimers on my part, that an important secret was

withheld from her confidence. I saw a little storm coming up from the domestic horizon; but a smile of forgiveness followed the storm, and swept it away, when she saw that the trouble, whatever it was, was making said inroads on my happiness. To this day I feel ashamed of myself when I think of it. What fatal mischief can there be in a paper pellet of the brain, which can so disintegrate a man's soul! Yet many a poor fellow has winced under a verbal dissection, who would have looked unblanched into the cannon's mouth amid the thunder and tempest of battle.

I was standing at the door of my office when the carrier for the other paper handed me the last number of the *Sledge-Hammer*. I took it as a man takes his death-warrant into his own hands; and instead of opening it and glancing at its contents, to be sure that the death penalty was adequately illustrated in its editorial columns, I stepped back into the room, and at a moment when the foreman's observation seemed to be turned away from me, I placed the paper in an obscure niche in my own corner, hoping that it would remain there forever, unheeded and untouched. In less than half an hour, however, I began to realize the condition of Sir Fretful Plagiarist, in the comedy of the *Critic*. It will be remembered that the gentleman just mentioned, after having shown that a couple of geniuses, living two hundred years apart, would necessarily have striking coincidences of thought and language, as Shakespere and himself, for instance, proceeded to say, in a fit of spleen, because somebody had accused him of literary theft, that nothing evil was said of him which did not reach his ear through the channel of "some easy, good-natured friend or other!" It was but a short time, then, before the office was partly filled with one phthisical and several quizzical bores. The phthisical

gentleman, who was greatly addicted to puffing, informed me, in his peculiar way, that SOUTHPOLE had "walloped me until there was not enough of my char-*ack*-ter left to make up the running gear of a lady's bonnet, new style." After he had succeeded in puffing himself outside of a semicircle of treacherous friends, a gentleman with whom the reader is already acquainted, remarked that it was "the awfullest case of larruping he'd ever seen in his born days, and that any man who would write that way about his fellow-mortal, ought to be burned at the stake until he was toasted as brown as HUGH LATIMER and all of Fox's 'Book of Martyrs!'" Another individual observed, with a look of satanic audacity, that, "if he had received such a monstrous whaling as SOUTHPOLE had given me, he'd murder the editor, set fire to half the town, and run off to parts unknown by the light of his own blazing office!" Still another, HOOKEY by name, a man of eminent secretiveness and political cunning, caught a glimpse of the paper which I had hidden in the niche, and which contained my obituary, and brought it out from its lurking-place with an air of strategic triumph which was truly execrable. HOOKEY squared himself in the attitude of a stump orator, and, in a clear cutting voice, read the article which SOUTHPOLE had written for my benefit. This remarkable article was preceded by my private note to SOUTHPOLE, which was printed in the *Sledge-Hammer*, word for word, just as I had written it at a time when I was playing the fool to great perfection, under the ministrations of impetuosity. Following this introduction came the appended remarks, which are clipped from the old files of the *Sledge-Hammer:*

"Our readers are apprized that the above tit-bit of literature came from the individual who does the smashing for that smut machine which goes by the title of the Clovertown *Smasher!* In bodily appearance, he is a cross between a long-armed ape and a Theban

mummy, which has just been taken from its place of interment. The suspicious color of his cuticle, together with the peculiar twist of his hair, and the length and remarkable conformation of his heels, places him outside of the Anglo-Saxon race, in close affinity with another race, whose characteristics are too well known to require special mention in these columns. He came to this city a few weeks since without any sort of introduction, which an honorable man is sure to give when he makes his home among strangers. References, he had none, and his entire surroundings were of that nature which would include him among suspected, if not criminal persons. Not long ago, according to his own statement, he was in New Orleans and other Southern cities. If you place this circumstance with the fact that he is one of the school of shriekers, after the order of those females who have reversed the order of Providence by wearing breeches and ranting as public lecturers, the inference is clear that his visit to the South was designed to alienate the blacks from their masters, and precipitate a horrible servile insurrection, which, in its abhorrent course, would murder the gray-haired and the helpless, and dash out the brains of unoffending babies! What a monster of depravity this man must be! It is now known with certainty that this new editor, this malformed specimen of perfidy and brutality, this jaundiced miscreant, with the heels of a black-a-moor, was guilty, while among our Southern neighbors, of the enormity of teaching the alphabet to a couple of small niggers, in direct violation of law, in plain derogation of the rights of the master, and in direct antagonism to the requirements of a broad philanthropy and a comprehensive Christianity!

"It was our purpose, when we began this article, to preserve a calm and dignified composure, keeping aloof from those ebullitions of passion in which so many partisan sheets indulge. Although the provocation was coarse and abusive, we are glad that we have not been betrayed into any epithets of a gross and scurrilous character. It has been simply our object, in the preparation of this personal editorial, to employ a few words of tranquil and cautious truth with reference to an individual whose recent brutal whipping of a poor and defenceless apprentice, and whose other acts of shameless atrocity compel all good and virtuous people to shun him, and mark him as the most profligate, villainous, abandoned, and God-forsaken wretch whose breath infects and pollutes the atmosphere of our fallen planet!"

I have not given the entire article of my rival. There was much more of it, of the same delectable nature; but I am satisfied the reader has had enough of it for present digestion.

While HOOKEY was engaged in getting off the killing points of this editorial, I was standing with my back against the wall, my head thrown forward and downward, my arms folded sadly across my breast, and my stove-pipe hat drawn down over my face, so as to conceal my features as much as possible. Instead of laughing in healthy glee at the impotent spluttering of my antagonist, I received his ravings as a man is expected to receive a summons to take his place on the scaffold—as a step which precedes the final leap into eternity. I was not so insensible to the appeals of common sense, and not so profoundly ignorant of the proprieties of current literature, as to believe that the jargon of maudlin fooleries which SOUTHPOLE had thrown at my reputation possessed any merit which truth or decent language could endorse. I knew that the thing was not even a well told and plausible series of falsehoods. I knew it was full of just such crudities as a man of coarse passions, and a coarse kind of culture in the use of epithets, would be likely to produce; yet I was young in the profession, and supposed that the tremendous earnestness, or the affectation of earnestness, in my rival's manner, while producing a sensation article, would have its effect on the populace. In my own estimation, a previous attack of the *Sledge-Hammer* had spoiled my prospects; and now this new assault, so unspeakably false and ferocious, overwhelmed me with a sense of hopelessness and utter ruin.

For once my visitors took pity on me, and left me to myself. The phthisical gentleman, with a puff of wheezing sympathy; another, with a preternatural nose, went off

with something like a tear trickling down its mountainous declivities; another, a perfect savage, relaxed into a smile of civilized meekness, and shuffled beyond the scope of my vision. Even HOOKEY, prince of the art of political intrigue, peerless as a wire-worker, bloodless, as all politicians are sure to be, if successful, permitted his cold gray eye to grow lachrymally pathetic; but whether it came from genuine emotion, or from a little strangle in the wind-pipe, or from some other like cause, will never be known.

In a new country like ours there are scores of ways to climb into exuberant life and prosperity, after a poor fellow has been killed off without benefit of clergy. I mean to say that, in a country like the great West, of diversified and inexhaustible resources, a man may be often ruined before his destruction can be made permanent. In my collapsed condition there were several sorts of ladders which seemed to promise, one after another, to give me better footing. I might possibly sell my office and fixtures to some generous purchaser; or, failing to do this, I might sacrifice the whole concern by giving it away, or setting fire to it, as heretofore proposed, and running away by the glare of the conflagration; or, failing to do these things, I still had the privilege of meeting SOUTHPOLE on the street, and blowing his brains out with a pistol, or knocking them out with a club, or extravasating both his eyes with a blow from my fist; failing to adopt any of these plans, a suicide's grave was still open to me; or, as the last and most judicious alternative, I could remain at my office, stick to my business, look the world bravely in the face, and return squib for squib, and shot for shot, through all the variations of a personal and partisan controversy in the newspapers.

Although I did not adopt the best plan which suggested

itself, I was not such a fool, on the other hand, as to adopt the worst. In preparing matter for the next issue I wrote a verbose leader, on a topic of but little popular interest, and christened it as follows: "The Constitution and Government of Ancient Republics, as contrasted with the Civil Polity of Modern Democratic Governments." This Gothic piece of editorial architecture was followed by a smaller edifice, entitled "A Brief Treatise Concerning the Superiority of the Patriarchal or Theocratic Form of Government over all Other Forms, Ancient or Modern." These two articles, of imposing appearance, constituted all the leaded matter on the editorial page; and half of the third page, after dismissing a number of advertisements, which had been *dead* for a whole year, was devoted to a wholesale castigation of SOUTHPOLE, whose brutal insolence required, as I thought, a few columns of tremendous adjectives, in the way of epithets of the coarsest and most violent character. It was my design to answer a fool according to his folly, and this was to be done by imitating the inconsistency and insane vehemence of my antagonist. I was pleased with the general structure of the article; and being satisfied with all departments, outside and inside, the second number of the *Smasher*, under my administration, was sent abroad on its mission of intelligence and benevolence to my fellow-citizens of Clovertown.

VIII.

A FEW hours after the appearance of the *Smasher*, and while I was thinking of the popular effect likely to be produced by such a demonstration of intellectual power as

was furnished in my paper, a plain gentleman, of fifty-five or sixty years of age, of average height, pale features, and somewhat subdued expression, with a white cravat and standing collar, stepped somewhat hesitatingly into the office. His coat was of the long-tail cut, evincing the fact, in connection with his immaculate neckerchief and white high crowned hat, that he had the denominational peculiarities which led him to worship God in communion with one of the orthodox churches of the day. At first I took him to be a minister, but almost immediately changed my mind, because I could not discern any appearance in him of controversial positiveness or pugnacity. It was evident, if he had ever displayed any strong perversity or ungodliness of inclination, he had been tempered down by some radical agency, until his disposition became as smooth and as unruffled as the bald brow which lay in repose under the shadow of his hat. Still, his appearance of quaint respectability and intelligence, blended with his air of quiet conscientiousness, impressed me favorably. Instead of taking a proffered seat, he took from his hat a roll of manuscript, and having learned that I was the conductor of the paper, he stood with his hat in one hand and the manuscript in the other, and then addressed me:

"Before I make known my business, sir, it is my duty to inform you that I am a resident of Clovertown, and that my name is Dobbs—Theophilus Dobbs, sir, if you please. I regret to say that many persons, in the thoughtlessness of youthful levity, have styled me the husband of Leonora Araminta Dobbs, intending to give the impression that I am not master in my own house, and that the lady whose name I mentioned a minute ago, controls her domestic establishment in that strong-minded way which has become too fashionable in these degenerate days."

"I own, sir, that in coming to you with this manuscript, which was prepared by my wife, and in submitting it to you for publication, I am doing that very thing which my enemies charge. I will explain. My wife, in this manuscript, has defended those rash heresies which place woman in an attitude of superiority over the other sex; and I am frank to tell you that nothing but a strong desire to preserve peace in my family has constrained me, in accordance with the perverse inclination of Mrs. Dobbs, to bring this ludicrous article to you, and ask, or appear to ask, for its appearance in print. I trust, sir, that you will not print it, because I would not have my wife laughed at, nor my twenty children dishonored by it——"

"Twenty children! Good Lord!" ejaculated the editor, with a start.

"A score of children! gracious me!" responded Van Sneezer, with a half-uttered groan.

"Twenty children! Great Jemima!" echoed Ramshorn Billy, as he placed his fingers to his mouth in a peculiar manner, and blew a blast of admiration as shrill as any which can be conceived.

Mr. Dobbs was a shade irritated—just a shade; for the serenity of his conquered spirit would hardly admit the interruption of a perceptible ruffle.

"Gentlemen," said he, in a tone in which the slightest tremor might have been noticed, "if I had supposed that my manner of talking would have produced these expressions of wonder and profanity, or even have brought out the remarkable whistle of that boy, I certainly would have restrained my lips and tongue, and kept profound silence. If it is an extraordinary matter to you that I should be the father of twenty children with one wife only, I assure you that it affords no surprise to myself, inasmuch as I am living with the dear offspring continually, and am living

in expectation, without any special desire, however, that in the course of time the aggregate of my posterity will reach twenty-five, and perhaps thirty. In an early age of the world, when social advantages were few and far between, King PRIAM of Troy was the father of sixty sons; and is it to be supposed that, in this era of political privileges and religious institutions, the humiliating confession must be made that in some respects we are far behind the attainments of humanity in the days of PRIAM, thousands of years ago?"

I saw that it was not politic to continue this conversation further. Taking the manuscript from the hand of Mr. DOBBS, I concealed my face behind it as though I was giving it an examination. I saw enough of it to know that it was one of those brilliant displays of strong-minded literature which are designed to prove that women are the perfection of intellect and executive force, and that men are feeble of head and of administrative power—all weakness and worthlessness. Just as I was in the act of poking one corner of this astonishing production into my mouth, to save myself from a burst of merriment at some new remark of my visitor, an apparition entered the door with such unexpected suddenness and splendor that a new act of the drama in petticoats took the stage at once!

It was a female of ample chest, nearly six feet high, heavy and raw-boned, dressed in full bloomer costume. Her face was cut into sharp outline, and her eyes looked as though the inspiration of the furies had been given to them. It was evident that she was a Woman's Rights woman, by the way she carried herself. The look of demoniac hate with which, as a Titaness or a Pythoness, she regarded the whole group inside, was really shocking. She moved up to Mr. DOBBS with a sort of bounding trip, showing that her animal economy was in fine condition, and before

that gentleman was aware of her nearness, she took hold of his left shoulder with a merciless clutch. He turned in haste, and just as his vision took in the full situation, the change that came over him was as ludicrous as it was sudden.

It was Mrs. Dobbs, come to remind her trembling partner of his helpless babes and neglected household duties. He succumbed to the force of circumstances—concentrated in Mrs. Dobbs—and preceded that estimable lady home in the most abject manner imaginable.

A few minutes after the disappearance of Mrs. Dobbs and her consort, the phthisical gentleman, Mr. Windy, entered the office in a hurried manner, having on his face a look of profound alarm. It is due to him to say that whatever may have been his mental or moral idiosyncracies, he was a fine political worker, always in real sympathy with the organ of his party and its conductor. Usually, some trivial circumstance would excite him into some extravagance; but on this occasion his puffing and wheezing were so loud and frequent, and his flabby cheeks swelled and collapsed with such animation, that I felt satisfied it could be caused only by an excitement of extraordinary significance. At the end of five minutes I succeeded in learning that my article against Southpole had raised an outcry of pain from that individual, and sundry yells of vengeance from a number of his rough retainers. It was evident, in spite of the exaggerations of Windy, who seriously believed me to be a doomed and ruined man that my political enemies were engaged in the coarsest kind of blustering. Their leader had been struck home by my paper bullets in the *Smasher;* and, in the mad whirl of their passion, they threatened to hang me, quarter me, burn me at the stake, and set fire to my office. My editorial pole, which was generally used in a Pickwickian

way for knocking down persimmons, had punched a hole in a hornet's nest, and the whole swarm, big and little, of all ages and conditions of life, armed with mortal stings, vindictive and furious, filled the air with a buzzing noise, which could have been heard at an incredible distance. In fact, the gentleman with the preternatural nose, Mr. Bartley Bugg, came in hastily to inform me, as a particular friend, that my best method of getting home was to avoid any public thoroughfare, and take my chances in alleys and other obscure ways. Even the pigeon-toed savage, Mr. Levi Scarecrow, came in also, and, telling me to defend myself in a gallant manner, if attacked, he shoved a ponderous dirk into my hand, and, with some discomposure, slid through the back door. And Hookey, also, the man of awful silence, the print of whose moccasins was never visible anywhere, stepped in furtively, and while no one was watching his movements, he slipped a pistol into the breast pocket of my coat, and then silently followed Scarecrow through the back door. As for Timothy Bludgeon, whose manly frame was recognized among my visitors, he was full of fight, as usual, swearing in his wrath that he was able to thrash a regiment of cowardly Hessians, such as belonged to the other party. He declared that the whole batch of them, from South-pole down to the smallest Philistine in the camp, were chicken-hearted scoundrels, full of froth and foam and bluster.

It was noted, too, that Van Sneezer was less waggish and more serious than usual; and Ramshorn Billy was thrown into such a fright that, on his own confession, a long time afterward, he retired three times to a sequestered place in the rear of the office, and tumbling on his knees, prayed with great fervor for the deliverance of himself and all his friends from the fatal grasp of Satan. I

am neither ACHILLES nor HECTOR, that I should court a fight for the sheer love of it; and, on the other hand, I trust I am neither JACK FALSTAFF nor BOB ACRES, that I should run in terror when there is no foe in pursuit, and when danger is afar off. I am sensible that there is nothing pleasant in the idea of one's taking an attitude as a target to be shot at, with a reasonable probability of being slain in the midst of a youthful career. But I have learned that there are a few things under the sun which are worse than being shot at and slain, one of which is an imperious wife, like Mrs. LEONORA ARAMINTA DOBBS, and another is a reputation for sneaking cowardice, which will cling to a man until he is dead, buried and forgotten. Although I would not seek a battle, unless the provocation were of an extraordinary character, my worst enemy would hardly suppose that I would stand up and passively take a thrashing.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of the day in which the second number of my paper was issued, I sallied out through the office, designing to go home through the most public streets. Here and there, along a portion of the route, I saw several persons whose faces wore a malignant scowl as I passed by; and, just as I had reached the corner of Walnut and Sixth streets, I had the good or bad fortune to meet in proper person my formidable rival, Mr. SOUTHPOLE. I had seen this individual several times before, and his somewhat heavy frame, jaunty air, swaggering and bullying gait, and rotund, babyish face, were not unfamiliar to my vision. In an avoirdupois sense, he was a heavier man than myself, and he was quite as tall, being fully six feet in his stockings. But I was convinced that my deficiency in weight was compensated by superior activity, and I was not afraid of the results of a personal conflict between him and myself, provided that the weapons used were those which nature gave us, and not knives and

pistols, of which, like HUGH STRAP, I had a wholesome fear.

As we came nearly together on the pavement, SOUTHPOLE paused in his course, and regarded me with an expression of sublime ferocity, which was intended to wither all my energies. Finding that this expression had failed to kill me, or even to accelerate my movements in passing him, he screwed his mouth into a threatening pucker, and very politely called me a "scoundrel." Then and there I could have started and run away, in imitation of some very fine examples in *Hudibras*, and, indeed, nearer home than those; but, as my honor was involved in a vital manner, I chose to step on the pavement and fashion my mouth into that precise kind of pucker which was employed by my adversary in calling me a scoundrel, with the profane prefix, which I shall not repeat. It is usual, I know, in such cases, for the party who is assailed with an offensive epithet, to say, in response, "you're another!" But I chose to plant myself solidly on the ground of originality, and did so all the more naturally because the pucker was easily imitated, and there was a large amount of exasperating scorn in it. SOUTHPOLE had in his right hand a cane of heavy material, which he immediately raised over my head, with the intention of striking me; but I caught the descending blow with my right hand, and then a protracted struggle ensued for full possession of the weapon. He pulled one way with all his vigor, and I pulled the other. It was NORTHPOLE against SOUTHPOLE this time; and in this war of poles, it was difficult to decide in advance which one of us would carry off the disputed prize. By this time we were the centre of an admiring group of spectators, who had been attracted to the spot by evident signs of a street fight. The hostile tribes of frogs and mice, as sung by the facetious muse of

Homer, fought their tremendous battle, and so did we. The friends of Southpole, of whom there was a multitude, crowded around us with clenched fists and threatening eyes, urging their favorite leader to devour his antagonist before an accurate scholar could articulate the name of Jack Robinson. In turns they swore and gesticulated, and capered about in such a style of immoderate excitement as to induce the belief that a band of Comanche Indians, terribly drunk, had made a raid on the city, or that half the insane asylums on the continent had been transported to Clovertown for the enjoyment of a whiskey anniversary.

Nor was I a whit behind my adversary in the number and excitement of my partisans, albeit they had original grace enough to preserve them from those awful extravagances into which our enemies had fallen. Scarecrow was there, hat in hand, cheering me with great volubility and power, every now and then throwing his pigeon-toes outward in a convulsive way, which indicated the strength of his emotion. The nose of Bartley Bugg, always great in size, acquired greater magnitude as he continued to gaze on the conflict, and at the moment of sharpest suspense, it grew absolutely livid. And the man of phthisic displayed the extent of his emotion by folding his arms, inclining his head slightly forward, opening his mouth to its widest capacity, and throwing out wind from his confined lungs with a noise which sounded like the whistle of a steam locomotive! The exhaustion into which he fell after the fight was over lasted three weeks; and, during his occasional delirium, he was sure to go through again with his pantomime at the fight, unless prevented by his friends. My noisiest friend at the time was Timothy Bludgeon. He was an excitable being, at best, and with his emotion on this occasion, and his vast strength

of lungs, his voice was repeatedly heard above the confusion and uproar of the battle. At the moment when the strife was culminating, and while the result was yet in doubt, his mind became so utterly confused or abstracted that he squeezed his stove-pipe hat into a shapeless mass, and threw it away as far as he could send it with a sweep of his powerful arm. He then took off his coat, tearing it in the insane process, and hurled it in the wake of his ruined hat! Very likely he would have gone on in this way until he was as nude as a Digger Indian, if he had not been spared this shame through the intervention of spectators.

It may be thought a strange thing that a person engaged as I was in a personal encounter on the street, could notice, with any degree of minuteness, the appearance and actions of particular bystanders. Of course I could do no such thing. The personal description in the preceding paragraphs came from rough notes which were taken by Hookey and Urbane, who stood on the outskirts of the crowd during the conflict, having too much dignity, or too great a regard for their bodily security, to take part in the affray like other partisans.

Probably the greatest phenomenon of the excitement was displayed in the person and antics of my apprentice, Ramshorn Billy. This individual was an oddity at all times, a strange combination of spirit and matter. Despite the crookedness of his bodily shape, he was blessed with a good mind and strong affections. True, his eccentricities of mind as well as matter made people often mistake him for a fool; and as usual in those cases in which there is an obvious perversity of visible form, he was ridiculed and persecuted by that class of persons, young and old, who have not the redeeming quality of a heart anywhere in their natures. I had a strong attachment for

this boy, which was interrupted but a little while by his connection with the small-pox adventure. It is hardly necessary for me to say that he loved any one who was kind to him; and at the time of the fight his solicitude for my welfare, mingled with his curiosity to know how the affair was progressing, impelled him to clamber to the top of a horse-rack near by, where, as he sat astride, he had a fine opportunity to overlook the field of battle. The variable expressions which, from time to time, swept across his features, in obedience to the alternations of joy and grief, hope and despair, were most extraordinary; and when, at the moment of greatest doubt, his soul was thrilled with terrible apprehension, and at a time, too, when a mischievous horse, standing behind him and hitched to the rack, was taking advantage of his abstraction by nipping at a portion of his shirt, which was visible through an irregular opening in his nether garment, Ramshorn Billy wriggled on the rack as though the fires of purgatory had been kindled beneath him; and then, at the highest point of mental tension, he was seen to thrust the index finger of his right hand into the right corner of his mouth, and having thrust the corresponding finger of his other hand into the left corner of his mouth, he pulled outwardly with both fingers, and kept on pulling, in sheer unconsciousness of the act, until his mouth seemed to extend behind his ears, and indeed he appeared to be all mouth—from a shadowy projection, which once was called a chin, clear up to the top of his forehead! It was possibly one of the most ludicrous sights imaginable; and the genius who could have best described it for the purposes of this volume died a hundred years ago, in England, after having written *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle.*

It would be a great mistake to suppose that the fight

between SOUTHPOLE and myself had been going on all this time. Conflicts of this kind are almost uniformly brief, much more so than is generally believed. At the place where I diverged from my narrative, and digressed into the discussion of all manner of subsidiary topics, the point of mutual dispute between the combatants was the possession of a cane, which really belonged to Mr. SOUTHPOLE. As he had attempted to strike me with it, it was my belief that he had forfeited his ownership by that act, and I was resolved, then and there, to try the rights of property in the natural way, just as it was done in primitive times, before courts were instituted, and before lawyers began to infest the communities of Christendom.

In the course of our struggle over the cane, with SOUTHPOLE at one end of it and myself at the other, I struck my right foot against an elevation in the sidewalk and made a headlong stumble, the momentum of which I continued to preserve so carefully as to fall with a crash on my right side, to the inexpressible discomfiture of my political allies. Still there was a small compensation in this overthrow, for, in the violence of the fall, the cane, as I retained it firmly in my grasp, was swept from the hands of my rival, and was beneath me on the pavement when I fell. SOUTHPOLE was now sure of his prey. With decision and courage he threw himself on my body, and while he attempted to keep me down, less by main strength than by specific gravity, he improvised an assault with his fist on the top and one side of my head. By a little skill in the masterly art of self-defence I managed to keep my face protected from his blows; and he might have pounded away on my head, in that manner, to all eternity, without making any great impression on the power of resistance in that quarter. But while he was engaged in these delightful manipulations, it occurred to me, as a pleasant suggestion to

my mind, that a full and free grasp of his whiskers might give him an idea of incipient retribution. This suggestion was executed at once and with great effect. I took hold of the majestic crop of hair which grew on his chin and the sides of his face, and tugged at it with such tenacity and vigor as to bring the tears from his eyes. At this unexpected aggressiveness on my part he became furious, and wholly lost his self possession, striking out at random, and making a hundred ridiculous efforts to conceal his agony, and to disengage his whiskers from the vice in which they were held.

It was his hair, or the want of his hair, rather, which ruined Samson. It was his hair which ruined Absalom, and cut short a wicked rebellion against his father's government; and it was his beard which led to the discomfiture of Southpole. While suffering from the pain caused by the advantage I had obtained, he threw his head and body into every kind of involuntary distortion; and while attempting, in very madness, to diffuse himself over all the pavement and half the street, I turned on him, and gained a temporary advantage. My retainers gave a tremendous shout, which exhilarated my spirits to such an extent as to induce me to put out all my strength in the most effectual manner. It seems that Southpole's power of continuance was greatly prostrated in his ineffectual efforts to batter down the walls of my brain with his naked fist; for, after he was overturned, and lay beneath me, subject to any infliction of punishment which I might bestow, he became utterly passive, making no effort whatever that looked to his ultimate deliverance! At this melancholy juncture for him his partisans uttered a universal groan, full of significant agony. One fellow, however, belonging to my political enemies, felt in his soul that something must be done to retrieve the lost battle,

and actually attempted to drag me away from the prostrate body of his leader; but this foolish act was anticipated by Bludgeon, who sprang forward, and seizing the fellow at the most eligible points of his person, threw him bodily half across the street, where he lay, as if taking his rest, without any special desire to rise and renew the strife. At this momentous period Southpole, in a subdued voice, expressed his desire to abandon the struggle at present, but hoped to continue it on some future occasion, when his health would better permit so great a luxury. So, then, I was pronounced victor of the day, and the conflict was at an end.

IX.

It is probable that the records of civil and criminal jurisprudence never displayed a greater sot on the bench than Judge McFawble, of the Clovertown District. He had rather a large portly frame, a broad sottish face, a high forehead, and exuberant whiskers, black as ebony, reaching far down upon his breast. His voice was like the roar of a Numidian lion, and when not too far in his cups, he was regarded as a person of vigorous but rather crude intellect. He had never been a close student, but, through all the debasements with which an unhallowed appetite had cursed him, a mind and an administrative ability of no ordinary character were clearly visible. His love of whiskey was indeed indomitable and quenchless; and, to gratify it, he would adjourn court at irregular hours, make any pretext in the world, travel a dozen miles on foot in a wintry night, beg it, if it could not otherwise be obtained,

pray for it, if that form of humble entreaty were necessary, and even steal it, if that last resource of a desperate enslavement required it. In some respects he was no worse, but indeed better than a majority of his fellow-beings. He was naturally a good man, whose better impulses were overthrown, and whose life was desolated by the demon of intemperance. Good and true men have since succeeded to the place, whose legal culture and irreproachable character have given dignity and efficiency to the administration of law in the Clovertown District.

It was Judge McFawble who came to me on the morning after the fight, armed with plenary power, as the agent and ambassador of Southpole, to inform me that my rival had concluded, on the whole, that the course of public morals would be best subserved by a total silence in the Clovertown papers with reference to the unfortunate affair between the two editors. I thought differently, and it was my design to write out and publish a graphic report of the battle. But the eloquence of McFawble was too much for me; and, in a moment of sublime magnanimity, I promised to suppress all reference to the fight in my sheet, inasmuch as the reputation of Southpole would be irrevocably ruined if a truthfully minute statement were given to the world. McFawble was so overjoyed at this manifestation of liberal feeling on my part that he invited me to the Clovertown Man-Trap, whither we adjourned, just in time to discover Mr. Southpole standing at the bar, ready to receive his morning potation. It did not occur to me then that this apparently accidental meeting with my rival in that place was the result of a preconcerted arrangement between him and Judge McFawble. This discovery was made afterwards, when it was too late to rectify mistakes. A brilliant conversation ensued, intermingled with potations often repeated! Although our stringent laws posi-

tively interdicted the sale of all ordinary beverages, except beer and the pure juice of the grape, I discovered that the dram-seller had a peculiar way of confounding brandy and whiskey, and all other modifications of rum, with lager beer and native wine. It matters not, however, what liquid it was which we imbibed, but it is proper to state that the first dram enlivened my conversational powers; the second one made me somewhat funny, and many refreshing laughs were indulged in by the party. The third dram magnified the carbuncle on Judge McFawble's nose until it became gigantic; the fourth drink impressed me with a conviction that there was a little divergence from the integrity of a straight line in the speech and general movements of Southpole. It occurred to me that the man was getting drunk; and the thought came into my mind, also, that the Judge, who had the capacity to hold a quarter-section of whiskey without flinching, was beginning to exhibit great unsteadiness. It was likewise a matter of certainty that the rum-vender, whose eyes had been fastened on me for half an hour with an expression of cat-like eagerness and triumph, was absolutely reeling in his boots behind the counter; and when it became evident to my acute apprehension that the Judge was drunk, and that Southpole was drunk, and that the rum-seller was drunk, and that the counter, shelves, chairs and the bottles, and all other objects in the room, which were designed to be inanimate and inert, were tumbling around in my presence in a state of intoxication, I was overwhelmed with alarm for the reputation of my fellow-citizens, and for the general character of my adopted city! Just at that moment, when all the possibilities of chaos and personal disgrace were to be averted by some decisive act of my own in behalf of the gentlemen who were present, the smooth, regretful, and even melancholy face of Rams-

HORN BILLY seemed to come out of an encompassing mist. and place itself in that position which rendered every other object in front of me invisible. I shall never forget the look of honest grief with which he regarded me; but, instead of producing a happy effect on my disposition, that look of grief, or of commiseration, coming from a poor drudging imp of a printing office, whose soul was enshrined by an investiture of deformed clay and a dirty shirt, maddened me to such an extent that I lifted my right foot and gave it a tremendous impetus in the direction of the offender. I hardly know how it was, but I made a miscalculation in this revengeful movement; and, in spite of all effort to retain my footing, my other heel flew up, inverting the order and economy of Nature, and the conductor of the "official organ" lay down to rest, in broad daylight, on the floor of a miserable doggery in Clovertown!

For the remainder of that day, and for the subsequent night, I was wholly oblivious. On the following morning, however, a sharp pain in my head, a volcanic sensation in my stomach, and a feeling of awful humiliation and of indescribable remorse, left an ineffaceable impression on my memory. In one ruinous debauch I had made myself sick, had fatally stabbed my reputation, had impaired the usefulness of my journal, grieved an affectionate and devoted wife, and had clouded every prospect in life and every reasonable aspiration.

Having no desire on that morning to engage in conversation, I went to the office by an obscure route and began the preparation of a heavy editorial on the personal characteristics and pursuits of the man in the moon, combined with a philosophical dissertation concerning the habits and customs of the canine population in the dog-star, Sirius. I labored until two o'clock in the afternoon on this leader;

and then, without going to my dinner, I began to examine a large package of exchanges, which had been accumulating for several days. It pleased me greatly that the first one I opened, the *Gopherville Incendiary*, contained a complimentary paragraph with reference to myself, which gave me surprising elation of spirits. It read as follows:

"That erudite and magnificently educated editor, JOSHUA SPOONBILL, Esq., has retired from that splendid hebdomadal, the *Clovertown Smasher*, giving place to Hon. TIMOTHY NORTHPOLE, late of Crawfish Academy, in which he attained to the highest eminence as a Professor of Vegetable Science, which includes a familiarity of knowledge with foreign and domestic grasses, and all varieties of gourds and squashes! He possesses a gigantic intellect, and wields a pen of unparalleled majesty and power. The grace and splendor of his sublime leaders are equalled only by their remarkable pungency and potency. As a political controversialist he is without a rival in this hemisphere; and, in the beauties and harmonies of that kind of grand and awful didacticism which touches the generations of men with imperial and imperishable impressiveness, he has had no equal since the days wherein ROMULUS and REMUS were suckled by a feminine wolf."

You may easily imagine that this piece of pretty adulation found its way to my susceptible heart. My vanity was tickled beyond all previous experience; and nothing short of a reciprocal compliment, hot with glowing praise, conferred by myself on the *Gopherville Incendiary*, could in any way compensate for the laudation which had been bestowed on me. While a thrill of triumphant titillation travelled through the entire length of my system, I snatched a pen, and wrote as follows:

"The *Incendiary*, published in that most flourishing and important city of the continent, Gopherville, has already acquired a world-wide celebrity for the extraordinary power of its editorials, and for the limitless mass of information which it presents to its numerous readers. Hon. JOHN SMITH, its editor, is an acknowledged king in his profession, displaying at all times a coronet of intellectual resplen-

dency, such as has seldom manifested its regal glory to the sons of men and to the daughters of women since the beginning of time. Hon JOHN SMITH is a trump!"

I successively examined quite a number of other exchanges, whose names need not be repeated. Altogether there were six or seven paragraphs in those exchanges concerning myself, only one of which failed to be eulogistic in the highest degree. The *Hardscrabble Screw-Driver* lacerated my feelings in the following style:

"The most monstrous specimen of bad English and bad sense we have ever seen now lies before us, in the shape of a "Salutatory" in the *Clovertown Smasher*, written by TIMOTHY NORTHPOLE, a shrieking Abolitionist and Know-Nothing, who has succeeded to the ownership of that small-bored sheet. He is reported to have been Professor of Vegetable Science in some institution. Of this there can be no reasonable doubt; for he is certainly the greenest vegetable extant—intimately related to the whole family of grasses, squashes and cabbages! If all men had sore eyes, and were compelled by the necessities of their disease to wear green shades, it is worthy of note that TIMOTHY NORTHPOLE, from his native resources of verdancy, is able to supply the material for every shade in the world."

I meditated over this sarcastic fling for several minutes, trying to think of some suitable response. Instead of giving it the benefit of contemptuous silence, or instead of treating it to a paragraph of facetious sarcasm, such as its own nature suggested, I became furiously incensed, and penned a rejoinder of great length, full of all manner of hot and passionate epithets and phrases.

I did not know then, or if I knew it there was a radical failure on my part to act in conformity with my intelligence, that an editor who indulges in anger while engaged in controversy, places himself at the mercy of any well-

X.

According to agreement, the third number of the *Smasher*, under my administration, omitted all allusion to certain events of the preceding week, chief among which was the violent collision between two editors in Clovertown. I had been told by Bludgeon, by Bartley Bugg, and especially by Mr. Hookey, king of strategists, that any confidence I might repose in the alleged honor of Mr. Southpole was worse than thrown away. In spite of this information, I made it a matter of conscience to act in that way which best comported with the spirit and letter of the covenant between my competitor and myself.

Right here I will frankly confess, as a compliment to a party whose editors, though profoundly in opposition to me on political topics, have usually treated me in a courteous and honorable manner, that Southpole was a measureless hypocrite, unfit in any sense to represent the profession to which he belonged, or the party of which he assumed to be the leader. Although an idea like this had been floating in my mind for some weeks, I was not at all prepared for the event which I am about to describe.

In the face of every solemn stipulation, and every obligation which truth, honor, or professional decency imposes, the *Sledge-Hammer* for that week contained almost an entire page of personal abuse and defamation with reference to myself. Its article, which contained naught but invectives and denunciations, was introduced by a coarse wood-cut, which represented the editor of the *Smasher* in a state of pitiable drunkenness, hatless, coatless, and reeling off in custody of two charitable persons, one of whom was Mr. Southpole himself! The world was informed by the *Sledge-Hammer* that I had made, without provocation

of any sort whatever, a bodily assault on Mr. Southpole in the streets of Clovertown, and that a fight took place of considerable length and vigor, resulting in the disastrous overthrow, not of my rival, as the facts of the case attested, but of myself, who was beaten into a jelly, and was carried home in an ambulance which had been extemporized by my friends! The great public was informed, also, that the conductor of the *Smasher*, on the day after the fight, and while he was still in a bruised and battered condition, sent an ambassador to Southpole, requesting as a personal favor that nothing be said in the *Sledge-Hammer* concerning the unfortunate difficulty on the street; the statement was made, in addition, that this favor was promptly refused, and that as soon as intelligence of such refusal came to my ears I wended my way, while both my eyes were in mourning, to a saloon in the city, where I became disgracefully drunk, and fell on the floor in a paroxysm of *mania-a-potu!* This brutal slander was followed by the falsehood that I was assisted to my residence, in the evening twilight, by Mr. Southpole and another person, both of whom had taken pity on my deplorable helplessness! I submit it to an unprejudiced public, if it be possible for the ingenuity of malice to invent a series of more hideous defamations than these.

For a time I was so dismayed by the villainous perfidy of Southpole that I was dispossessed of the power to think. I sat in my chair, immovable as a statue, with my eyes fixed on the paper which contained so many evidences of treacherous invention. At last I began to reflect, and kept up a train of reflection until a decision with reference to my future course was adopted. It was patent to the simplest understanding that there was but one alternative left to me—either to preserve an unbroken silence in the *Smasher* with regard to the treachery and falsehoods of

SOUTHPOLE, or take the Scriptures for my guide, and "answer a fool according to his folly." I chose the latter, because it suited the natural pugnacity of my disposition, and because it gave an opportunity to exercise my imagination, which, in a case of extremity, was not less exuberant than that of my enemy. In a word, I believed it to be my duty to give battle to SOUTHPOLE on the field of his own choice, and with weapons of his own selection. Tribulation was already bestowing on me greater sagacity in conducting a controversy, and, after a struggle of several weeks to retain his supremacy in the field of masterly invention, SOUTHPOLE retired from the contest with a petulant declaration that the editor of the *Smasher* was so dishonorable, in his mode of personal warfare, that no man who had any respect for the obligations of truth would have anything to do with him! From that day the *Sledge-Hammer* ceased to make the anvil ring at my expense. I was vain enough to be overjoyed at this victory, and celebrated it with an insolence for which I am now regretful, when I recall the fact that the dispute between my rival and myself was simply a disgraceful competition for the mastery of Falsehood over Truth.

It was not many weeks after my inauguration as an editor before it became apparent, both to my wife and to myself, that the expenses of the office were involving us in the embarrassments of debt. The circulation of the *Smasher* was very large for a weekly paper in the interior, and this was one of the chief causes of my overthrow. The suicidal policy of giving the subscribers their own time to pay for their papers was not then abolished. At that time Clovertown was in its infancy, and a monetary revulsion had taken hold of all departments of business. Advertisements came in slowly, unaccompanied by the cash. At the end of each week I was driven to every

possible extremity to keep my head above the waves of financial ruin. There was a grand future for Clovertown, and a transcendent future for the profession which I had chosen; but it was then the day of small things, and I was made to endure every merciless infliction which came from positive inability to sustain my business by paying my current debts. The back indebtedness on the office, which would become due in the course of time, haunted me with terrible persistency.

As the months rolled away, it became more and more obvious that the paper must either be suspended or wholly discontinued; or, as a last resort, sold to some purchaser who had money enough to invigorate its wasted nerves, and give it an impetus on the highway of prosperity. Finally, I effected a sale, in view of the probable transference of the State capital to Clovertown; and by a stroke of good fortune, which has never been repeated since that day, in a financial sense, I was saved from the overhanging solemnity of a chronic debt. Since then, my dear readers, I have labored, year after year, in intimate fellowship with the journalism of Clovertown, but never have had the honor, nor the ability to claim a proprietary interest in any printing office in that city, which is now growing rapidly into metropolitan dimensions.

On Monday morning of the week in which I retired from the control of the *Smasher*, the mother of my apprentice came to the office with information that her son was seriously sick, unable to report himself for duty. I saw by her manner, and by the tremor in her voice as she spoke, that she was greatly alarmed for the safety of her boy. It is well understood by the reader, who has followed the tortuous route of my pilgrimage, as described in these memoirs, that I felt a strong affection for Billy. True, several times during his stay with me, the eccentri-

city of his actions had excited my surprise, and once or twice, as in the case of his unexpected appearance in the Clovertown Man-Trap, on the occasion of my ignominious debauch with McFawble and Southpole, he drove me to a point of violent exasperation, and I was severely tempted to expel him from the establishment; but my mind was soon restored to its proper balance when I saw, through all his erratic ways, that he felt for me an evident attachment, and was willing and eager to do anything within the scope of his limited power to promote my personal interest. I am not going to claim possession of any extraordinary goodness of heart when I say that his mother and myself were the only persons in the wide world who seemed to regard him as a human being, and treat him with kindness and consideration. His singularities of body and mind had a tendency to repel all sympathetic fellowship, and make him the target at which malice and ridicule were sure to fire their artillery. On the streets he was frequently pursued by a mob of cowardly boys, who hurled at him not only pebbles and other missiles which came in their way, but every epithet of reproach and contumely which a spirit of ruffian mercilessness could invent.

This inexcusable barbarism wounded him to the soul, for he was one of the most sensitive beings I ever knew. He bore the insolence of the mob without any indication of resentment; but his sense of the great wrong which society was inflicting on him, because of his physical deformities, was often manifested in the tears which flowed down his cheeks. It was the brutality of the world, and nothing else, operating on a gentle and retiring spirit, which ultimately broke down his power of resistance, and gave to him an uncomplaining sadness, from which he was never afterward able to emerge into the sunshine of

cheerfulness. He had no place in that sphere of bounding hope which is usually occupied by the young; and he knew nothing, in all of his experiences, of that elasticity of soul which makes this earth—dull as it is, and full of plaintiveness and agony—so bright to them who have a heritage of health and glorious anticipations!

Tuesday morning he was reported worse, and in the course of the day I paid a visit to his humble dwelling. He was in bed, and I was startled by the look of wanness and paleness which was seen in his countenance. On the previous Sunday he had been attacked with inflammation of the lungs; and from that time until I saw him he had been subject, from excess of fever, to paroxysms of partial delirium, during which he would call for me in a tone which proved the eagerness of his desire to see me. I shall never forget his expression of gratified surprise as he recognized my presence when I visited him. In that subdued voice which had become so characteristic of him he thanked me for coming to see him, and spoke regretfully of his long absence from his post of duty. He seemed to have a premonition that the disease then preying on his system was destined to be fatal, for he stated that one of the few regrets which he felt, in view of his early death, referred to the termination of his service with me. I did whatever was possible on that occasion to comfort him, giving him the assurance that many days were yet reserved to him on the earth, and that I would use every reasonable exertion to make his future life pleasant and happy. I begged pardon for those ebullitions of ungovernable temper which I had displayed toward him, and informed him, in addition, that from the first day of my acquaintance with him he had secured a firm hold on my sympathy and affection. The tear of grateful emotion stood in his eye as he took my proffered hand and tried to express

his sense of thankfulness, but the mastery of his feelings prevented the articulation of a word. After seeing that every necessary attention would be given to the sufferer, combined with those little luxuries which are so grateful to the sick, I went at once to the physician who had already been employed, and begged him to use every instrumentality known to the profession to restore the boy to health.

On Friday night, a few hours only before I surrendered my interest in the *Smasher*, I sat by the bedside of my apprentice, having a melancholy assurance that the moment of his dissolution was very near at hand. During the whole of Friday he lay in a state of terrible unrest, with his brain wandering. After twilight these violent symptoms subsided, and as midnight approached he became entirely quiet, with the exception of his labored breathing, which was pitiable to witness and to hear. Once after that, and only once, he rallied from his stupor of mind and body, glanced round the room, as if in search of some familiar object, and then, when he had given me a look of thankful recognition, which was extended to his mother, who was standing, broken-hearted, near the bed whereon her son was dying, he passed again into that heavy and fatal slumber. At the still hour of midnight, when the city lay in almost universal repose, the meek spirit of that simple-hearted boy was translated from a world of persecution and sorrow to that land of blessedness where the angels dwell, and where the deformities and martyrdoms of earth shall never be permitted to desolate his young life again, even with the bitterness and mockeries of remembrance! Years have passed away since then—years of sad vicissitudes to me—but here in my blindness, in the solitude of a night which shall have no end except in the grave, my memory travels backward

through the halls of the past, and as it recalls those incidents of life and death which were associated with my apprentice, I greatly desire, as he desired in the days of his poverty and desolation, to be ready and waiting for that hour wherein my own spirit, like his, shall be emancipated from the sorrows of life, and become a dweller in that city of which he is an inhabitant, whose builder and maker is God!

Lines by Mary Howitt.

I ken the night and day,
For all ye may believe;
And often in my spirit lies
A clear light, as of mid-day skies;
And splendors on my vision rise,
Like gorgeous hues of eve.
* * * * *

I hear you talk of mountains,
The beautiful, the grand;
Of splintered peaks, so gray and tall;
Of lake, and glen, and waterfall;
Of flowers and trees;—I ken them all,
Their difference understand.

And oh, the heavenly music
That, as I sit alone,
Comes to my inward sense as clear
As if the angel voices were
Singing to harp and dulcimer,
Before the mighty throne.

It is not as of outward sound
Of breeze or singing bird;
But wondrous melody refined,
A GIFT OF GOD UNTO THE BLIND,
An inward harmony of mind,
By inward senses heard!

To the Blind Lecturer.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Thou walk'st the world in daily night;
In vain they gleam, in vain for thee,
The morn upon the mountain height,
The golden sunset on the sea.

By every rill that trips away,
In music through the woods to go,
In all sweet nooks where sunbeams play,
Our flowers in radiant thousands blow.

They blow for those who careless see
The hourly wonders in their way;
They bloom for them, but not for thee,
Whose soul would bless their bright array.

In vain in Heaven the angels bend
Their airy bow of bloom and light;
In vain the stars glide forth, to lend
Their golden glory to the night.

But he whom Nature thus bereaves
Is ever Fancy's favorite child;
For thee enchanted dreams she weaves
Of changeful beauty, bright and wild.

For thee she braids her fairy flowers,
For thee unlocks her gems of light;
For thee she clothes the passing hours
Like radiant angel forms in flight.

And pitying seraphs, sent from One
Whose smile is still the spirit's day,
Soft round thee sing, *His will be done*,
And lead thee on thy faltering way.

And reverent love in every heart
Attunes all voices for thine ear,
For thou art something set apart
For all to love and all to cheer.

Thy soul beholds far more than we;
It walks a purer, lovelier land;
It sails upon a sunnier sea;
It looks on skies more wildly grand.

No shadows from the silent tomb
Steal through thy world's enchanted airs;
Thy flowers in deathless beauty bloom;
Thy heaven a fadeless rainbow wears.

Reply.

BY MR. M. B. BOWEN.

'Tis true, alas! too sadly true,
That unto me all time is night;
Yet, through the darkness, I can view
Much that is beautiful and bright.

Full well I know, on verdant lawn,
By many a gentle flowing stream,
A thousand flowers are hourly born,
That ever in the sunlight gleam.

On many a gently sloping hill,
In music murmureth many a rill;
In many a quiet shady grove
The birds sing all their life of love.

At early morn, the golden light
Gilds the majestic mountain height;
At dewy eve, the moonbeams play
In beauty on the quiet sea.

The stars at night forever shine
O'er loving hearts that fondly twine,
And breathe a deeper joy, I ween,
Than e'er hath blest the poet's dream.

From mountain, valley, hill and dell,
Myriads of happy voices tell
Of HIM, whose spirit smiles the light
That makes all nature fair and bright.

That spirit, radiant, beams on me,
And though I ne'er may hope to see
Through the dark veil that from my birth
Hath hid from view the green-clad earth,

Yet in my soul that sacred smile
Doth many a lonely hour beguile,
With fairer worlds and lovelier skies
Than e'er hath dawned on mortal eyes.

And fairy forms on every hand,
Dear angels from the spirit land,
Soft murmur many a joyous lay
To cheer me on my darkened way,

And to my soul forever give
An earnest of a holier rest,
Where all that love forever live,
And where the pure are ever blest.

The Resurrectionists.

If a young man happens to study medicine it does not follow, as an inevitable sequence, that he engages in the practice of that profession. I am sincerely thankful that I have not been misled at any time to engage in a vocation which gives an unlimited opportunity for the display of empiricism in its worst form. About the time when John Tyler presided over the destinies of this republic I was a student in the office of Dr. Bailey, of Georgetown, Brown County, Ohio. I remember that I did not take kindly nor effectively to the books with which I was furnished by my preceptor. I plunged through Wistor's *Anatomy* very much in the style of a wounded crocodile, as he extemporizes a succession of grand plunges, expecting thereby to facilitate his escape. I swamped without remedy in an awful mire, and remained stationary for weeks, while I was up to my neck in muscles, ligaments, fibres, tendons, veins and arteries. Here was the Great Dismal Swamp of Anatomy wherein I floundered. I presume I would have remained there, without further progress, had not my instructor drawn me out by main force, and given me another division of anatomy to ponder, in which I had the benefit of illustrative auxiliaries. With the aid of three skeletons suspended on wires, and jibbering at me from three different points of the little studio in the rear of the main office, it is not surprising that my acquisitions in osteology, or the science of bones, were rapid and permanent. Neither was it surprising that my courage decreased as my knowledge of professional sci-

ence improved; for, as the studio was my solitary bedchamber, I was often impressed with a feeling of uneasiness when the moonlight, as it streamed through the window, lighted up a scene of fearful ghostliness. Nothing but the fear of being called a coward compelled me to betake myself to my dreary bed; and well do I know that sleep never gave me a moment of unconsciousness or oblivion until I was entirely broken down by vigils which kept me awake through many tedious nights. I am ashamed to confess my irresolution, even at this late date; but I cannot now retrospect those nights of terror, and recall the hideous expression which sat on those fleshless bones in the gloom, without realizing a thrill of superstitious fear.

There were two fellow-students, one of whom was George Bartlett Bailey, son of our preceptor, and the other was Wilson Stapleton, a young man of much promise, who afterward was favorably known among the practitioners of medicine in southern Ohio. Young Bailey had been a cadet in the military academy at West Point, but as an effect of some untoward incident he had failed to complete his education, and he was succeeded in that institution, if I mistake not, by Ulysses S. Grant, now General of the army of the United States. Early in the war for the Union Bartlett Bailey was killed at Guyandotte, Virginia, while participating, at the head of a body of Union forces, in an engagement with the rebels. Never was there a braver man in any country or in any age of the world; and his death, just at the beginning of our national struggle, when men of his mould and capacity were imperatively needed, gave a shock to his State and his country.

One day our preceptor spoke of an experiment which, if tried successfully, would give his students a better idea

of the interior mechanism of the skull than any other plan which could be adopted. He was not willing that his wire-hung specimens should be used for the purpose, as the experiment was designed to force a separation of the different divisions of the skull at the sutures. After musing for a little time the Doctor proceeded to inform us that a man, with a name unknown, had died in Georgetown, several years before this conversation occurred, and his remains were interred in a solitary place on the premises of a farmer, about three-quarters of a mile from the village. As a natural sequence the three students, whose minds were overflowing with zeal for the promotion of science, and whose picturesque fancies were crowded with anticipations of a good time while invading the sanctity of a grave, entered into a covenant to despoil the earth of its dweller on the succeeding night. When the subject of this enterprise was first agitated my mind grasped it with some enthusiasm; but, as the hours wore away, and our little scheme had been pondered over and over again, the freshness of novelty was dismissed, and a mysterious dread, or rather a nameless terror, began to intertwine itself with the operations of reason and imagination.

At ten o'clock of the eventful night the three students stood at the place of their prospective labors. They—or permit me to retain the first person "we"—were each armed with loaded pistols. We were furnished also with a spade, and with other implements which the nature of our nocturnal employment had suggested. We had supplied ourselves with a brandy bottle, the contents of which had power to enliven my drooping spirits, and stimulate my tremulous legs into an appearance, at least, of normal action. In proportion as I imbibed the wondrous juice my trepidation diminished, until at last I felt, in the vicinity of my heart, the glow and momentum of a reckless

rashness, which incited me to deeds of valor whereof I had never dreamed in the calmer hours of my existence. This kind of courage was too evanescent for the grand purposes of that night; it was too much like a meteor, which gleams for a moment and then vanishes. Before I was assisted by any artificial help I fully understood how it was, and why it was, that "Conscience doth make cowards of us all!" Although I was somewhat consoled by the reflection that the enterprise which had summoned us to leave our homes, at that unusual hour of the night, was intended to promote the best interests of anatomical and physiological education, I was not able to escape from the conviction that the work in which I was engaged was recognized by the law as a felony, and by my own intelligence as a ruthless desecration of that repose which should enshrine the coffin and its tenant when well nigh a fathom of earth gives them its protecting pressure.

The night was eminently favorable for our adventure. Clouds darkened the sky, and a drizzling rain was falling. Occasionally a star would peep furtively through the overhanging gloom, and at long intervals the moon looked down for a moment through a rift in the clouds and then passed again into obscurity. The rain continued without interruption, but so gentle was the character of its visitation that it made but little impression on our garments. Off to the west of the grave, and about twenty yards distant, was a very high fence; beyond this fence was a forest of indefinite extent, apparently lifting its giant arms or branches against the horizon. At the distance of fifteen or twenty feet from the grave, and in an easterly direction, was a large oak tree, leafless and dead, standing out in solitary grandeur, and waiting for the work of decay, and for a fierce and pitiless tempest to bring it with a crash to the earth.

It was agreed that one of the party, armed with a pistol, should stand guard at the fence; another one, similarly armed, was assigned to his place of duty as sentinel in the shadow of the oak tree, and the third and last confederate on the occasion was deputed to exhibit his industrial resources with spade and mattock at the grave. The reader will see, with unexampled readiness, that there was a vast amount of strategy involved in this arrangement, and no prophet extant would have been willing to compromise his professional reputation by predicting the ultimate failure of our scheme. It was certainly beyond the hour of midnight. Much work had been accomplished; for each one of us, as his turn came, had shown rare energy and skillfulness in detaching the soil from its place, and in throwing it out on the surface of the ground.

We had progressed to the depth of three feet; and it was confidently believed by the whole party that the object of our adventure would be triumphantly secured long before the dawn of day. Still the rain came pattering to the ground, and a light breeze soughed and wailed as it wandered down the lofty aisles of the forest. It was a time of deep solemnity, for at such an hour as that, and in the midst of a similar gloom, spectres, it is said, are wont to wander through graveyards, and glide through the dim aisles of those decaying structures which were dedicated, many years agone, to the worship of the Almighty. At such an hour as that, and at such a moment, I stood in my appointed place in the middle of the grave, laboring with whatever power I possessed, with spade in hand, to achieve a triumph over my difficulty. Just then, as I stood in a stooping posture, with my right foot pressing the spade into the yielding clay, I heard with vivid distinctness the loud report of a firearm off in the forest, not far away from the point at which STAPLETON was watching the prog

ress of events as the night was wearing away. The first vague perception which stole through my senses, in company with an indescribable chilliness, amounted to a half formed conviction that I was shot. My fancy did not stop here in its ominous suggestions, for the impression became strong with me that a bullet had passed through my heart, and that an internal hemorrhage was already exhausting the vital fluid, and rapidly changing my body into the coldness and rigidity of death! It was not marvellous, therefore, that a man who had so strong an assurance of immediate dissolution, should tumble over in the grave and prepare himself for the reception of the death-rattle in his throat, and for those violent exercises of the heels which usually precede an introduction to the land of spirits.

How long I remained in that hopeless condition, with a cold sweat trickling down my face, it is not in my power to tell; but the time must necessarily have been brief. While I was engaged in hunting down one perilous thought after another, and in recalling a thousand incidents of my past life, I heard voices above me and near me, and was greatly relieved by the knowledge that STAPLETON and BAILEY had not fled away in a panic, and left me, for a few moments at least, to the horrors of a living burial! It was evident that my friends were suffering from undue excitement, for I heard STAPLETON inquire of BAILEY, in a tremulous monotone, if it would not be proper, under the circumstances, to flee with all possible speed from the place of danger. This Hudibrastic question stimulated the wrath of the West Pointer until a full-rounded oath passed out between his teeth, startling me with its awful significance. He declared that he would immediately start in pursuit of the wretch who had interrupted our scientific labors, and would not pause until his mysterious enemy

should bite the dust. When you come to consider the absolute impossibility of biting the dust in a wet forest, and on a wet night, you will at once comprehend the pertinence of Mr. Bailey's remark. Having made a brief allusion to the circumstance that the blood of brave ancestors pulsated through several large arteries in his system, and having expressed his belief, in no gentle terms, that my cowardly feet stampeded beyond immediate danger on the first alarm, he started off with great rapidity toward the place at which the explosion had been heard. He was followed by Stapleton, who darted off with impetuous speed, leaving me alone in my glory, without the ability, as I verily believed, to lift a finger, or to utter a word wherewith to attract attention to my deplorable situation. It was obvious, from the remarks which were overheard, that my companions had gone off with the belief that I had deserted them in a cowardly and infamous manner.

It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that my position at that time, in a wet grave, at a dismal hour of night, had more of aggravation in it than one would choose to encounter. Instead of being killed instantly, as I had some reason to believe, when the ominous explosion had startled a hundred echoes in the neighboring forest, it was clearly deducible from sound premises that I was still alive. With an activity scarcely to be expected in one supposing himself mortally wounded, I leaped up from the grave, and as I did so the thought suddenly occurred to me that I was alone, and, in a great measure, at the mercy of any one possessed of a little coolness. Governed by the instinct of self-preservation, which was liberally developed in my organization, I drew my pistol from its concealment in a large pocket, and with it firmly grasped in my right hand I started after my companions with all the speed I could command at that time and under such circumstances,

and it required but a few seconds for me to reach the fence. In what manner I clambered over it, whether I went over it with my feet or head in advance, it is impossible for me to relate; and I trust the reader will allow me to cover over that part of my narrative with the mantle of reticence.

It should be understood that my movements, from first to last, in reaching the other side of the fence, and in the prompt resumption of pursuit or flight, were chiefly distinguished for their celerity. When I had proceeded to a considerable distance in the forest I heard the voice of young BAILEY calling on some person to stop or he would shoot; but there appeared to be no stopping in obedience to this authoritative command. I plainly heard footsteps ahead of me; and occasionally some twig would snap with a loud noise, breaking the monotony of the solitude. In a short time the command of BAILEY was repeated with additional emphasis, and in less than half a dozen seconds thereafter the sharp report of a pistol smote on my ear with lively effect. To add to the horror of the occasion I heard, off to the right, the sound of footsteps in quick succession, followed in a few moments by the sound of some falling body; I then heard two or three low groans, which were almost immediately succeeded by another ringing explosion. These events caused my hair to stand on end, and my teeth to chatter as if I had the ague.

The adventure was becoming rather complicated. There were voices and a pistol shot ahead of me, and to the right there were terrible groans and the discharge of another firearm. Without knowing what I did I stepped mechanically in the direction of the groans, and after a confused and aimless search my unfortunate friend STAPLETON was discovered in the obscurity, lying on his back in the vicinity of a ponderous log, and holding at arm's length his discharged pistol. It seems that in his haste to coöperate

with Bailey, in capturing the intruder, or in his hurry to realize the blessedness of congenial society, in a moment, as he thought, of overwhelming peril, he had fallen headlong over a log, bruising himself in sundry places. His injuries were of the most trivial character, but they were considered sufficiently formidable to supply the subject of conversation until we were rejoined by young Bailey, who, having failed to arrest or kill the fugitive, had returned to bless his confederates with his encouraging presence.

While in consultation, a few minutes later, it was proposed by Bailey that we should remain somewhere in a state of quietude for an hour, and then proceed to the consummation of the task which we had solemnly agreed to execute. This proposition was unpalatable both to Stapleton and to myself, but we were both unwilling to expose ourselves to the denunciation of our friend, who had already declared his resolution to perform the remainder of the work alone if his friends should fail him in this emergency. Indeed, there was no chance of escape from an unpleasant duty; and a few hours later, just as day was breaking, three students of medicine, weary and wet, passed through the obscurities of lanes and other by-ways into the rear entrance of Dr. Bailey's office, carrying with them a suspicious sack, of whose contents I shall have nothing further to say in this volume.

Mr. Boulder, a farmer well known in the vicinity of Georgetown, was horror-stricken on that morning, as, in the midst of his accustomed walk, his eye took in the outlines of a newly-made grave on his premises. A little examination convinced him that this new grave occupied the precise site of an old grave—well known to him and to the entire community—wherein a stranger, whose very name was forgotten, had been buried. The students had been courteous enough, after having obtained the prize, to

fill up the excavation; but the freshness of the soil, and the impression which our feet had made on the damp and adhesive mould, combined with that coffin-like elevation which had taken the place of a depression in the earth, made it sufficiently evident to the mind of Mr. Boulder that a crime had been perpetrated during the preceding night. If any doubt as to the tragic character of the crime still lingered in his mind, it was effectually dissipated by the discovery of the false bosom of a shirt in one fence corner and an empty brandy bottle in another. Under the circumstances he was constrained to proceed to the village and impart to the coroner what information he could.

For the space of two hours or more the village was in a state of unparalleled excitement. The news was circulated from mouth to mouth that a horrible murder had been committed, and that the victim was buried in a grave which was occupied by another person. All business was suspended for a time, and companies of citizens, to the number of a dozen or more in each party, were seen to go toward the tragic spot with quick steps, and with expressions of countenance which indicated the profoundest curiosity. In obedience to the voice of authority the soil was again thrown out of the grave, and when at last the announcement was made that the tenement in the bosom of the ground was wholly without an occupant, the revulsion in popular feeling was so great as to produce shouts of laughter in those very persons who, but a little while before, had disciplined their features into imitations of coffins and graveyards. It became a matter of certainty—at least of rational belief—that the students of Dr. Buckner, or those of Dr. Bailey, or the students of some other medical and surgical practitioner, had robbed the grave of its tenant for the advancement of science, but the sagacity of men could proceed no further in the investigation.

One extraordinary circumstance remains to be told. On the day wherein Mr. Boulder was startled by a strange discovery on his premises the serious Dr. Bailey was not visible at his office. It was reported that his foot had made a misstep while he was walking in his garden, and that he had accidentally fallen, spraining his left wrist very badly as he came in collision with some object between himself and the ground. On the next day he was able to resume the discharge of his professional duties, but it was noticeable that his wrist and arm were suspended in a sling.

I have never heard to this day of any person who has avowed himself to be the cause of a terrible fright to me on the night of our grand misadventure; but having taken the varied incidents under consideration, I am perfectly well satisfied that the mysterious person who gave us so much uneasiness, by the discharge of his pistol in the forest, was our honorable instructor himself. And when the thought occurs to me that, in his capacity of practical joker, he exposed himself to manifold perils on that occasion, I am deeply thankful that the ball from his son's pistol, which wounded him in the wrist, was mercifully restrained from penetrating a vital part.

As a fitting epilogue to the preceding comedy, I am tempted to give in this place a ghost story of marvellous peculiarities. Here, at the commencement, where it is my duty to secure in advance the confidence of the reader, I am not foolish enough to hazard an independent opinion concerning the existence of spirits, but shall permit this whole subject of private belief, or of private infidelity, to develop itself with the *denouement* of the narrative. The story was told to me a quarter of a century ago; I laughed immoderately at the recital; and since then, every time the story has recurred to my memory, I have been thrown into a condition of boisterous merriment.

In a rural community, somewhere within the jurisdiction of the western hemisphere, a grand old party was given in commemoration of a certain event, whereof I am happily ignorant at the present time. The invitations were comprehensive enough to include all the young people in the neighborhood, except a certain JOHN SMITHERS, whose natal star seems to have been inauspicious. JOHN was unpopular with the ladies. His clothes, although new and of excellent material, appeared to have been thrown on him instead of put on. The poor fellow was incapable of personating a fop in any style of pertinence and fidelity to the original; it was altogether out of the question for him to talk nonsense according to the requirements of modern society. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should be ridiculed, jilted and laughed at, to such an extent as to impress him with the idea that he was an Ishmælite, against whom all hands were raised in persecution and denunciation. Still, SMITHERS would resist the decrees of society in his case, and frequently his practical jokes took the form of bitter vindictiveness, which was not appreciated in a kindly manner by his victims.

Near the ghostly hour of twelve, on the night of the grand party, our *tabooed* friend, Mr. SMITHERS, took position in a graveyard, designing to get up a "scare" of immense size when a portion of the young folks should pass that way, in going home from their place of amusement. He had furnished himself with a dough face of hideous expression, and had confiscated a large and immaculate sheet, to aid him in carrying out his purpose. At intervals the moon would shine brilliantly and then pass behind the clouds, and a dense shadow, sweeping with tremendous rapidity, would involve all objects in obscurity.

JOHN SMITHERS seems to have made every necessary

preparation to frighten a regiment of youngsters out of their wits. There was one circumstance, however, in the way of success, which he had not anticipated, and against which he was not prepared. A widow lady in the neighborhood had become seriously unsettled in her mind, in consequence of the recent death of an only child. It was no uncommon circumstance with her to steal away from the protection of her friends and occupy hours, often late in the night, in wandering aimlessly through the village cemetery, or in lying in a dreamy, semi unconscious state, near the grave of her lost child. On the night on which the incidents of this story took place, and, indeed, at the very time when SMITHERS imagined himself to be the only living inhabitant of the graveyard, the deranged lady was but a little distance away, enjoying the luxury of one of her half oblivious slumbers.

At that hour of dread solemnity a party of not less than a dozen young persons, talking and laughing in the most gleeful manner, came along the highway, just beyond the enclosure of the cemetery. At this juncture SMITHERS adjusted the dough face to his countenance, wrapped the sheet around his person, and took an elevated position on one of the monuments. When the moment of action came he lifted up his voice in a tone of dramatic energy and authority, and exclaimed:

"Arise, and come to judgment!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the old lady rose to her feet, not far behind him, and startled every ear by her screeching response, which was uttered as follows:

"*Here I come, Lord!*"

It will readily be supposed that the gaiety of the young people was suddenly chilled by the supernatural appearance and command of SMITHERS. The young men were

wholly demoralized, and the young ladies screamed and shrieked, and initiated a stampede of the most original and energetic description; but it is our duty to state that the person who was more grievously frightened than any one else, on that exciting occasion, was the hero of this story, JOHN SMITHERS, Esq. An awful panic seized him, from head to foot, when the unexpected response of the widow struck on his ears. It was the most appalling utterance he had ever heard in his life, and firmly believing that he was about to fall into the powerful grasp of a set of demons, who had been appointed to chastise him for his levity on that night, he sprang with wondrous agility from his place on the monument, and having thrown his sheet away and dashed the dough face to the earth with a gesture of sheer desperation, he bounded off in the direction of the people whom he had frightened out of their reason, yelling at them with tremendous emphasis, as follows:

"I'm one of your company! I'm one of your company! For God's sake, stop!"

Tradition states that the young folks did not stop, in accordance with the eloquent entreaty of Mr. SMITHERS. Through underbrush they scampered, and over it, and around it; and many a sapling was made to tremble from the effects of a collision. Many a delicate hand and rustling gown were punctured and mutilated by brambles which grew in the way of their flight. Over hills and through glens, and through dense thickets of undergrowth, fled the terrified ladies and gentlemen; and ever and anon, above the clamor of footsteps and the tumult of feminine shrieks, the voice of JOHN SMITHERS was heard calling on them to stop, but to no avail.

I am here tempted to present another epilogue to my comedy, and will give the authority of my grandfather for a ghost story which was thrillingly interesting to me

when a child. Mr. HALL, the grandfather to whom I allude, was a merry, frolicsome, and rather dissipated young Virginian. He was wild and volatile, having an enthusiastic affection for all places of amusement and all parties of pleasure. He was probably not more than twenty-one years of age when, in the execution of some business enterprise, he associated himself with a young gentleman named OWEN, who was, like himself, fond of those follies and irregularities of life which are too frequently exhibited by the young. The partners took possession of a dwelling in one of the rural districts of Virginia, and maintained the proprieties of a domestic establishment without any female assistance whatsoever. During their residence in this secluded retreat the incidents of the appended narrative took place—a hundred years ago:

A gay dancing party was given one night at the residence of a gentleman, some two miles away from the dwelling of my grandfather. The young partners in business, having been included in the invitation, were of course in attendance. Late in the night Mr. HALL returned by himself to his home; he had "tripped it on the light fantastic toe" in company with several fair damsels of the Old Dominion, and was considerably fatigued from his protracted exercise. On reaching his home he did not take the trouble to strike a light, but immediately disencumbered himself of his clothes, and retired to bed in a large apartment on the first floor. Two windows lighted the room from opposite sides, and the moonbeams threw their radiance along the floor, rendering some objects clearly visible. Just as he was about to sink away into a refreshing slumber a noise in the only room above stairs was distinctly heard; it was precisely such a noise as would be produced by the slow step of a grown person, in heavy shoes, along an uncarpeted floor. Mr. HALL was not a

coward, but such a sound as that, in the midst of night, off in that solitary retreat, and in a building of which he had supposed himself to be the only inmate at the time, excited vivid apprehension.

Resolving to make an investigation, Mr. HALL left his bed and quietly struck a light, in accordance with a primitive method which antedated the liberal era of brimstone matches. He then opened the stair door and proceeded cautiously to the room above, without compromising the security and success of his enterprise by attaching any encumbrance to his feet. It is not within the scope of human power to describe his surprise when, after a rigid examination of the premises, not an object, animate or inanimate, was discovered, which by any possibility could have improvised the peculiar sound which had been heard. If it had been a human being, as the noise seemed to indicate, there was no mode of egress for such being except by the stairway leading to the lower apartment, or by leaping from one of the two upper windows; evidently neither of these modes had been adopted—and it was just as obvious, on inspection, that no escape had been effected by means of the chimney or through an opening in the roof. The young man was involved in a wilderness of conjecture, perplexity and apprehension. He was in a labyrinth more wonderful and intricate than the one through which THESEUS wandered in the olden time of Grecian mythology. It was a maze of doubt, so terribly complicated, and so impossible of comprehension on any natural principles, that Mr. HALL was tempted to believe that his dwelling had been haunted by the presence of a ghostly visitant from the other world; but his good sense finally came to his relief, and he returned to the lower room with the firm impression that the supernatural sounds which had awakened his fears were simply the effect of a morbid imagination. Having

reached this conclusion he gallantly extinguished the light, and crept into bed with a comfortable assurance of security.

If the narrative which I am reporting, for the instruction and amusement of my readers, were not supported in its literal truthfulness by evidence of the most honorable character, I would confess its fictitious nature, and beg pardon of all my friends for attempting to treat their confidence and their credulity to a stupendous fabrication; substantially, I am telling this story as it was told to me, by a person whose veracity I have never had occasion to doubt. I have stated that Mr. Hall again retired to bed, after having argued himself into the illogical belief that his ears had deluded him in a wonderful manner; but, before his philosophic composure was fully reëstablished, he became demoralized again, and fell into a cold sweat in consequence of the unmistakable recurrence of the same sounds above stairs which had already given him so many painful reflections and speculations. In addition to the slow and measured steps, which were distinctly audible, there were sounds as though objects of different kinds, many of them heavy and liable to break, had been overturned, with a crash, on the floor. Preposterous as it may appear to others, the haunted man began to conceive the idea that his partner, Mr. Owen, who was abundantly competent to execute a practical joke, had come home in advance of him, and had set in motion a series of annoyances wherewith to excite the superstitious dread of my ancestor. Having accepted this idea as tangible and reasonable, Mr. Hall determined to institute a new search, and never pause for a moment until the offender should be dragged from his concealment. The candle was re-lighted, and he again ascended the old-fashioned stairway to the haunted apartment. You cannot imagine his unspeakable

dismay when, on cautiously looking around him into all parts of the room, not a solitary object belonging to that portion of the building appeared to be inverted or out of its proper place. Neither change nor any sort of disarrangement was visible. Every nook and corner, and all places in the room which had capacity enough to hold an inhabitant of this world as large as a native of Lilliput, were examined with extraordinary closeness of search, without eliciting a particle of satisfactory information as to the nature of the mysterious noises in the night. Here was an instance the like whereof he had never known before, in which judgment and reason, and the sense of hearing, and the sagacity of every intelligent perception, were set at defiance in a style of unexampled mystery and aggressiveness, and Mr. HALL was finally compelled to descend the stairs in a state of hopeless doubt and confusion. Just as he reached the last step the candle, which was the only one in the house, and which had burned into the socket of the candlestick before he gave up the examination, was entirely consumed, leaving him without any light except that which came through the windows from the moon and stars.

It was more from the operation of blind instinct than from the suggestions of reason that Mr. HALL walked directly to the bed and entrenched himself beneath the clothes. A general panic seized his mind, and a universal tremor was in his limbs; the ghostly nature of the mysteries which had converted the quietude of his residence into a confusion of unearthly noises, had an effect on him like that which was produced on the mind of the king of Babylon, when his impiety was denounced by a bodiless hand, in the midst of his blasphemous revelry. The third RICHARD of England was not the only mortal who realized greater agony of soul while he engaged in conflict with

indefinable terrors than while he was waging war against visible and tangible antagonists. It was but a brief time after Mr. Hall's third retirement to bed until the whole building was vocal with a repetition of supernatural noises; this time, however, the measured step above seemed to acquire additional quickness; it was evidently approaching the head of the stairs, and the blood almost curdled in the veins of Mr. Hall when he heard a tread, like that of a human foot encased in a shoe, in the commencement of its descent toward the lower room.

Whoever it was or whatever it was—whether of flesh and blood or of those principalities and powers which belong to a realm of spirits—it was, beyond all question, moving step by step down the stairs, and in much less time than I am occupying in this description the door flew open and a man, or what appeared to be a man, moved into the centre of the apartment; he was of large size, and appeared to be dressed in dark clothes. As far as Mr. Hall was capable of making discoveries in the obscurity of that semi-twilight, the face of the intruder was black, or at least quite dark, and there seemed to be an anxiety on his part to conceal his features by drawing his hat, which was of light material, far down over his brow. Having remained stationary for a moment, looking intently at Mr. Hall, who was reconnoitring while counterfeiting sleep, he began to walk backward and forward from one extremity of the room to the other, occasionally looking out at a window on the moonlit sward, as it lay in picturesque repose beneath his eye. Having gone through with his exercise of promenading, he stepped to the cupboard and took therefrom a large table-knife and examined it carefully as to the keenness of its edge, to test its efficacy in a little piece of butchery which he had probably projected; he then actually walked to the side

of the bed and gazed down into the face of Mr. Hall, who still feigned sleep while he was intently watching the intruder, and preparing himself for any emergency or prompt action which might be required. In a little while, under the influence of what appeared to be a sudden revulsion of feeling, he went away from the supposed sleeper, replaced the knife where he found it, and then, having opened the door, quietly passed out and was never seen again.

Before closing my report of this adventure I desire to intimate again that my statements have been made on unquestioned authority; having done this, I shall enter into no speculation concerning the nature of the mystery which envelopes this subject. While I am unable, from the constitution of my own mind, to endorse any doctrine which teaches the gross absurdity that spirits from the unseen world are competent to extemporize such ominous noises as those which have been described in this narrative, it is just and right to state that my ancestor was so firmly convinced of the supernatural character of his visitant, on the night in question, and was so profoundly convinced, also, that the whole affair was designed to be a personal warning and admonition, that he became a praying man, and throughout a long life he exemplified the graces of the Christian character.

In the prosecution of my literary task I have omitted to mention the important circumstance that I once saw a ghost myself, and was very seriously frightened at it. I will report the adventure as it happened, without distortion of any kind, or exaggeration, well knowing that truth is frequently more strange than fiction. Several years before my removal to Iowa I taught school in a country district in Pickaway County, Ohio, about four miles from the village of Clarksburg, of which my father at that time was a resident. I remember that a gentleman by the name

of WARD, who was scientifically familiar with the old patent system of vocal music, was extensively engaged in teaching the young folks through that section how to sing. One of his schools was progressing at Clarksburg, and I made it a point to be present whenever it was practicable. One evening, after dismissing my school, I made arrangements with one of my students, Mr. ENGLISH, a young man of much promise, to proceed to Clarksburg, so as to be in attendance at a musical recitation given by Mr. WARD. We obtained a couple of horses, and carried the arrangement into effect.

It was probably not later than ten o'clock that night when my companion and myself remounted our horses, and started for home. Not being members of any temperance association we had taken the liberty, just before leaving the village, to fortify our stomachs with *quantum sufficit* of the essence of corn, which, although it did not produce symptoms of extravagant intoxication, gave us that salubrious feeling, or something like it, which was realized by TAM O'SHANTER a little time before he was cursed, on his way home at midnight, with a revelation of horrible witchery. For the space of three miles we passed along a well-trodden highway, with numerous farmhouses on each side, which took from us a sense of loneliness and nightly solitude. We had the advantage, also, of a cloudless sky and a full moon; and, wherever our route was not obscured by overshadowing trees, it was almost as light as day. At the end of three miles we were obliged to turn abruptly from the main road into a bridle path, which diverged to the left, and passed midway, for a quarter of a mile, through a thicket of scrub oaks so dense that, outside of the little track, a rabbit would have found difficulty in making anything like rapid progress.

In the vicinity of the point of divergence, and on the west side of the main road whereon we had been travelling, lay a large flat stone, on which were several dark stains—produced, according to popular rumor, by the blood of a pedlar, who had been murdered on that spot in 1837. Superstition, which is always gifted with voluble speech, reported that the Stained Rock was the nucleus of a scene of supernatural horrors almost every night in the year! Groans and awful shrieks of murder were heard there; and lurid lights, flaming afar in the forest, and receding at the approach of any earthly hero who dared to investigate the panorama of terror, excited a thousand fears in the breasts of spectators. I was personally acquainted with men of middle age, in whom the fires of superstition ought to have burned dimly and feebly if they burned at all, who would not have been tempted by a formidable bribe to pass that haunted spot in the night without having their courage, or their want of courage, supported by the presence of some companion. When we left the highway and struck into the little path which was obscured by the foliage of a few large trees and by the shadows of innumerable dwarf oaks, ENGLISH was in advance of me about fifteen or twenty feet. We had proceeded about a hundred yards with the same relative distance between us when my quick sense of hearing was suddenly arrested by a singular noise, which appeared to emanate from the direction of the road behind us. I had hardly time to look around for an explanation of the mystery when ENGLISH called out sharply, in this frantic style—

"Good Lord, save us! There's the devil!"

It was apparent, from the significant tremor in his voice, that he was frightened nearly out of his senses. This was all the more marvellous from the fact that he was cool and phlegmatic in his temperament, instead of being

nervously impulsive and excitable, as was the case with myself. When I turned my eyes backward I saw a large white horse moving with great speed toward me, in a diagonal direction from the highway, and seemingly from the very spot where the murder had been perpetrated. I saw, or imagined I saw, a dark object bestriding the animal, but whether it was a man or a demon, with cloven hoofs and projecting horns, or was simply the shadow of trees near which the horse passed, it was impossible, in my haste and excitement, to tell. It was plain, however, that the horse, with or without a rider, possessed some of the elements of that Ukraine steed, to whose back MAZEPPA was lashed, to gratify the treasured hate and brutal ingenuity of revenge. The steed which came within the sphere of my vision was tall and powerful, probably bearing some resemblance not only to the one which BYRON describes in his *Mazeppa*, but to that other one whose neck, as JOB speaks of it, was clothed with thunder. The thick undergrowth which grew along the line of his route was either spurned aside by his hoofs or trampled beneath his rushing feet; there was no obstacle which appeared to be capable of obstructing him in his fiery course; and the confusion of sounds which was produced by his varied and extensive plunges through the thicket was not suggestive, by any means, of the flight of some ghostly steed of immaterial essence, whose rapid movements through the solitudes of earth give back no sound which mortal ears can hear.

My companion, after disburdening himself of the terrified exclamation which has been recorded, applied whip to his horse and was soon bearing away with impetuous speed. The first look I gave at the pursuing horse, as he came bounding from the Stained Rock, was also the last; for as soon as the terrible discovery was made that ENGLISH was

fleeing away with the rapidity of a tempest in full sweep, leaving me alone to the mercy of a fiend-horse, in the midst of night and haunted solitude, I gave my horse the impetus of a loose rein and a merciless whip, and then, as I placed my head forward, and so far down as to be beyond the reach of danger from the projecting branches of trees, I felt myself moving ahead with a velocity which promised an early and auspicious termination of the race. Two things I know with amazing certainty: one of which refers to the fact that the spectre-steed failed to overtake me on that eventful night, and the other one includes the little circumstance that I lost my hat in a puddle of dirty water, and came within an ace of swallowing an oak sapling during a moment of peril.

Next morning, early, as I returned along the route of my flight and recovered my hat from the slough of nastiness wherein it had been dishonored, I was able to accumulate any amount of rational evidence in support of the position that the spectre-horse had left the impression of his hoofs in the soil, and had contused and broken half a hundred bushes and saplings in his spirited efforts to find the comforts and conveniences of congenial company. I was heartily ashamed of myself for the exhibition of so much cowardice; and this night, if I knew where to find the spectral steed, I would be tempted to go to him and ask his pardon for the foolish and inexcusable haste with which I fled from him when he desired to come to me from the Stained Rock.

Blindness and the Blind.

BY B. B. BOWEN.

" Ye have a world of light,
Where love in the loved rejoices;
But the blind man's home is the house of night,
And its beings are empty voices."

BULWER.

To the philanthropist, as well as to the metaphysician and psychologist, whatever tends to throw light upon the nature of a calamity so appalling as that of blindness must have a deep and profound interest. Whatever may be the opinion of those who have made this subject one of mere speculation, and regarded the loss of sight as a physical defect which could be compensated by the cultivation of the other senses, the majority of mankind, in all ages, have considered it as one of the greatest deprivations of which our nature is susceptible.

The poet and the philanthropist have vied with each other in describing the loneliness and wretchedness of a life unblest by the sunlight, and uncheered by the myriad objects of beauty with which God has adorned the earth. Among the nations of antiquity the loss of sight seems to have been regarded as a much greater misfortune than insanity. The Lacedæmonians, in obedience to a law of LYCURGUS, destroyed their blind in infancy; so did the Athenians. The Carthaginians burned theirs upon a slow fire, as a sacrifice to the sun. Historians inform us that, among some of the eastern nations, and also among the Romans and the ancient Germans, blindness was inflicted,

as a punishment, on thieves, adulterers, perjurers and others. To this barbarous treatment some of the early Christians were subjected. In the middle ages, partial blindness was substituted for total darkness. And even in our own day, blindness, for a greater or less period of time, is virtually inflicted on criminals, by incarcerating them in dungeons where not a ray of light is permitted to enter.

From the foregoing facts, it will be easy to perceive that blindness has ever been looked upon as the most terrible calamity to which a human being can be subjected. It is difficult, if not utterly impossible, for one in the possession of sight to have anything like an adequate idea of the thoughts and sensations of him to whom the world is shrouded in perpetual night. You may, indeed, form some conception of the effect of partial darkness upon the mind; and, if we may believe those who have had an opportunity of testing it, it is anything but agreeable, producing, in some instances, mental derangement. It must, we think, be obvious to every one who will give the subject the slightest reflection, that a person born blind (or who becomes blind so early in life as not to retain any knowledge of the external world, derived through the medium of the eye,) must have altogether a different idea of men and things, or at least his ideas must be greatly modified from what they would be if all the organs of his senses were perfect—as, for example, his idea of distance, space, form, beauty, &c., which is mainly derived through the senses of *touch* and *hearing*. We shall soon have occasion to remark upon the astonishing extent to which these senses have been cultivated by eminent blind men.

Of the extent of blindness we may form some conception by considering the many causes of which it is one of

the effects. We have a few facts upon this subject which we will now present. The blind may be divided into two classes: those born blind, and those who have become so by disease or accident. The latter class, of course, are the most numerous; and we may here remark, that there is no authentic instance on record of an individual *born blind* obtaining sight by mere human instrumentality. Of those who become blind in after life, it is believed that the evil in many instances might be prevented did physicians possess a more thorough knowledge of those diseases to which the eye is peculiarly liable.

The proportion of blind to the rest of mankind we have no very accurate means of ascertaining; it is supposed that the whole number upon the earth is five hundred thousand. It is found that they exist in greater numbers in that part of the temperate zone bordering on the torrid, or in those countries nearest the equator, and that they decrease as we approximate to the poles. To this rule, however, there are some exceptions. In Egypt, for example, some travellers have estimated the number to be one to every hundred; more accurate observations have led to the belief that there is, in that ill-fated land, between twenty and thirty thousand, or one to every two hundred. Of Europe we have more correct statistics; in many provinces of Austria the number is one to every five hundred and forty-five inhabitants; in Sweden, one to every seven hundred and forty-seven; in Denmark, one to every eight hundred and forty-seven. Further north, there is considerable diminution; in Norway, one to every nine hundred; in Prussia, one to every thousand. It is found, by observation, that the same causes which operate in Europe do not exert so great an influence in similar latitudes in this country. The exact number of blind persons in the United States has not yet been ascer-

tained. It is thought, however, to be not far from ten thousand.

Language is inadequate to portray the ignorance and imbecility, the wretchedness and poverty to which the blind, as a class, have in all ages been condemned. We shall not pause here to show the tendency of blindness to poverty. That begging was almost the only employment of the blind in past ages, and that the place to find them was in the alms-house or by the way-side, in the quaint but forcible language of another, "with their abject hats abjectly protruded, and their cold hands extended for still colder charity," needs no proof from us. It is, indeed, cheering to find that there has been, here and there, one who has risen superior to what would seem almost insurmountable obstacles, and who has taught the world by example that there is no physical calamity, however great, but must yield to the well directed and earnest efforts of a brave and energetic mind.

The annals of philosophy, literature, science and the arts, furnish many striking instances of blind men whose rare attainments have astonished those who, with greater facilities, have failed to equal them. The reader need not be told that the greatest poet of antiquity, and his only compeer of modern times, wrote those works that have immortalized their names while to them the world of beauty no longer revealed its thousand charms.

Before we proceed to give an account of the successful efforts that have been made in our own day to ameliorate the condition of the blind, by giving them an education, we must briefly notice some of those who have distinguished themselves by their extraordinary acquirements in nearly every department of knowledge, without the special aid of society. History informs us of but one who voluntarily subjected himself to blindness. Democritus,

it is said, put out his eyes, that he might give himself more entirely to contemplation, and not be so much influenced by the surrounding world. St. JEROME tells us of one DIDYMUS, of Alexandria, who was born blind, and though without the knowledge of letters, appeared a wonder to the world by his learning, logic and geometry. CICERO informs us that his teacher in philosophy, DIODORUS, after being deprived of his sight, professed geometry, and was able to describe accurately his diagrams to his pupils. We have more remarkable instances of attainments in these sciences in modern times. We have already spoken of Professor SAUNDERSON in another essay. As a parallel case to him we may mention Mr. GREENVILLE, who was deprived of his sight in early infancy. He invented an arithmetical machine for his own use, very similar to the one used in the different institutions for the blind in this country and in Europe. The London *Encyclopædia* mentions the yet more remarkable case of Dr. HENRY MOYES, who was deprived of sight so early in life as to be unable to remember ever having seen. The account of his life is so deeply interesting that we venture to make an extract from that work:

"Possessed of native genius, and ardent in his applications, he made rapid advances in various departments of erudition, and not only acquired the fundamental principles of mechanics, music and the languages, but likewise entered deeply into the investigation of profounder sciences, and displayed an acute and general knowledge of geometry, optics, algebra, astronomy, chemistry, and in short, most of the branches of the Newtonian philosophy. Mechanical exercises were the favorite employments of his infant years; at a very early age he made himself acquainted with the use of edge tools so perfectly that, notwithstanding his entire blindness, he was able

to make little windmills, and he even constructed a loom with his own hands."

Dr. Moyes, in after life, supported himself by lecturing, and he is said to have been a very acceptable lecturer upon hydrostatics, pneumatics, optics, and almost every branch of natural philosophy. He was remarkable for his cheerfulness, and was greatly admired for his conversational powers.

We must not omit here some account of M. Huber, of Geneva, who was deprived of his sight at the age of seventeen. He distinguished himself by writing a very able work, entitled "*Observations on Bees.*" He was aided in his investigations by his wife, an excellent lady, who spent her life in contriving means to alleviate the misfortune of her husband. Before such instances of untiring devotion the exploits of your Joan of Arc seem tame and meaningless. Huber often said if he had not been blind he could never have known the depths of his wife's affection.

There are none of the pursuits of life from which the blind man is debarred excepting the studies of anatomy and painting; yet certainly there are many employments to which he would not seem very well adapted. Who for a moment would suppose that a man without sight could discharge the duties of a pilot? Yet we are told of such a blind man in Manchester, England, who lived about the commencement of the present century, whose name was John Metcalf. This man was deprived of sight in early life; uneducated, but possessed naturally of a very active mind. Mr. Bew, who has written his life, says that in his earlier days he passed his life as a wagoner, occasionally serving as a pilot to others over intricate roads during dark nights, or when the roads were covered with snow. Subsequently he was employed as a projector and surveyor of roads in difficult and mountainous places. It

was his custom to walk over the roads, feeling the irregularities of their surface with his staff. He projected the famous road in Devonshire, which was designed to prevent the necessity of crossing the mountains to get to the London road.

We might multiply these instances of remarkable blind men indefinitely; we might occupy more space than we have already done with examples which demonstrate conclusively that blindness by no means impairs the vigor and exercise of the intellect; but this would cover only a part of our design; we must now proceed to give the reader some account of what society has done for this class of its unfortunate children. Hitherto we have spoken of the efforts of solitary individuals, impelled by what would seem an irresistible necessity.

Distinguished blind men of whom we have spoken seem to have been regarded in their day as passing wonders—as phenomena that none could explain. Saunderson alone seems to have suggested to the benevolent mind of Abbe Hauy the probability that a system might be invented by which the blind, as a class, might be instructed in mathematics and the physical sciences. The first account we have, however, of schools for the blind, is of those which were established in Japan, some years prior to the one commenced in Paris under the direction of M. Hauy. Among the Japanese the blind seem to have been instructed orally; they were emphatically the oracles of their country. It seems to have been the business of their lives to transmit to posterity the acts of their government and the exploits of their great men; they were the only class of their countrymen who devoted their whole life to literary pursuits, and they formed, among that religious and superstitious people, no inconsiderable portion of the priesthood.

About the year 1782, prompted, it is said, by the earnest solicitations of a benevolent lady, who employed her whole life in efforts to alleviate the wants of the blind, M. Hauy made an appeal to his countrymen, which was promptly responded to, and which finally resulted in the establishment of one of the largest institutions for the blind in Europe. M. Hauy invented a method of printing books for the use of the blind in embossed characters. Of course, printing in this way did not require ink; the paper, when properly prepared, was laid upon the type, which had previously been set up in a frame for the purpose. A pressure was then made upon the paper, which gave the letters in relief on the opposite side; these letters could be distinguished by the touch with almost as great precision as those printed in the ordinary method can be perceived by the eye. Books prepared in this way had but one inconvenience—that of their extreme bulk. Subsequent improvements, however, have considerably reduced their size; and though a given amount of matter occupies a much larger surface of paper, and one volume printed in the common way makes two or three when prepared for the blind, still, when we consider the benefits that flow from an invention displaying so much skill and benevolence, such a defect is of trifling importance.

The more difficult task of teaching the blind to write is accomplished by simple contrivances, one of which we will now describe. The reader must bear in mind that in writing as well as in reading, and, in short, in whatever he does, the blind man must *feel* his way; hence the difficulties, amounting almost to an impossibility, of his committing his thoughts to paper in the ordinary method, that is, with pen and ink; the common lead pencil is substituted in their stead. The writing-board, as it is called, by which the blind are enabled to write in straight lines,

is formed by pasting on a piece of pasteboard, of the size of a common sheet of paper, strips of the same material, forming parallel lines about half an inch from each other. This board is placed under the paper, and the finger is then drawn along upon the surface, so as to press it in the grooves or between the lines; the pupil is then taught to form the letters with the pencil. After writing a word he measures, with the fore-finger of the left hand, the space to be left between the words. It will be seen that, by this contrivance, the blind cannot only write straight, but are always sure of having their words at convenient distances from each other, which can not always be said of the writing of those who have eyes. Thus, by this simple instrument, are gained to the blind all the advantages that are conferred upon seeing persons by the ruled paper.

Other ways have been contrived to enable the blind to write, but they so nearly resemble that which we have already spoken of, as to render a description of them unnecessary. The apparatus employed in the study of arithmetic is simple and effective; it consists of a slab of zinc, cast in such a manner as to be divided into some hundreds of small square holes, into which holes are placed types made of the same material; on both ends of each type is a point which can be made to represent four different characters by changing its position—for instance, when so placed as to bring the point upon the left hand of the upper line, it represents 1; when on the right hand of the upper line, 3; on the lower line at the right hand, 7; the left hand, 9. On the other end of the same type there is a point slightly different, which, by changing, represents 2, 4, 6, 8. They have another type which represents the 5 and the 0; thus they are able to form the nine digits and the cypher. This, for all arithmetical pur-

poses, is as serviceable to the blind as the common slate and pencil to the seeing person. In algebra, the only difference is the types contain letters upon each end instead of points; in geometry, trigonometry, &c., they are aided with diagrams in raised characters.

The study of geography is pursued with the help of maps and globes adapted to the touch. I have in my possession an atlas, containing a map of each of the States, on which are represented the mountains, rivers, towns, &c., so that with my fingers I can find any part of the country you may name, and describe its geographical peculiarities with as much accuracy as I could, if in the possession of sight, with the common map or globe.

Most persons would suppose that a blind man's knowledge of astronomy must be very limited; but with the use of an orrery or planetarium he can obtain correct and definite ideas of the motions and orbits of the heavenly bodies; he is also aided with printed diagrams. Still, his knowledge of astronomy cannot be as extensive, nor can the pleasure which the study of it imparts be so great, as to him who, with delighted eye, rendered almost illimitable in its range by that masterly instrument, the telescope, views those resplendent worlds that so eloquently preach of God's wisdom and glory.

Besides the Parisian institution, there have been various others established in the different parts of Europe, most of which owe their origin to the philanthropic exertions of the indefatigable Abbe Hauy, who devoted his whole life and fortune to the interests of the blind; and, in the estimation of good men and angels, he enjoys a far higher glory than that prodigy of the world, who, after deluging Europe in blood, died unlamented upon an isolated island of the ocean. In most of the larger cities of Europe, as well as in Great Britain, there are institutions, or, as they

are more commonly called, asylums, for the blind. Some of them are dependent upon private munificence, but by far the greater number are supported by Government; at these establishments the inmates receive, in addition to their education in other respects, instruction in music, or in some kind of handicraft-work, by which they obtain their livelihood. Music, of course, is the favorite em ployment of the blind, and does more to compensate them for the loss of sight than any other blessing which heaven has vouchsafed to them. It is to the "concord of sweet sounds" that must be ascribed that remarkable cheerfulness which has always characterized their dispositions, and which to others seems so great an enigma. In mechanical pursuits they often evince great ingenuity; but as they never can make use of steam and machinery, nor acquire a very great facility in the use of edge tools, it is impossible for them to compete with their more fortunate fellow men. They, however, manufacture mattresses, mats, hearth rugs, baskets, brushes, and many other small articles. But the problem—how shall blind men obtain for themselves a livelihood? remains yet to be solved. The sense of dependence can be endured only in a state of ignorance. The moment you begin to educate the man, its crushing, blighting influence is felt. It is not enough, then, that society establishes schools where the slumbering intellect of the blind man is developed, and where those higher wants of his nature are called forth, but something must be done to remove him from the terrible necessity, under which he has so long suffered, of eating the bread of charity.

In all the practical concerns of life, the deaf and dumb have decidedly the advantage of the blind. All the wants of society require *sight* to supply them; while not to hear, in some situations, is regarded as a positive advan-

tage. Much has been written on the comparative value of the senses, but the nearest to a solution of this question, that we have ever yet seen, is that of a German writer who said, "If I were rich I would rather be blind, if I were poor I would rather be deaf."

It is now time we should say something of the blind of our own country. In the year 1832 an institution was incorporated by the Legislature of Massachusetts, entitled "The New England Institution for the Blind." It was established in Boston, under the direction of SAMUEL G. HOWE, M. D., who commenced with six poor children. The citizens of Boston, with that alacrity which has characterized all their benevolent enterprises, came forward and furnished the means indispensable to such an undertaking. We must not forget to mention the gift of the truly Hon. THOMAS H. PERKINS, who presented the institution with his elegant mansion in Pearl street—an act which has entitled him to the lasting gratitude of all those who love the benefactors of their race. During the last sixteen years, this institution has conferred upon the blind of Massachusetts and New England incalculable benefits; it has been the cause of the multiplication of similar establishments throughout the country. The one at New York was commenced about the same time as the one of which we have just spoken—soon afterwards one was established at Philadelphia by Professor FREELANDER. This gentleman, whose sympathies were early enlisted on behalf of the blind, left his native country, Germany, and, on arriving at Boston, finding that his benevolont intentions had been anticipated, he proceeded to New York and Philadelphia, and finally concluded to commence an institution in the latter place. He succeeded in interesting the philanthropic of that city in the good work, and after many ineffectual efforts, at length obtained from the Legis-

lature of Pennsylvania an annual appropriation of a portion of the school fund. His success was such as always attends the well-directed efforts of a good man. Desirous only of promoting the welfare and happiness of those under his charge, he devoted himself, not to build up a magnificent monument to the State, but to rescue from ignorance and degradation the sad victims of misfortune. He was indeed the friend of the blind; it was his ambition to bless, not to rule them; to furnish a home where they might be made useful and happy, and not to make use of them to gratify the curiosity of the vulgar or the speculations of the heartless. We have heard his pupils speak of him as the truest of friends and the noblest of benefactors. Mr. FREELANDER died before he had accomplished all that his great heart had projected. His grave among strangers is marked only with a plain marble slab; but the tears of the sightless, commingling with the dews of Heaven, have watered the place where repose the remains of this eminent philanthropist.

Besides the institutions we have already named, there are several others in different parts of the United States. There is one in Columbus, Ohio; one in Louisville, Ky.; one in Virginia; one in Nashville, Tenn.* The two last are as yet in their infancy. We hope the day is not distant when every State in the Union will have a school for its blind. If we have special legislation to protect wealth (and who in his senses can for a moment doubt we have), surely there can be no very serious objections to a few special enactments which shall secure to the poor blind man at least his daily bread. But let us be a little more explicit, for on this subject we wish to be

* The institution for the blind in our State has been established since the above article was written. J. M. D.

understood. Society, or some one of its commissioned messengers of mercy, selects from the highways and by-ways of our land some twenty blind children, and takes them to a school, where they are educated and instructed in some useful trade—of the whole number perhaps only two are qualified for the professions, and even to these what we have to say is equally applicable. After a term of years has expired they are sent out into the world, relying upon their own resources for their subsistence—feeling, more deeply than they ever could before they were educated, the incalculable advantages which sight confers in the everyday pursuits of life. Without capital and without friends, what, for instance, could they do, supposing they had learned only the art of weaving? And it must be remembered that they have not the advantages which the division of labor affords to those who work in companies; each one goes from the institution to his home, and there attempts alone, or with such assistance as the sympathies of his neighbors prompts, to commence business; he works early and late (for the blind limit not their day by the rising and setting of the sun); he weaves a piece of carpet or a door mat, and sends it to market, where it is sold at the current price. But, meantime, not a mile from his workshop is a factory which has turned off some hundred yards while he has been making one with his fingers. Besides, the factory-man is a capitalist; he can afford to wait for favorable opportunities to sell, and can buy the materials he manufactures in larger quantities, and for smaller prices. He must be blind, indeed, who cannot see the disparity; and he must have an adamantine heart who would not do something to prevent it.

We have another suggestion to make. We have already spoken of the general fondness of the blind for music. In

Europe it is not an uncommon thing for them to act in the capacity of organists in churches. Why should they not in our own country? Nay more, why should they not have the preference over those to whom *none* of the other avocations of life are closed? Another suggestion. Why should not the blind be permitted to travel on our railroads free of expense? What objection could there be to provide for this in charters granted to private companies by the State? These things may seem to others unimportant; but to us, who have for nearly thirty years felt, in some way or other, nearly all the evils attendant on blindness, they seem to be called for, and therefore we suggest them. There is a kind of spurious philanthropy which delights to contemplate men in classes, but which cannot descend to benefit the individual; but when institutions for the blind shall overlook the grand object for which they were designed, so far as to forget the individual welfare of the blind man, they can very well be dispensed with.

As institutions multiply in this country some regulations, such as those to which we have pointed, will become more and more necessary. The time has come when the blind man can no longer stand by the wayside and beg. Education has awakened within him the feeling of independence, which too long has been permitted to slumber. The gentle voice of sympathy, which in past ages lulled him into a consciousness of his deep degradation, by bewailing rather than attempting to mitigate his fate, has received another direction, and instead of reminding him of what he has not, it tells him of what he has, and of what he may become.

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